

Cuanta Vida

cuanta vida se vive en la vida



It was raining the night I arrived.



I didn't really know what I was getting myself into.



Not that I had much of a choice in the matter.

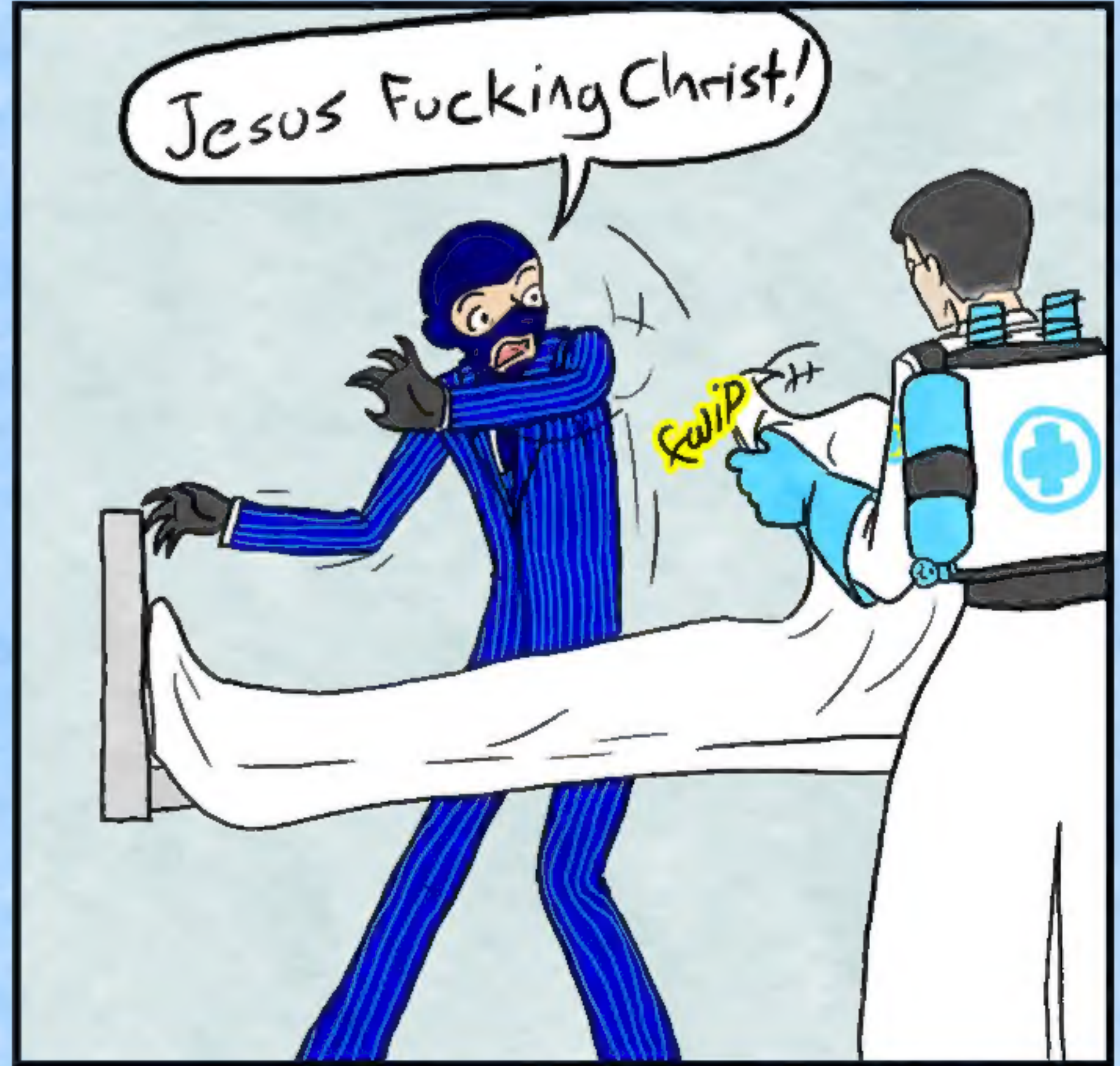
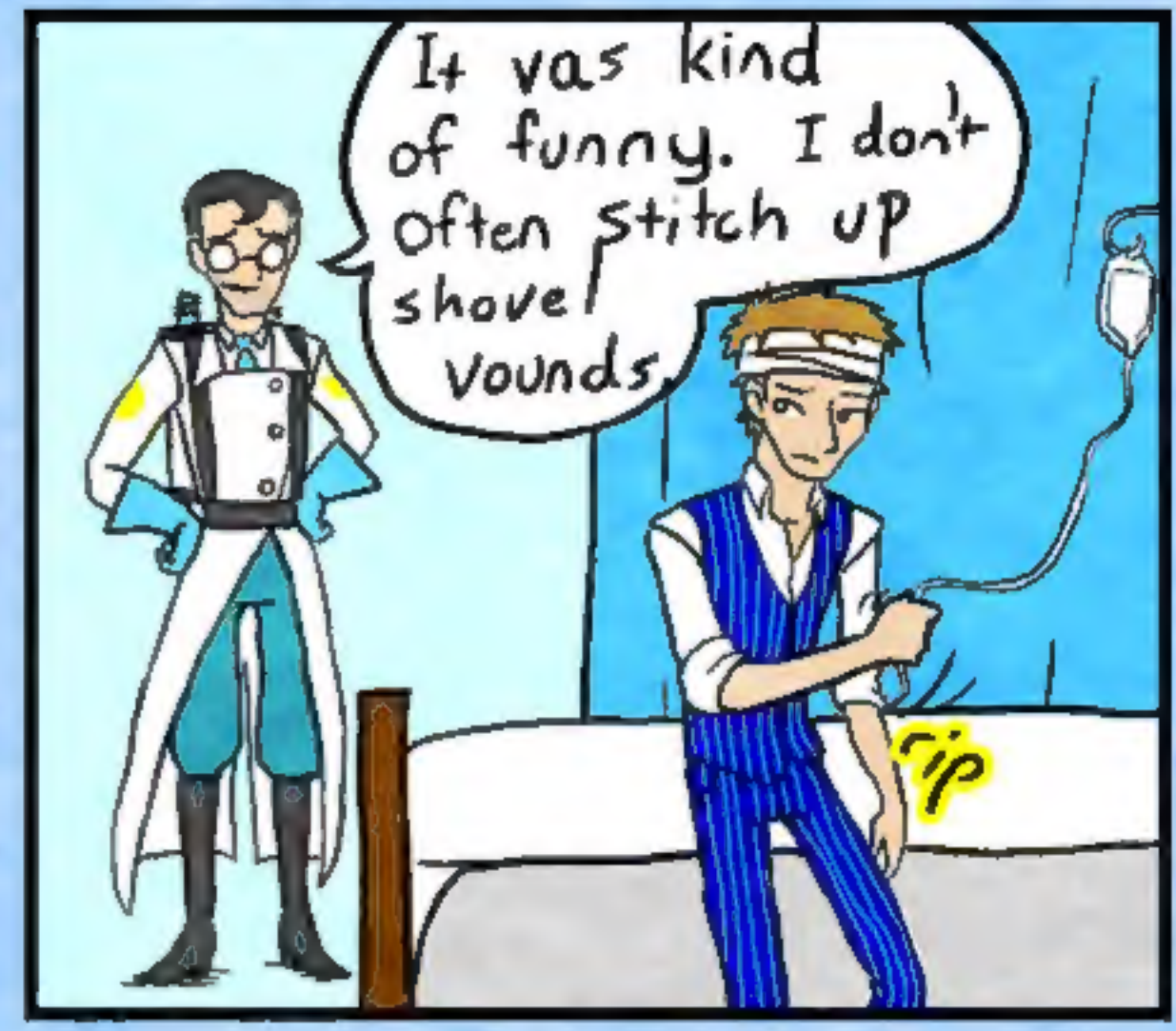
An out of work spy takes what jobs he can get.

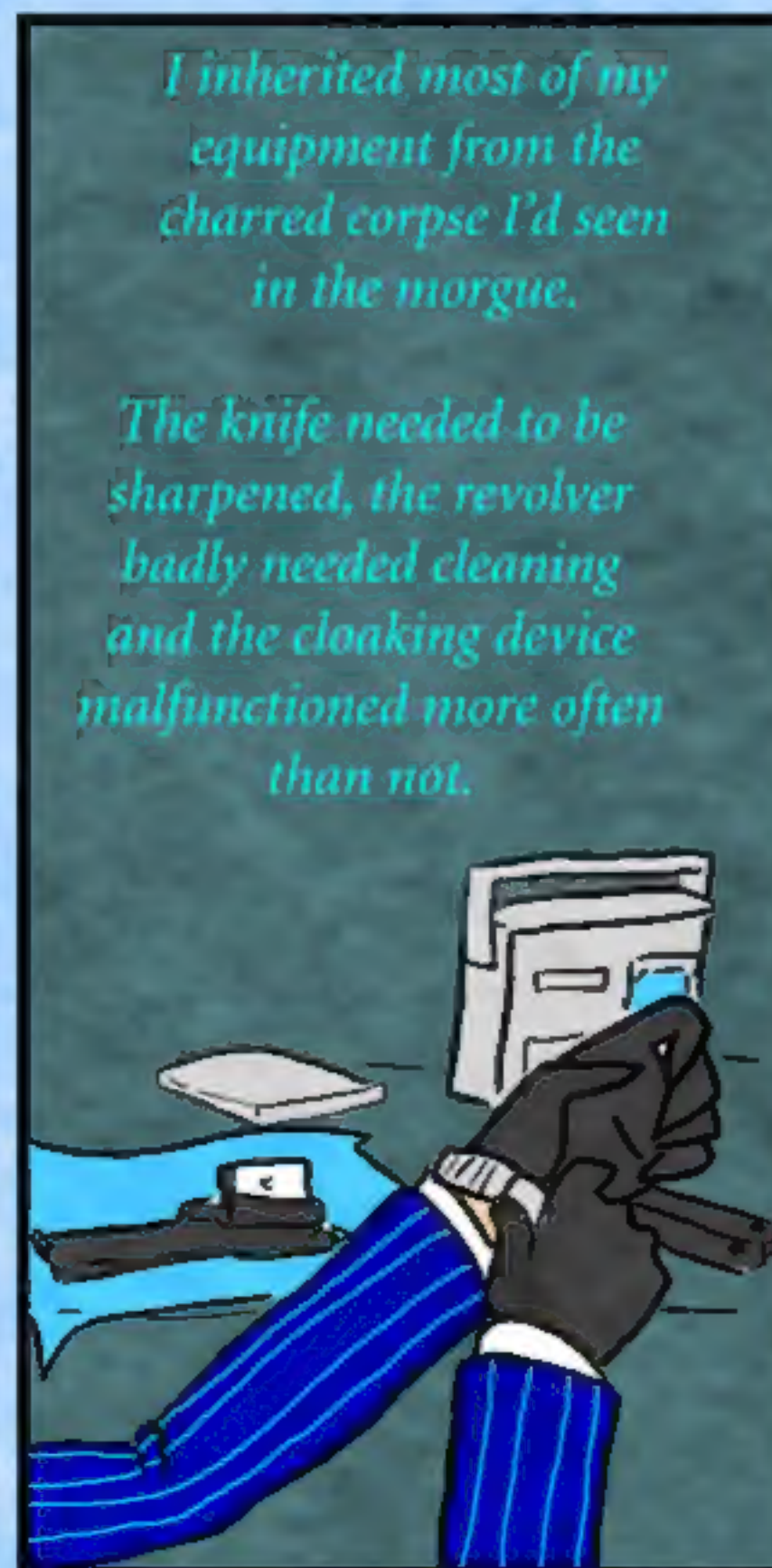
You understand.



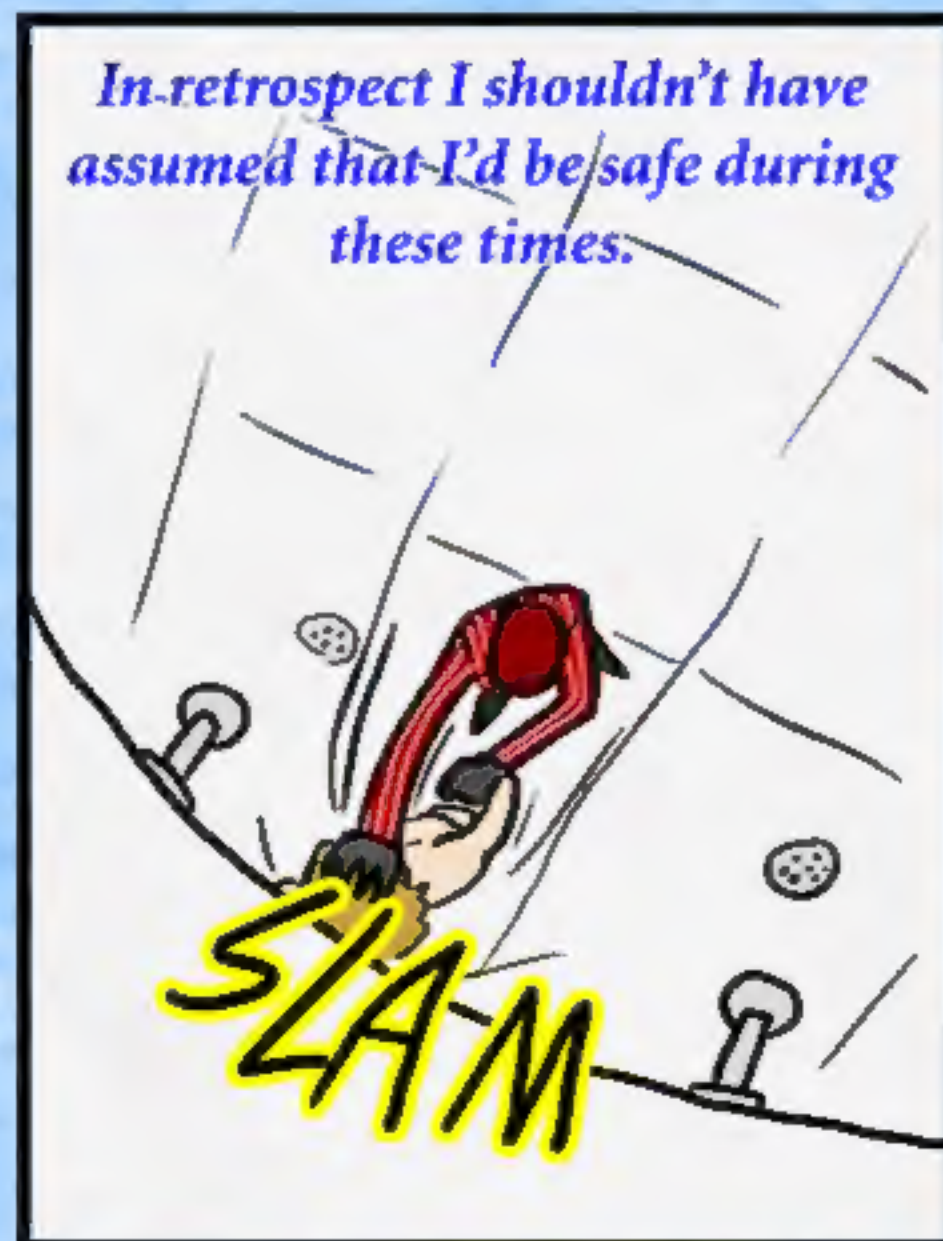
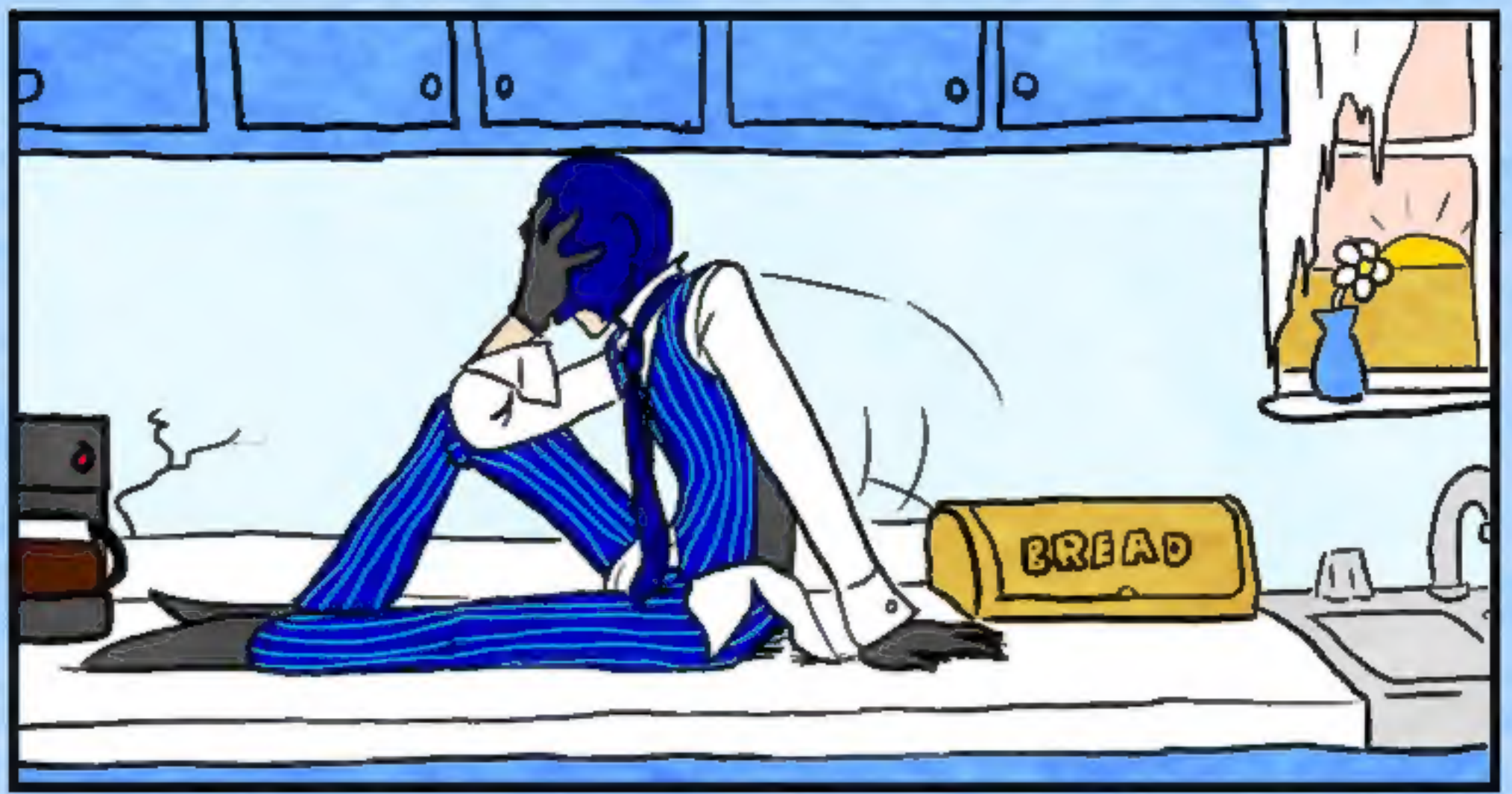


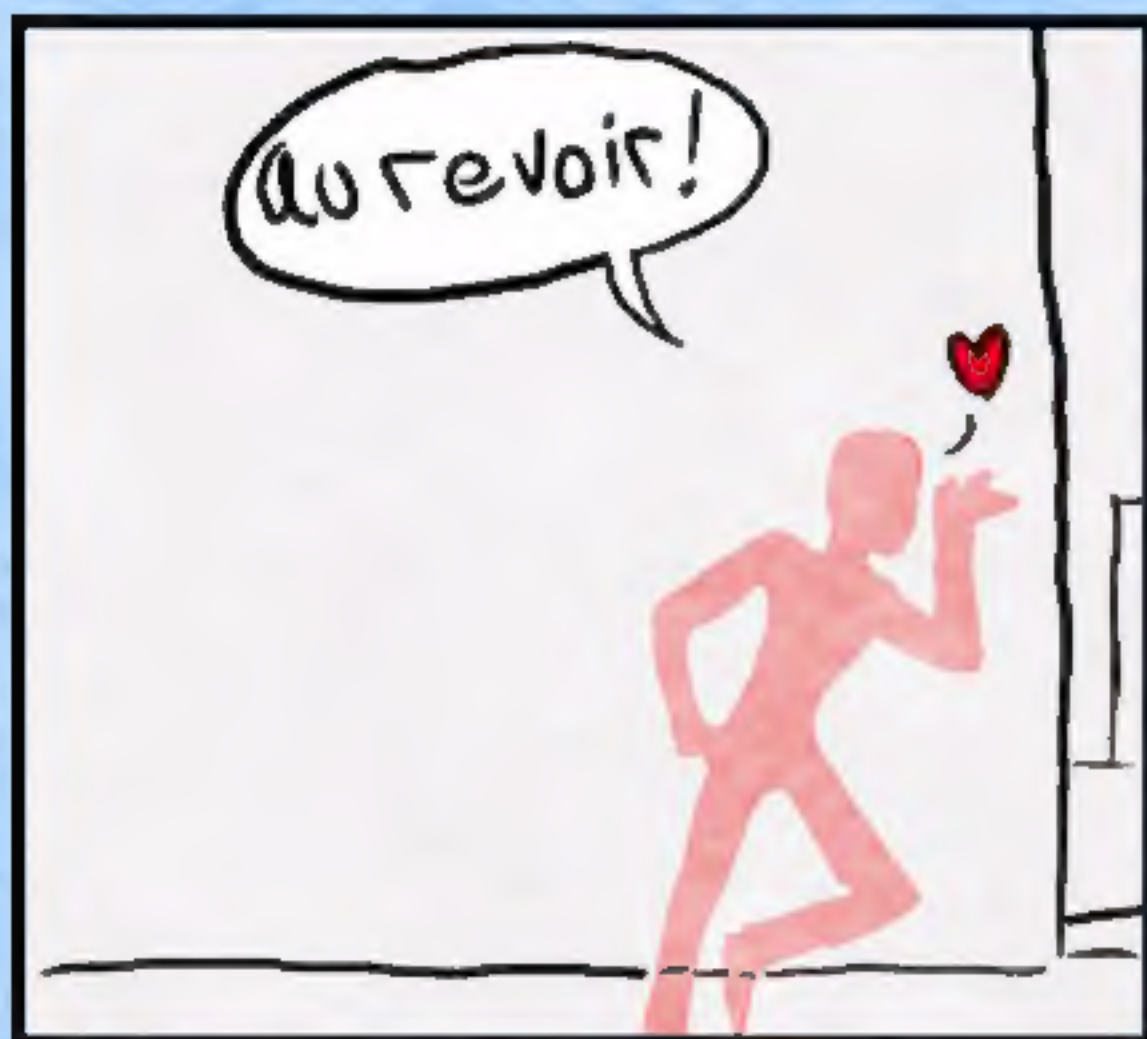






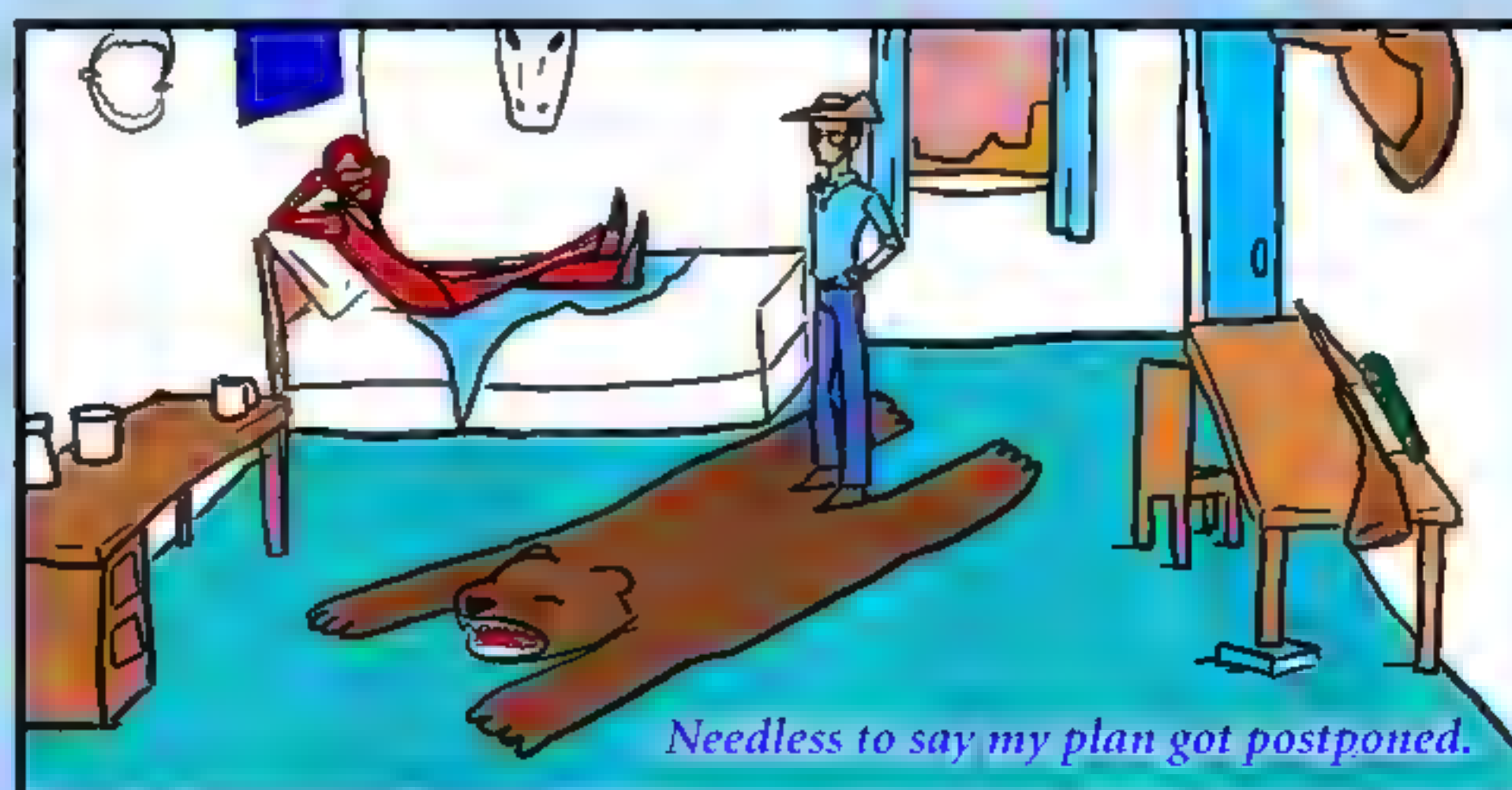








It occurred to me later that Sniper may have been the Spy, but I took his advice and went to bed. At least it was a lot more comfortable than a kitchen counter and no one killed me in my sleep. I awoke around five when the sirens announced the end of the day's fighting.



I speak four languages fluently
and couldn't think of a thing to
say in any of them.



Well, I knew we'd
be found out eventually.



Hey, don't
do anything
stupid now.



Fils de pute!
Release me!



click



I like it when you're
rough with other men.

Shut up.



What happened next is difficult
for me to put into words. They made
me promise not to tell anyone about
their relationship. (Which Red
described in great detail.)

He also apologised for our
earlier encounter, sort of...

Hey, sorry
about the
thing this
morning.

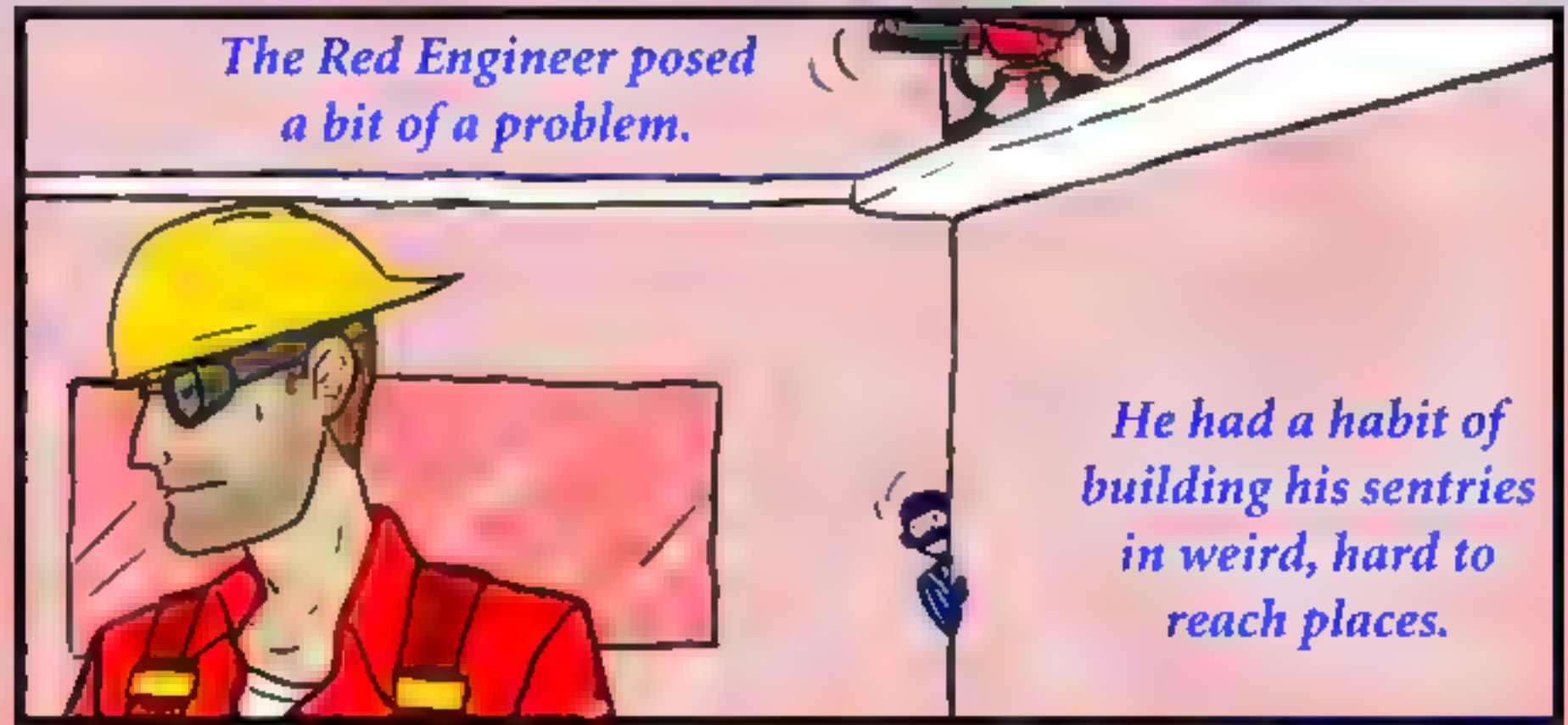
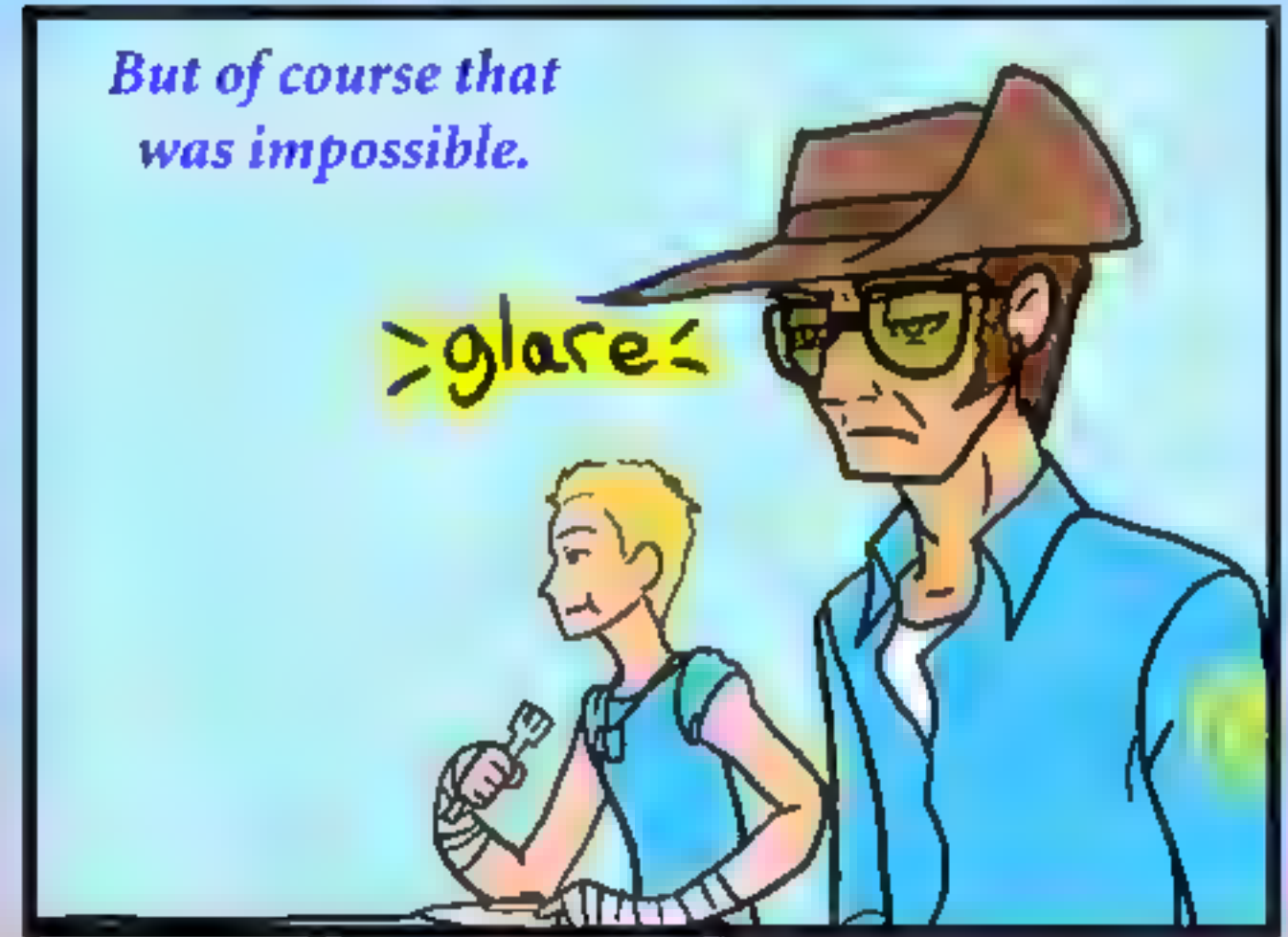
I wasn't lying
when I said you
were good looking
though.

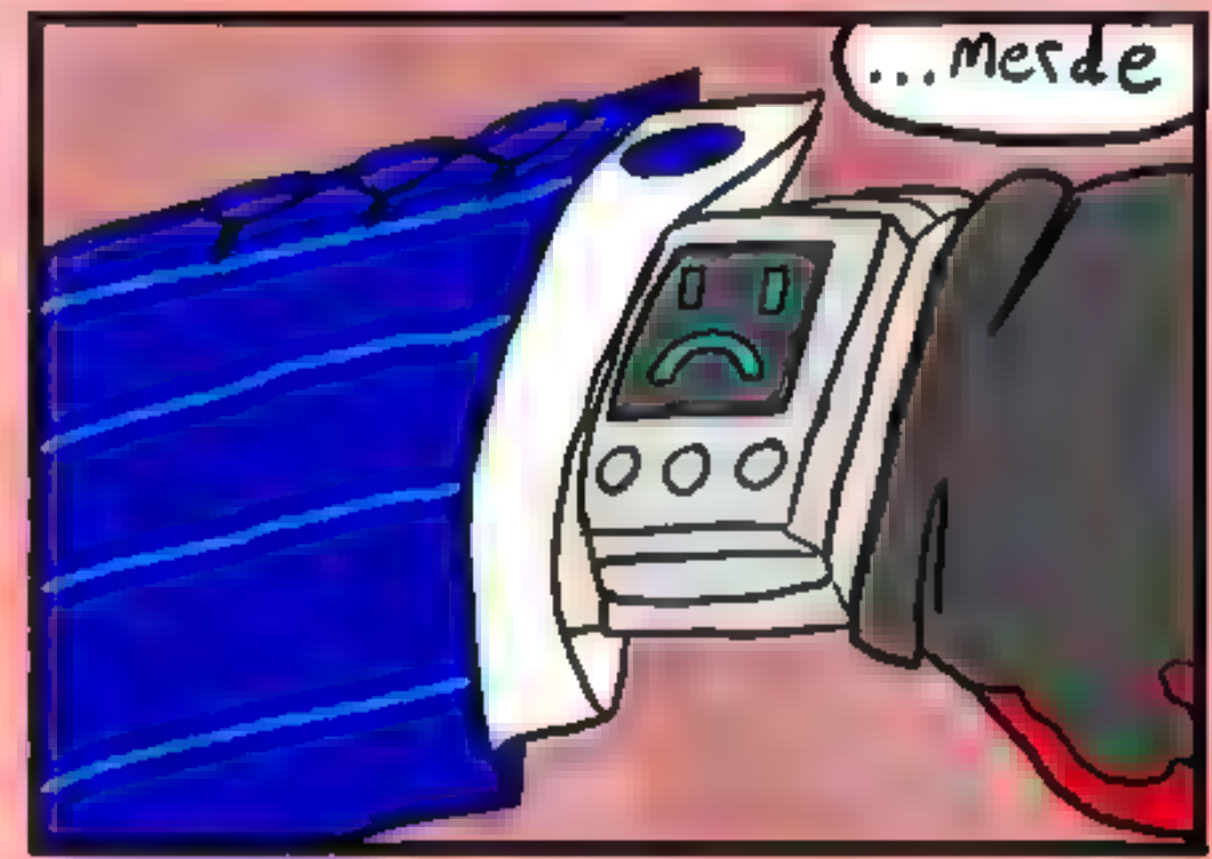
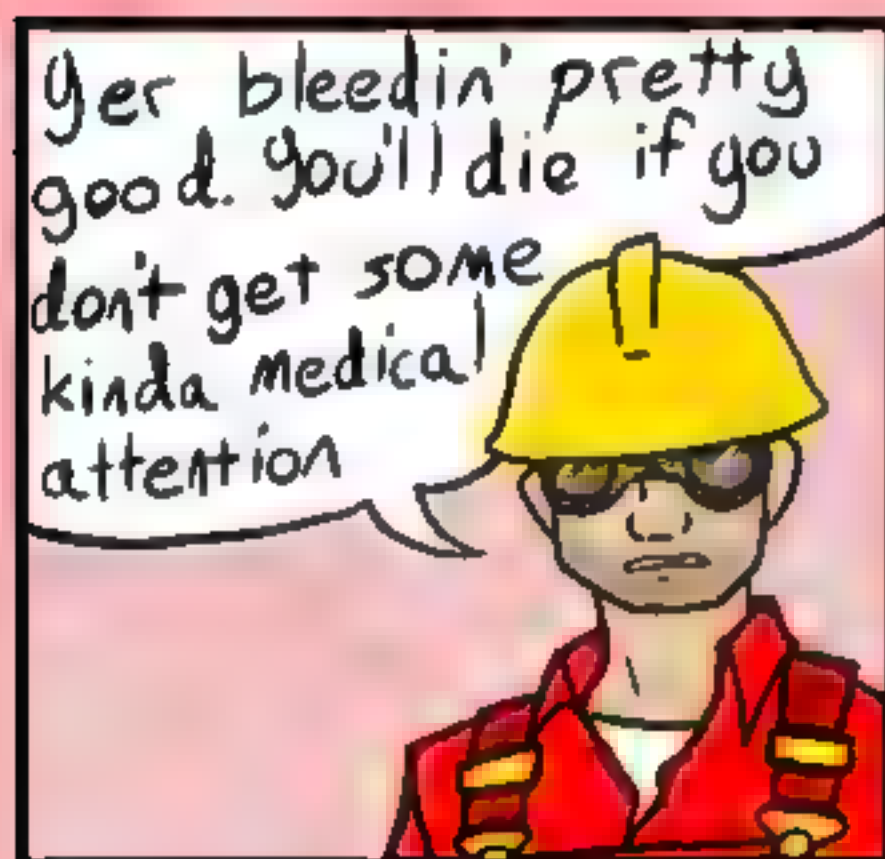
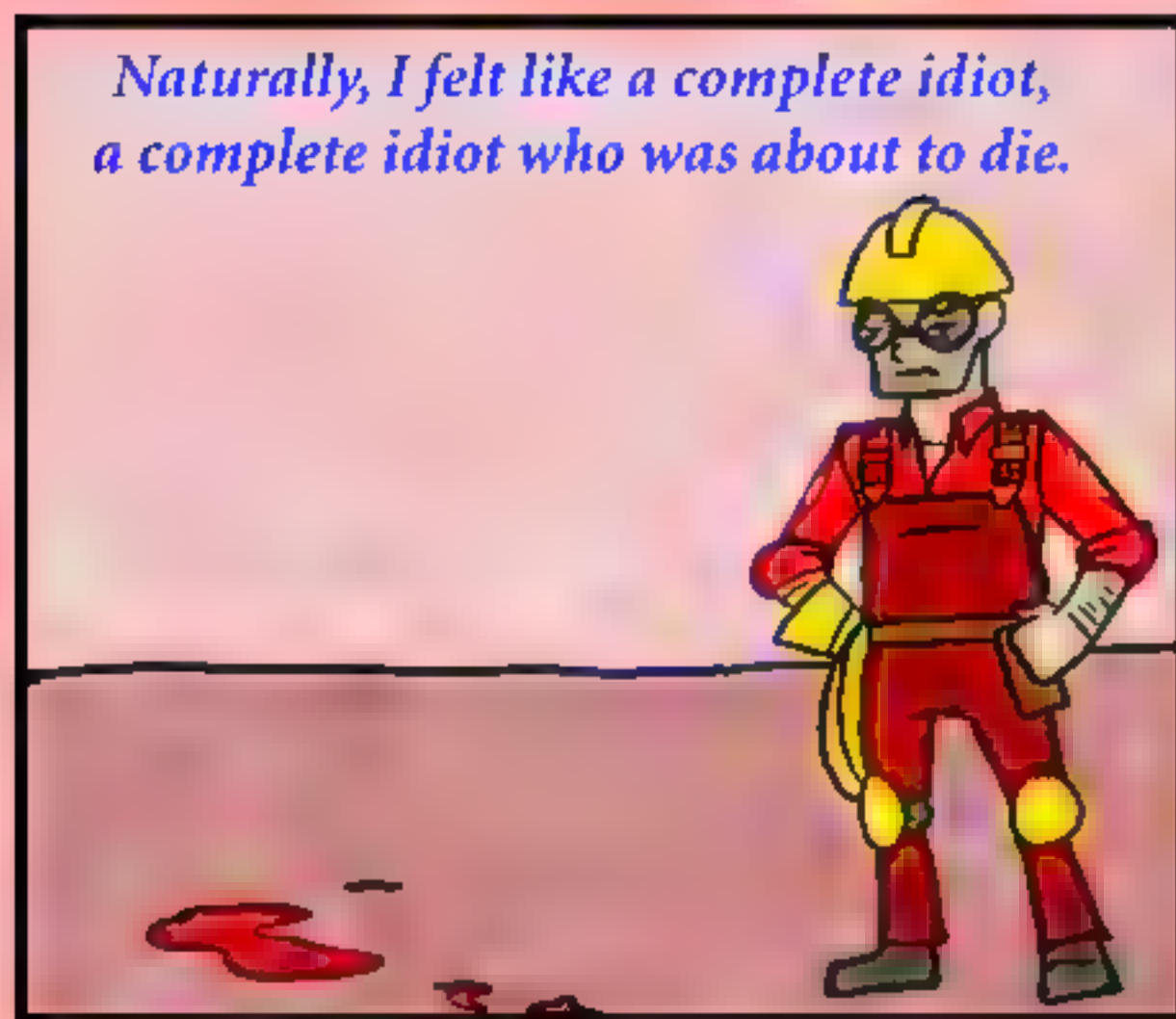
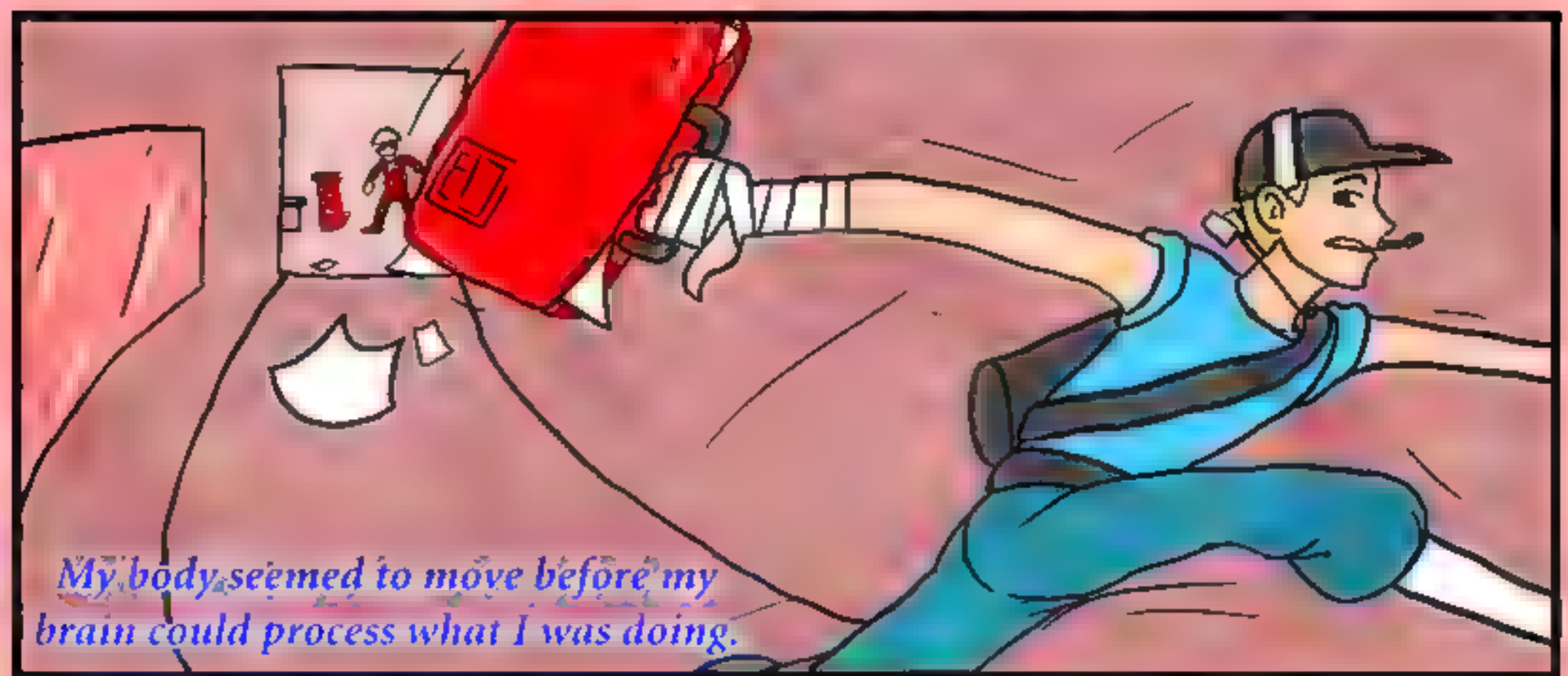
Let me light
that for you.

Why so
tense?

It was
...
educational.







I've never felt pain very strongly.



But in that moment I forgot that I had just been shot and ran with little consideration as to where I was going.

Nothing mattered except escaping from the Pyro.



I don't know how I ended up in the canal.



nor do I remember being pulled out.

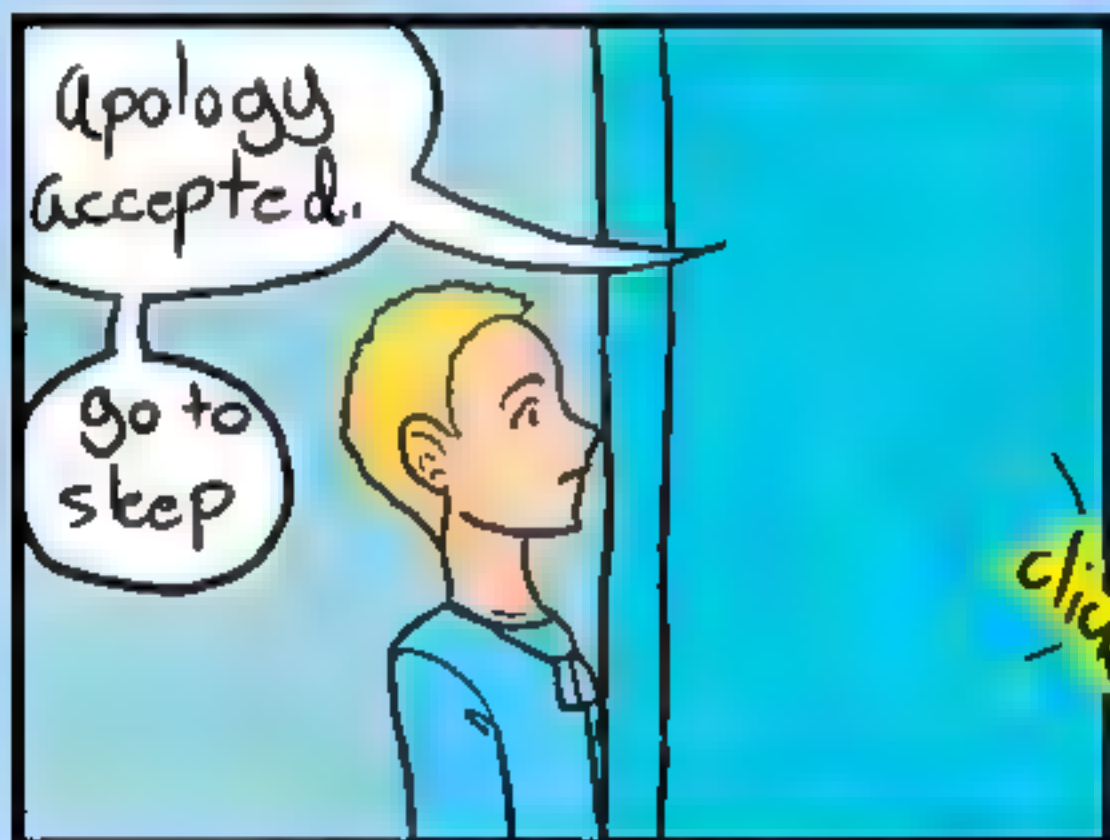


Scout made it back safely with the enemy intel so my teammates spent the evening celebrating. I found myself too tired to really participate. I'm unsure if it was the blood loss or some medigun side effect.



I didn't sleep well that night, and when I did I had nightmares featuring faceless, Lovecraftian beasts built of flame and gasmask filters.





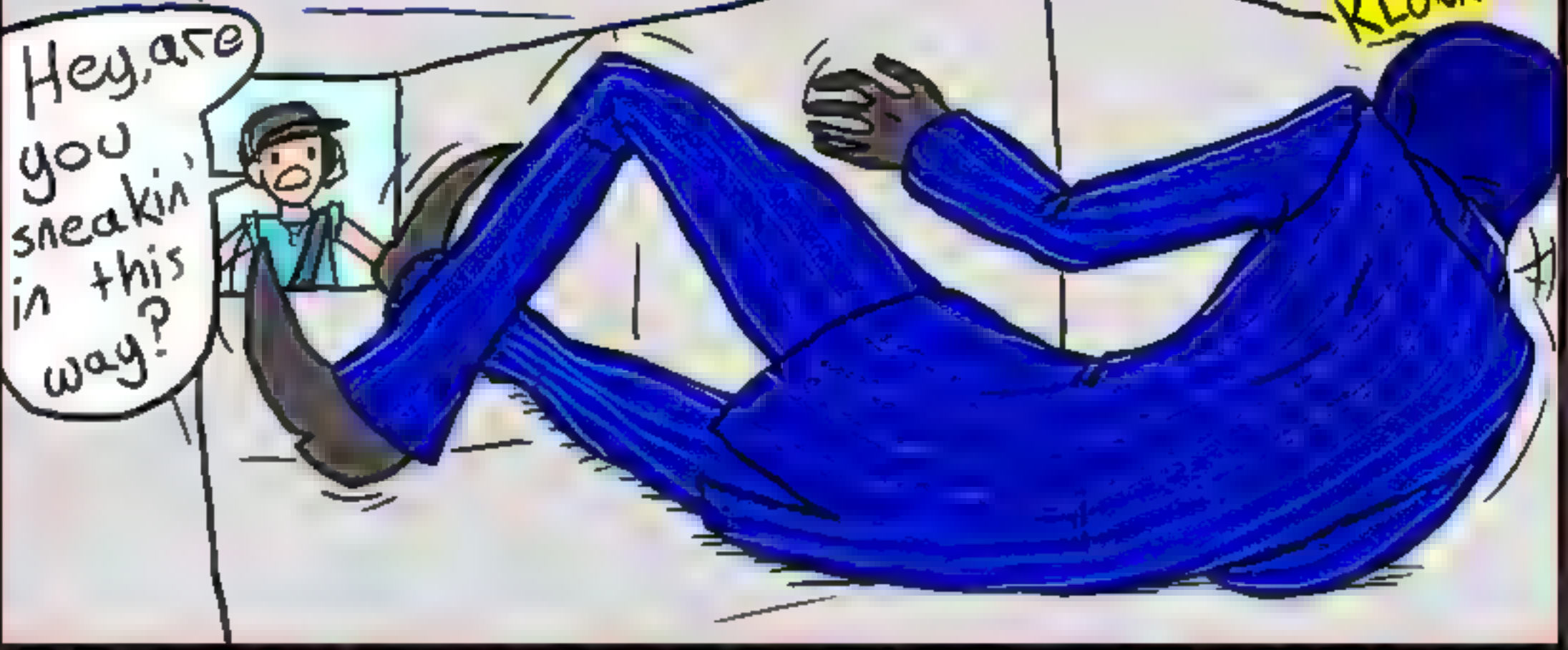


My meeting with the team Engineer didn't go exactly as planned but I considered it successful.



I'd just have to be extra careful until I got the watch back.

Hey, are you sneakin' in this way?



Quiet! You'll give my position away.



Man, you worry too fuckin' much.



If you're going to follow me try not to attract any attention to us.

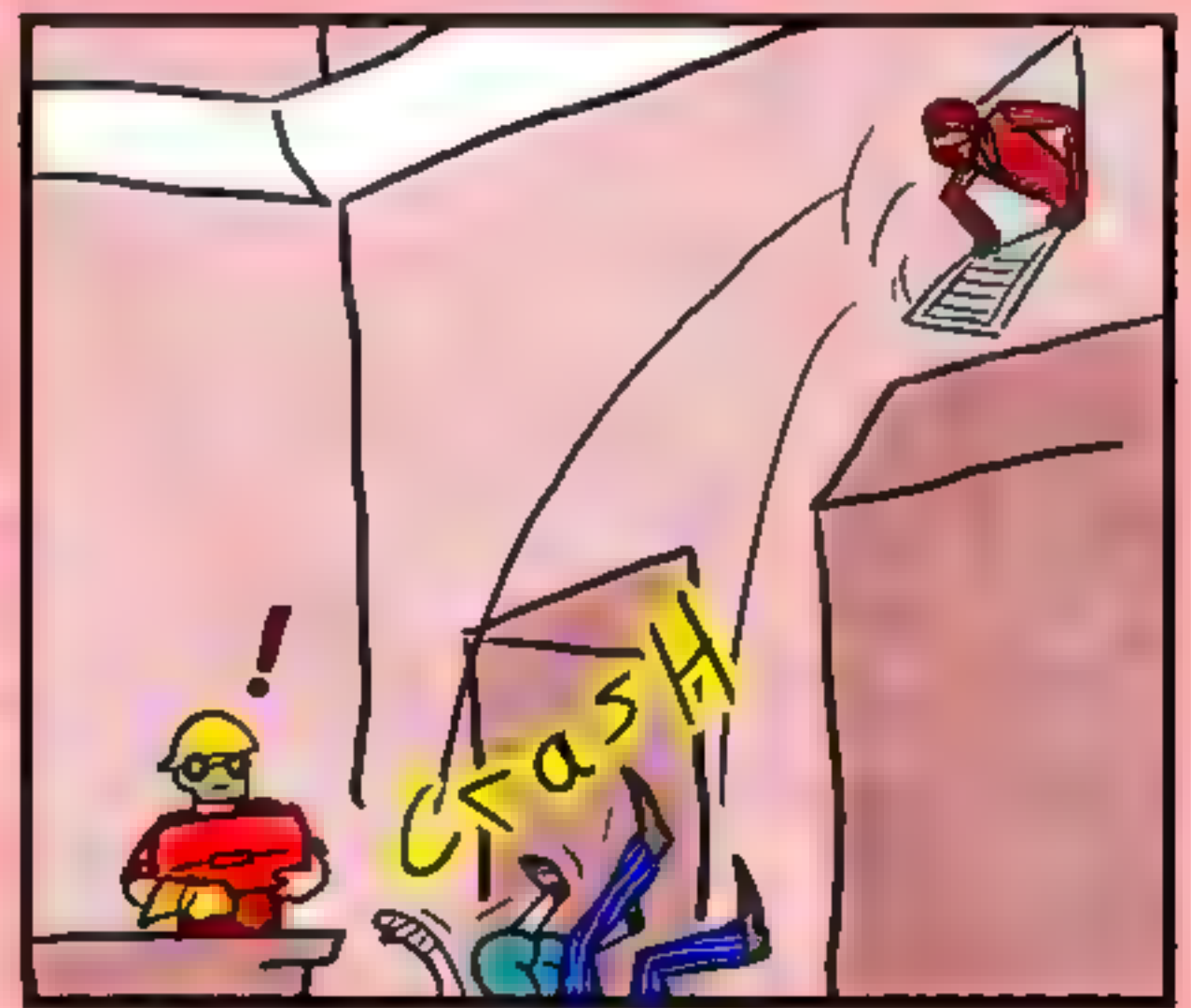
Okay!



I had hoped to get back at the RED Engineer for the day before, but it seemed reckless with Scout there.



Heh, "ass Monkey" That's a new one. I like it.







Ya shouldn'ta done that, boy



I could have probably snuck away while the Engineer was distracted, but they'd taken my gear.

And I couldn't very well leave Scout behind.



Normally, I wasn't the sort to improvise.



But it worked a lot better than anticipated.



Much better.



shit man, you were pretty cool back there. Too bad you missed the Engie's head.

I wasn't aiming for 'is' head.



The fuck?

That's queer dude, Gay Queers.

Why'd ya do that?



'onestly? I 'aven't ever killed anyone and I'm afraid I might like it

LAME!



I thought spies were all about kickin' ass and James Bond 'n' shit. What'd you do before comin' here?

Recon photos mostly



You're in the wrong fuckin' place if you don't wanna kill people

I'm aware of that.

Scout retold our day's adventure over dinner that night, sort of.

And Cockfag here was all "Eek!"

That's not 'ow-

so I was like POW mother fucker.



Is it just me or are our rations getting smaller?

you barely eat any how, Twiggy.

The skinny man is right, I am still hungry.

Ze supply trains are just a little slow.



'Ow slow is a "little" slow?



rr ssd +
rm lm'st
rver drr.

Aye, now they donnae come but ever coupla months.



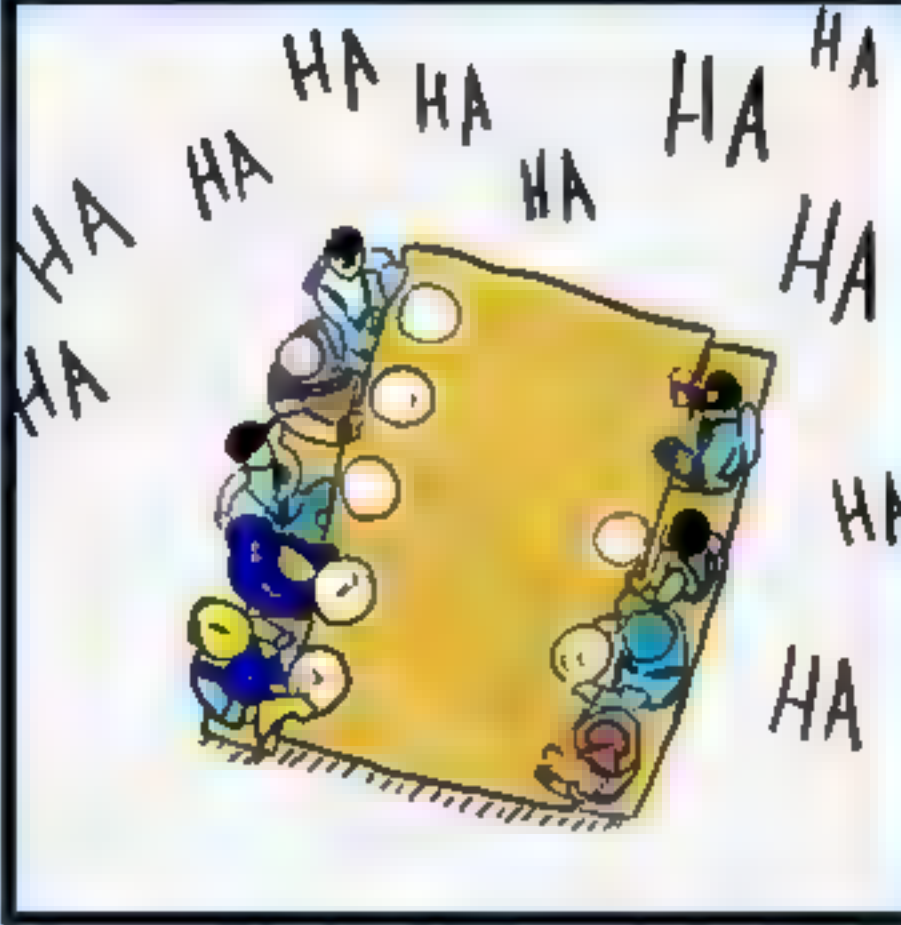
Hey, what're g'all talkin' about?

supply trains, I think.



Oh yeah, they're gettin' feaver and further between, might stop comin' all together soon.

Then 'ow will we get 'ome when the war ends?



This is war Maggot! You should be proud, to die for your country!



Donnae try ta argue wit him, lad

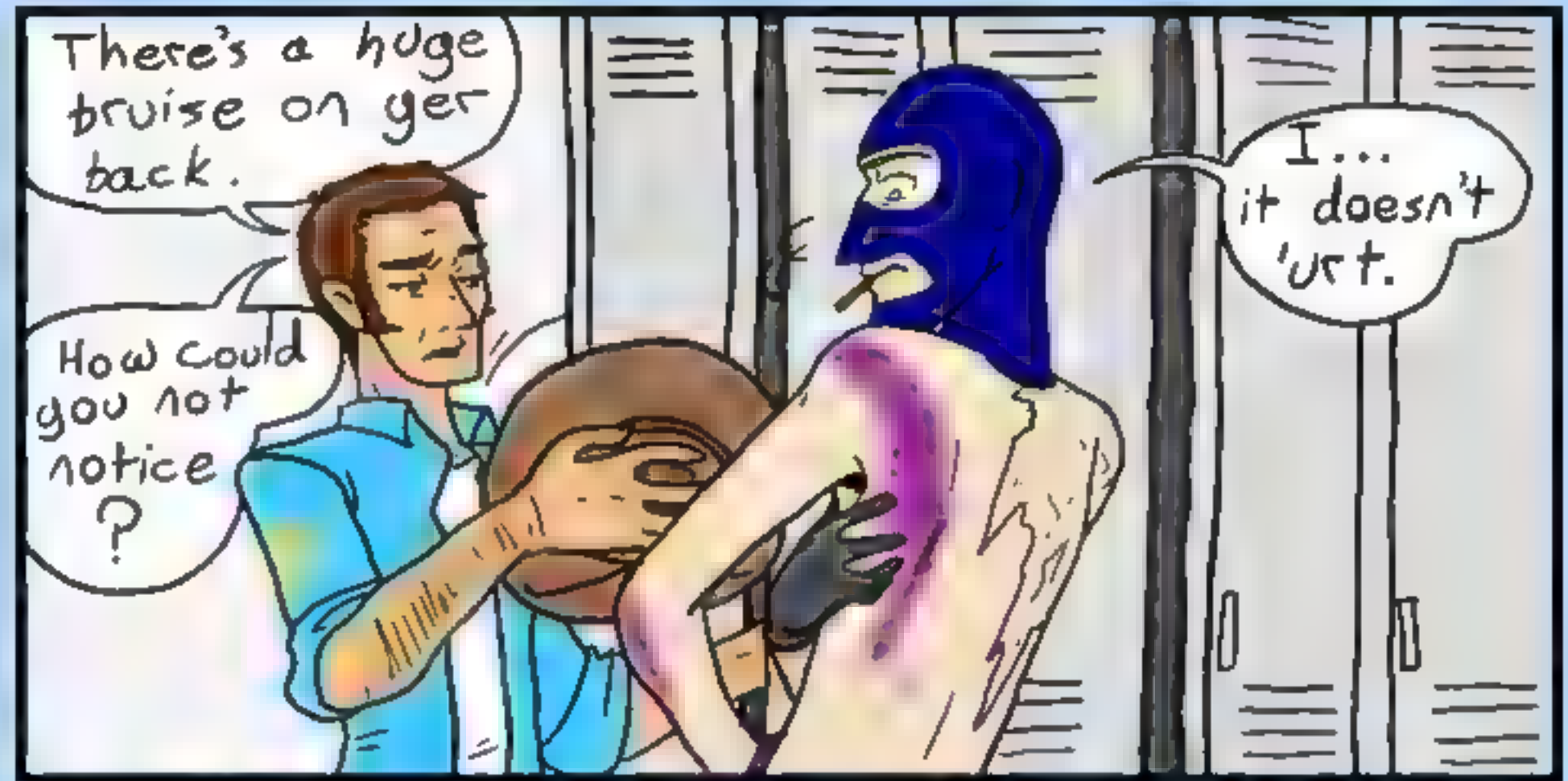
>SNERK!

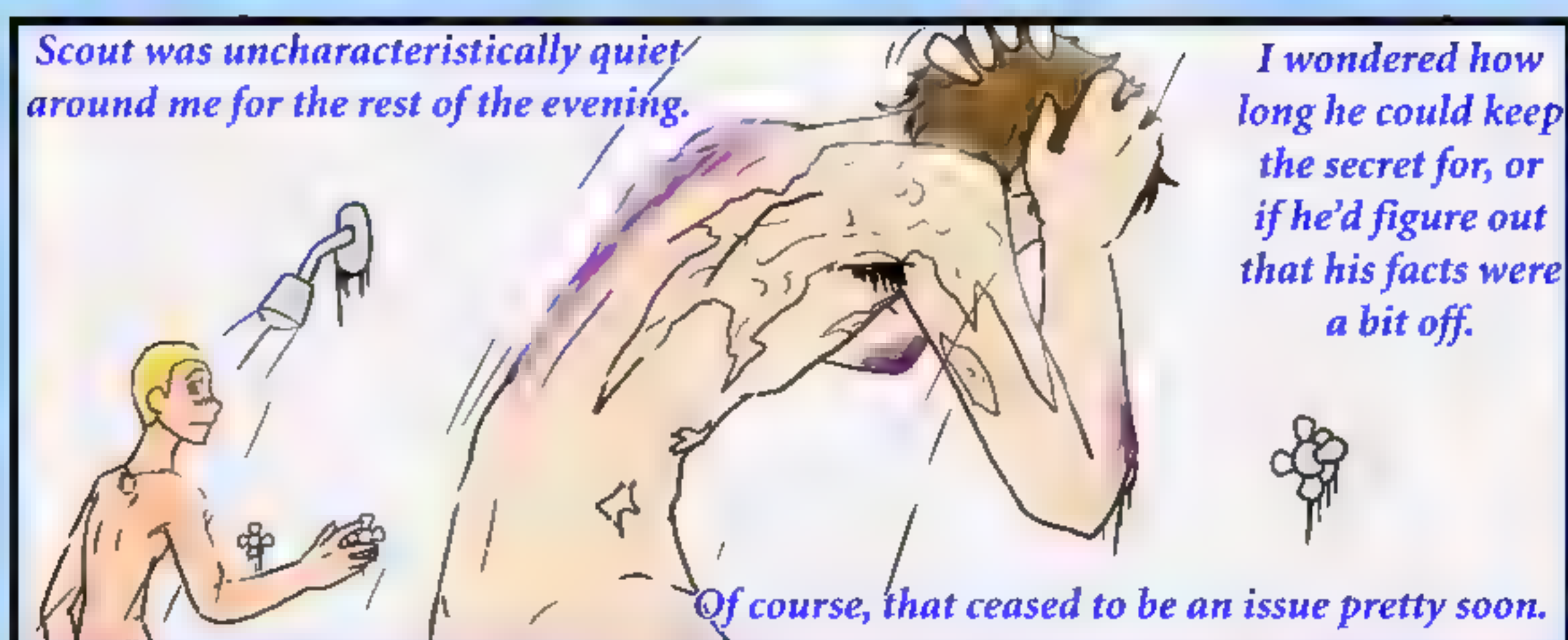
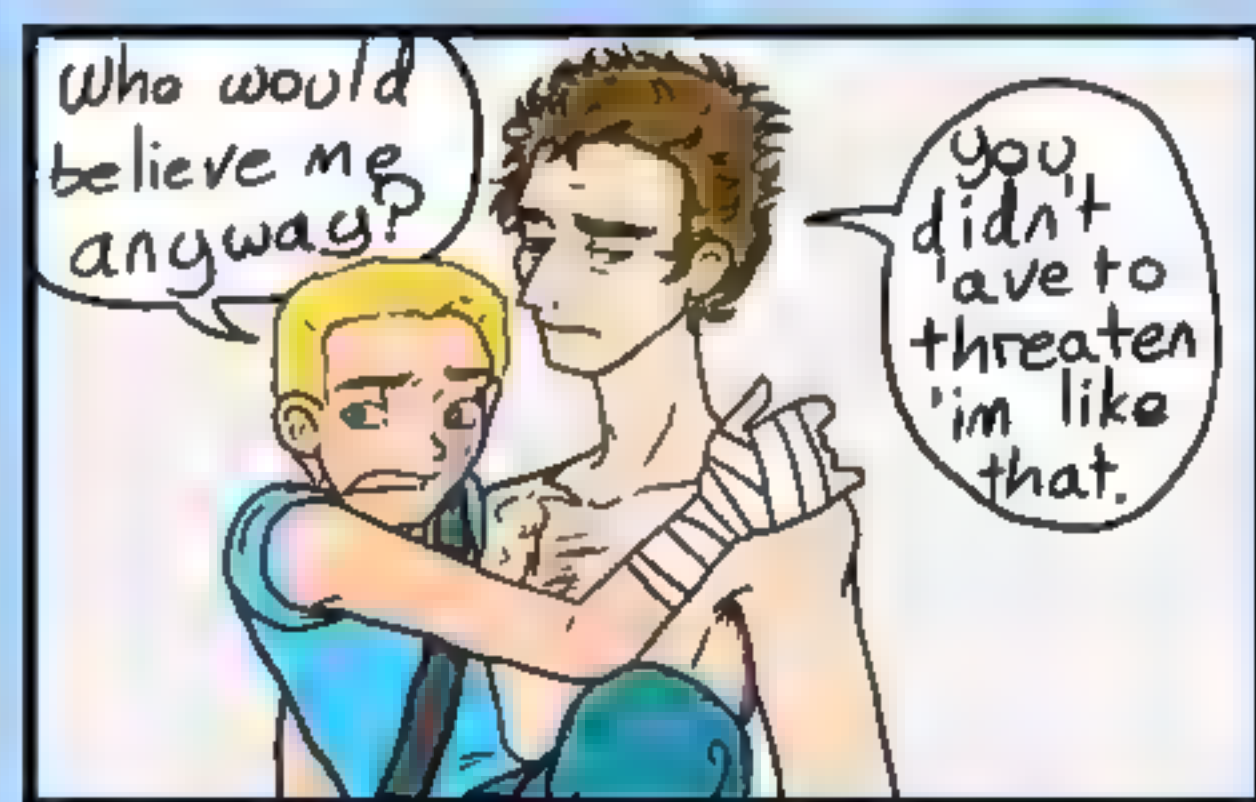
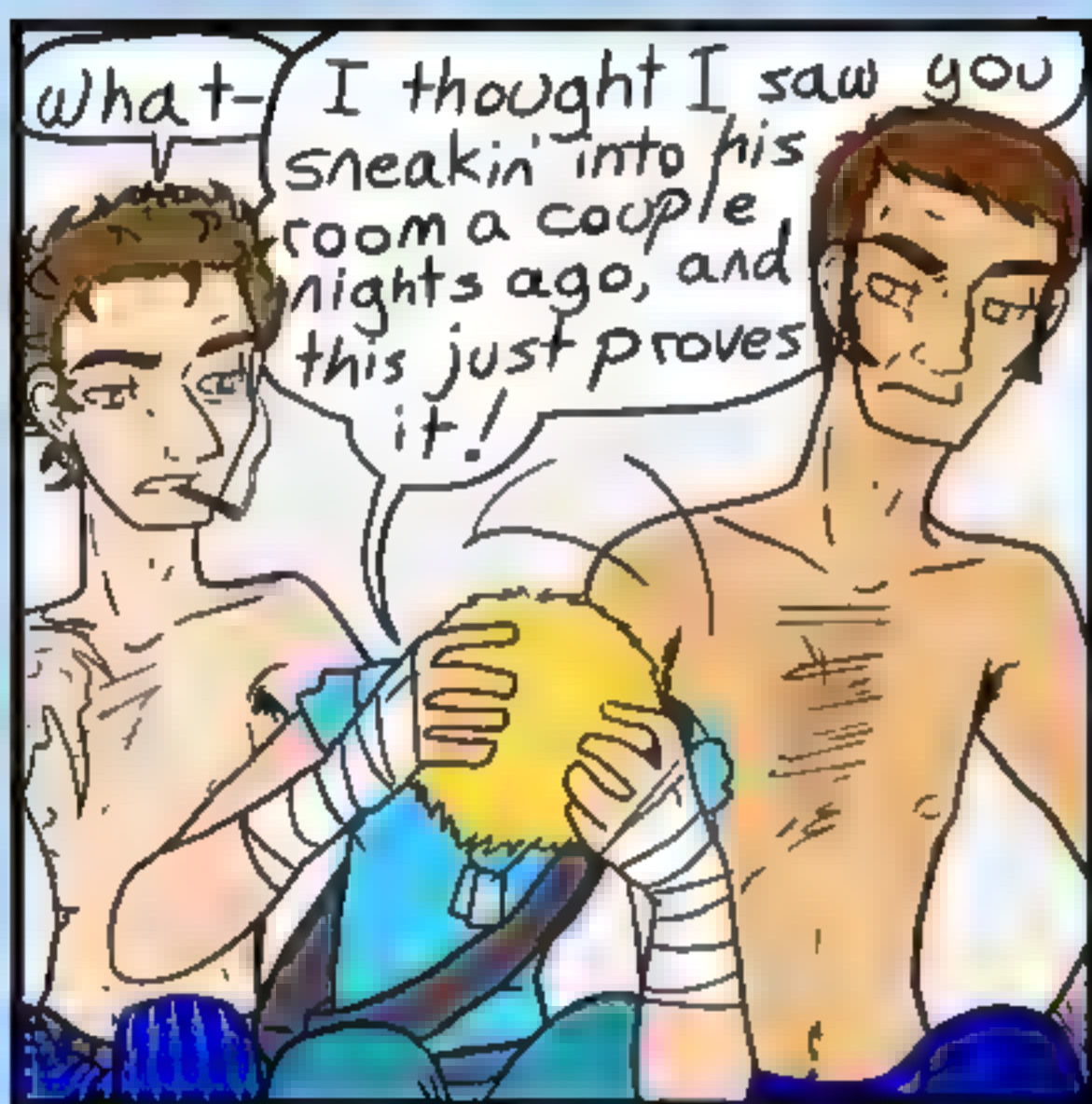
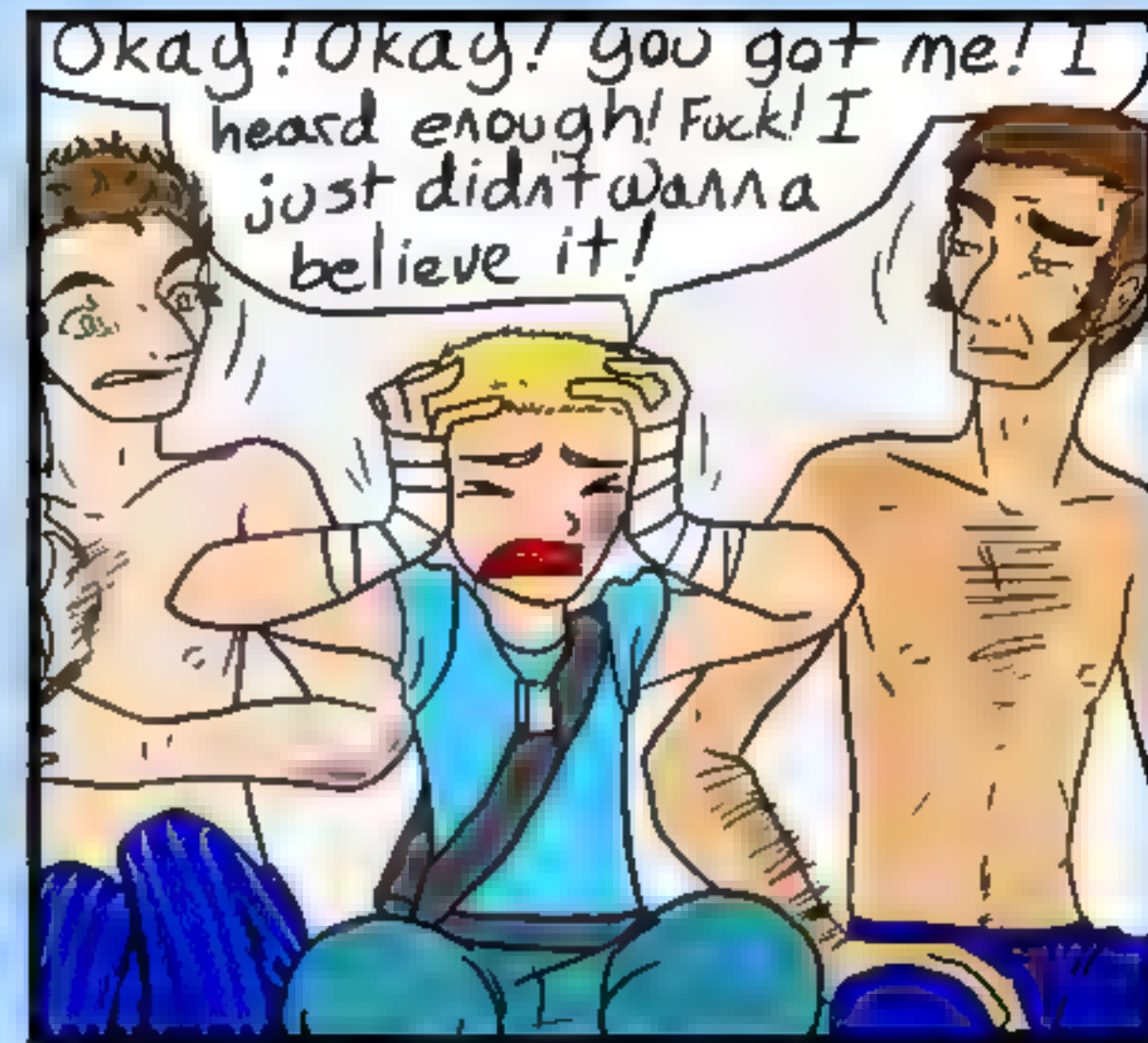
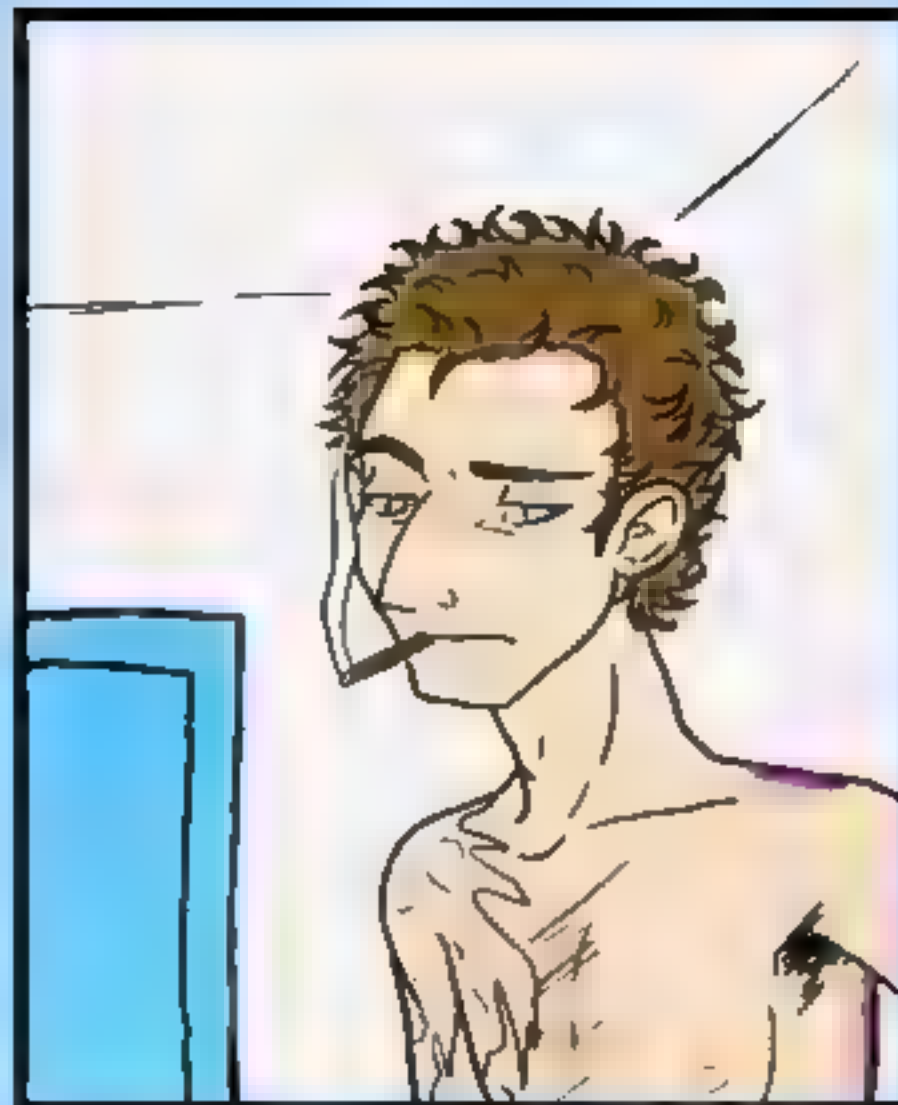


So far no one's left when their tour's up, 'nd the war has no forseeable end.

Dude, you're drownin' him in your creamed corn



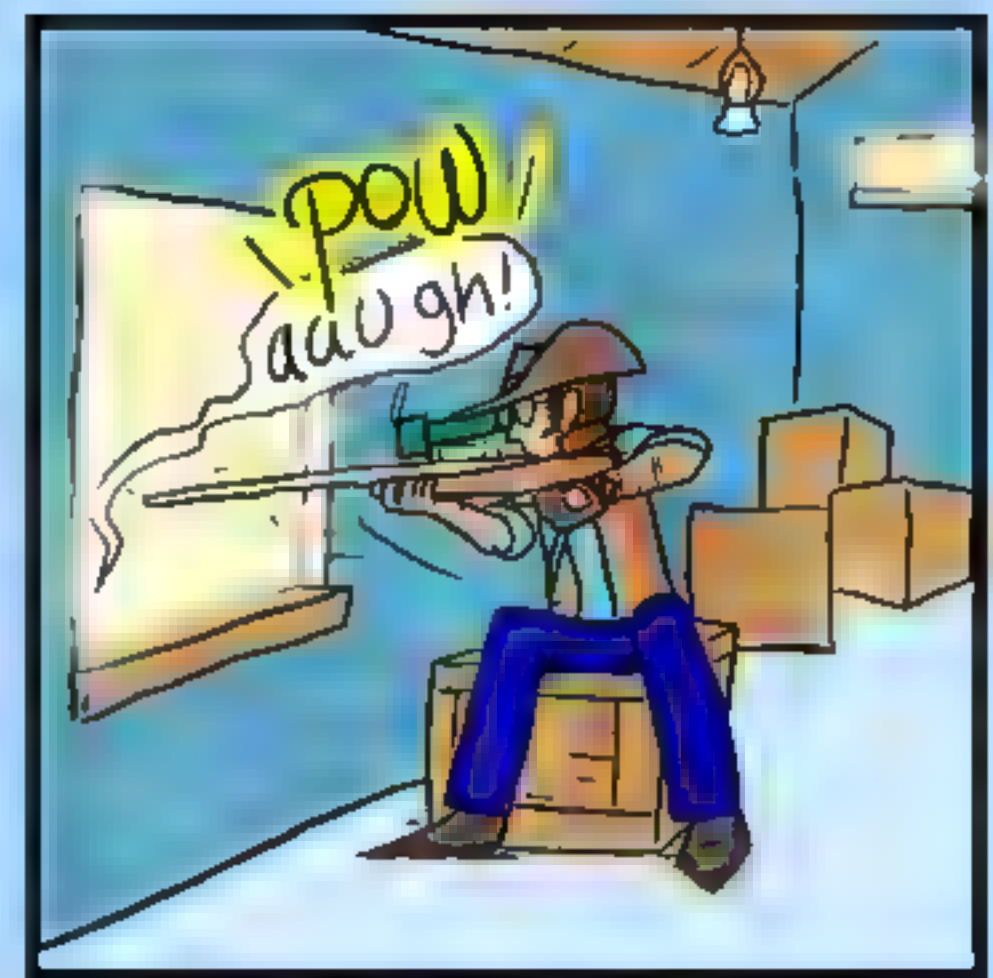
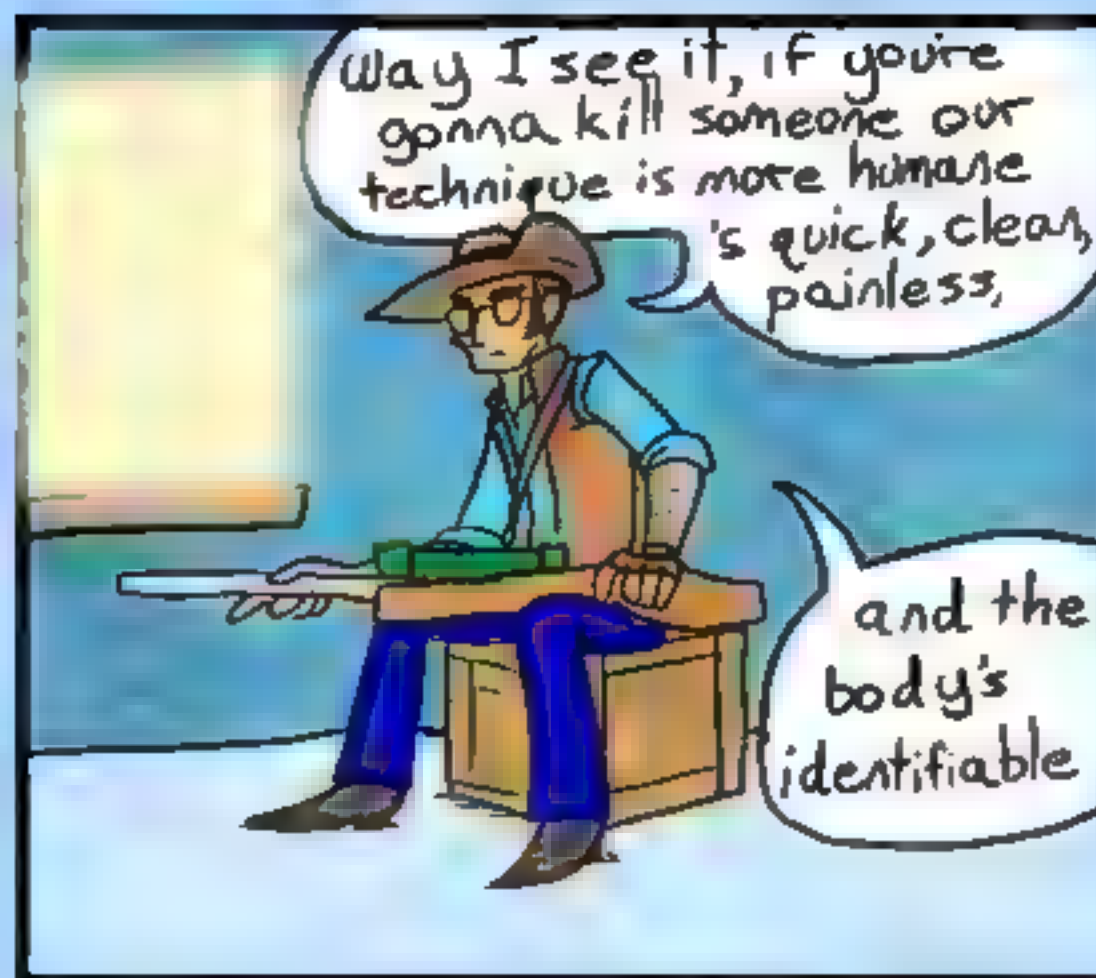




I spent much of the following day with Sniper.



Way I see it, if you're gonna kill someone our technique is more humane 's quick, clean, painless,



I haven't seen you kill anyone since I've been 'ere.



I try and spread 'em out.



Is that why the Red Engineer didn't kill me the other day?

Could be.



Well, you're not exactly the best spy I've ever seen.



you're starting to make my life pretty complicated you know?

Is it more fun this way though?



Say, Red, any idea why Scout might think I'm the one bugging Sniper?



Oh, sometimes I disguise as you when I sneak in at night.

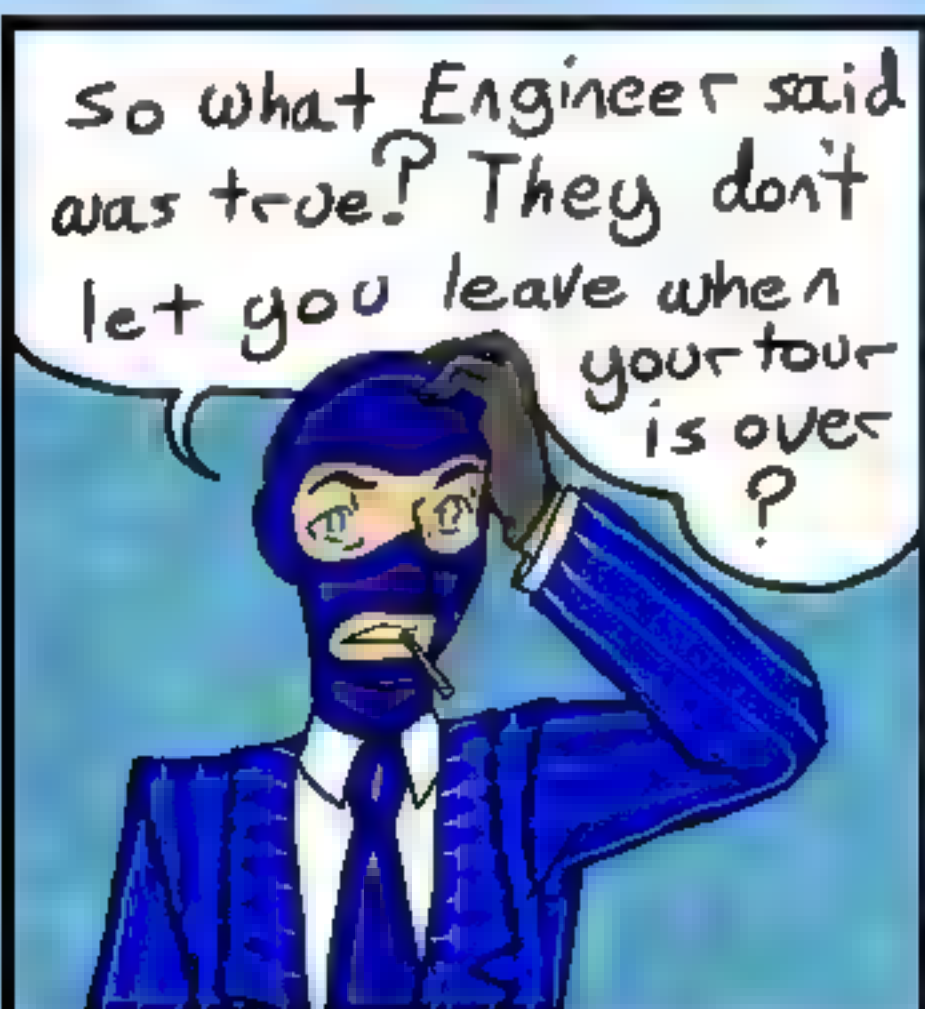


You should be more careful or we're gonna get caught.

you worry about that far too much.

I have a plan.





Admittedly, Red's plan wasn't the best laid one I'd ever heard, but I decided not to argue with him about it.

Right.

Good luck with that.



What concerned me more was the apparent similarities between the two companies backing the war. We had the same weapons, the same uniforms, the same problems with headquarters, the same everything.



It was like they were one corporation rather than two.

I'd thought from the beginning that the whole situation was a bit fishy.

Tap
Tap

But I decided that I needed more evidence before jumping to any conclusions

What d'ya want?



I was wondering about my watch.



Did you happen to fix it?

yeah, but 'fore I give it back I have a favor to ask.



scout?



He's been moping in here all day.

'nd I can't get 'im to leave

er, hi.



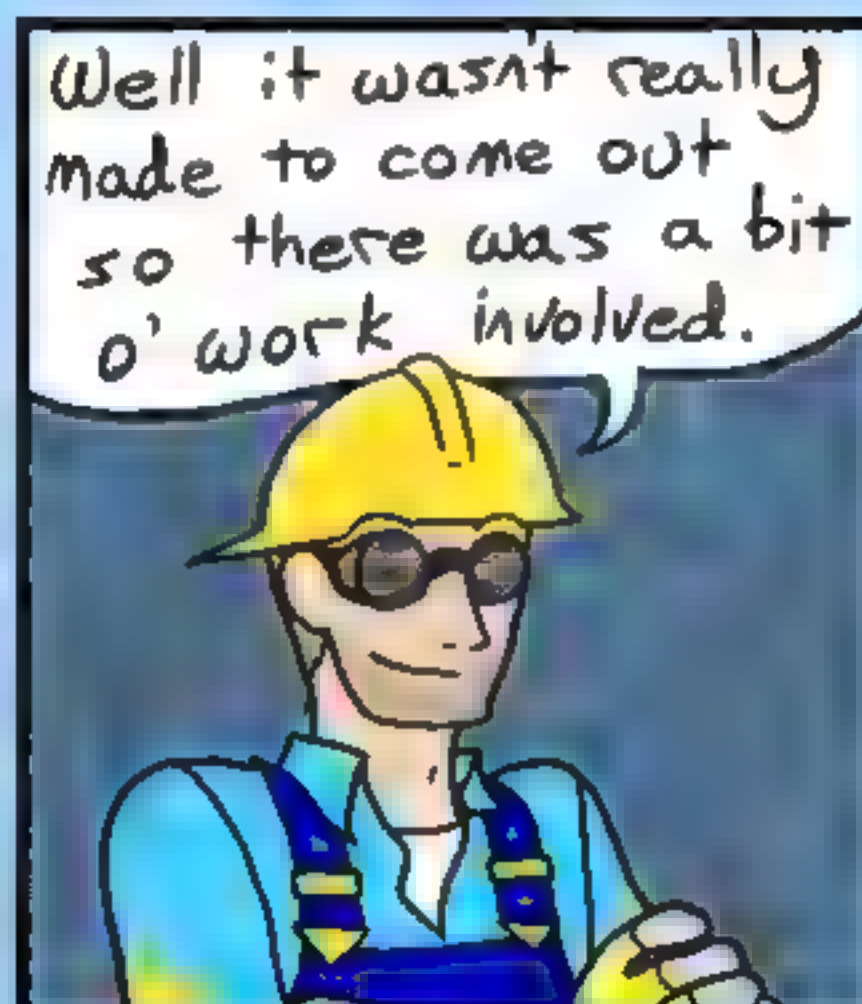
It's not like you to be so quiet, are you sick?

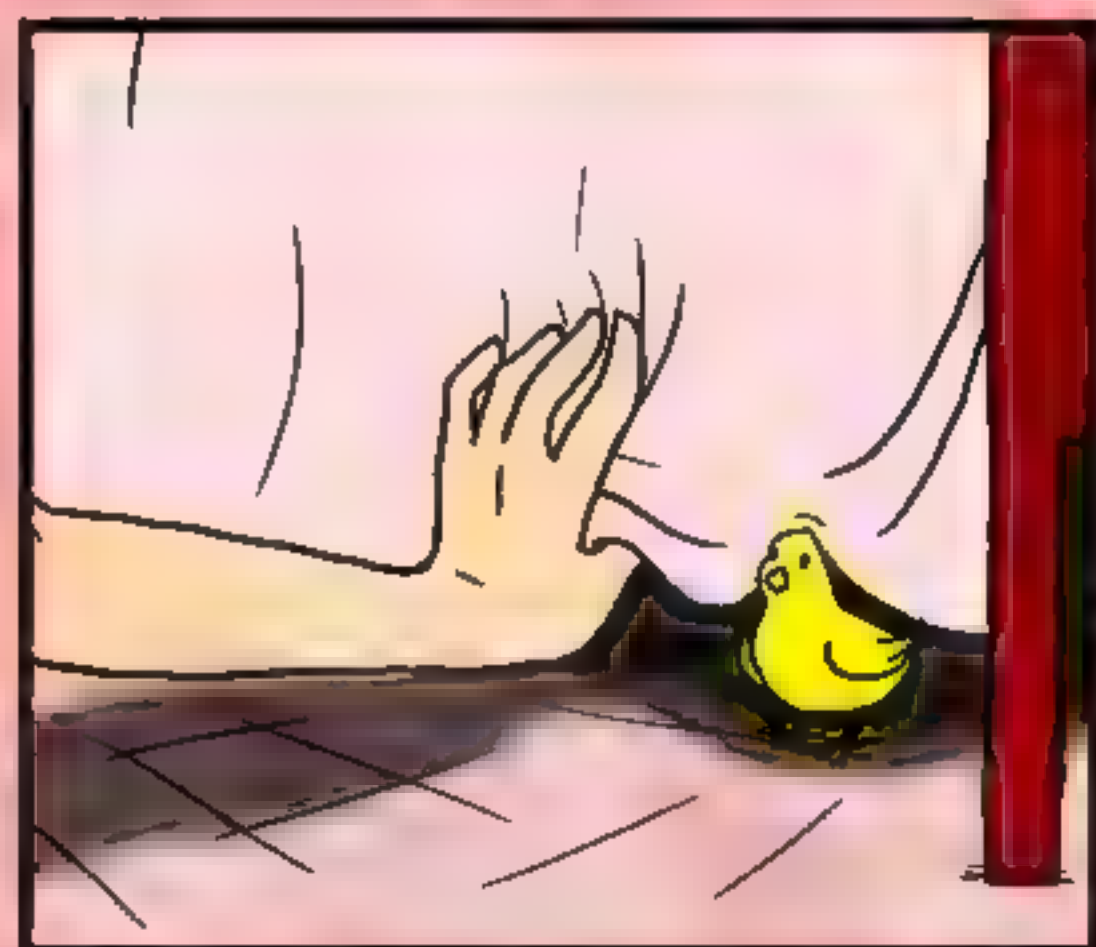
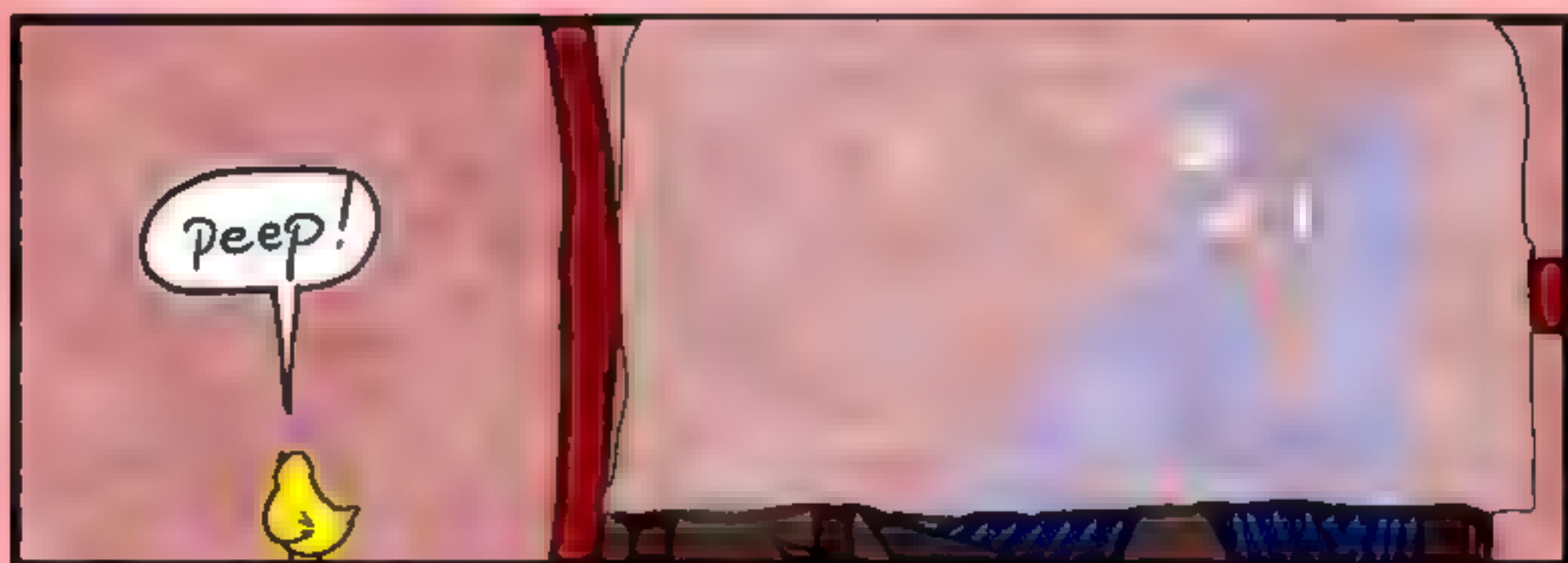
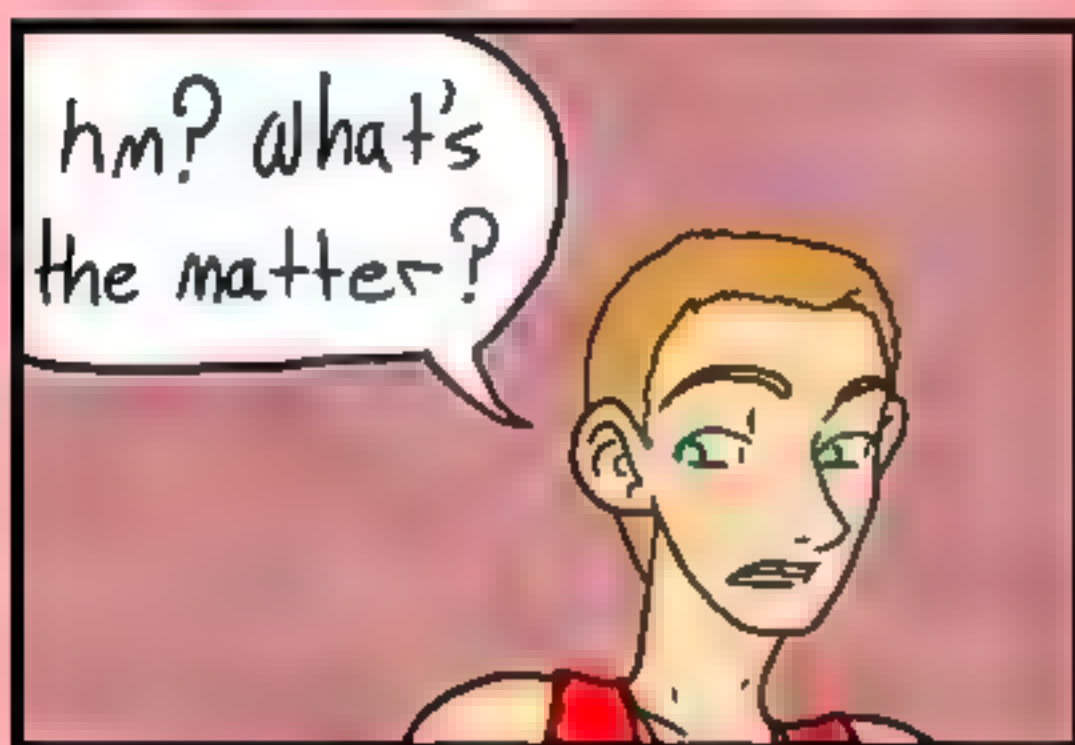
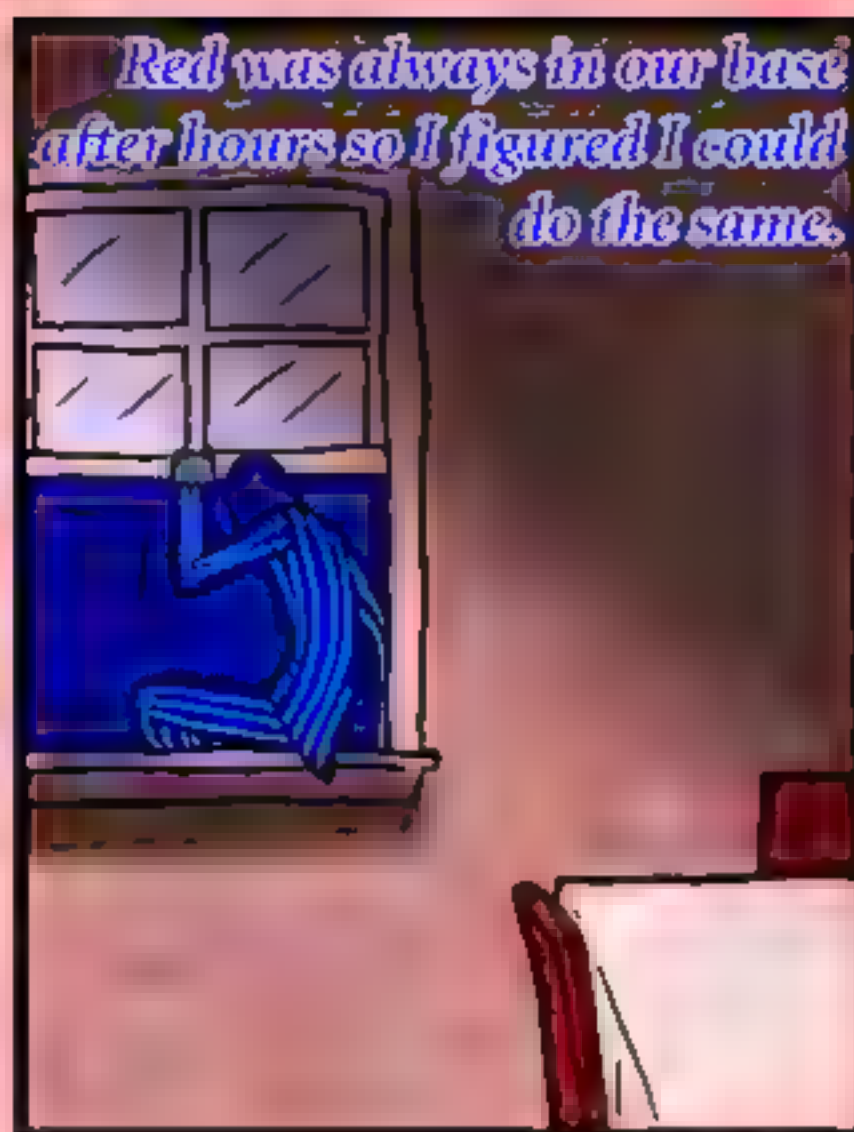


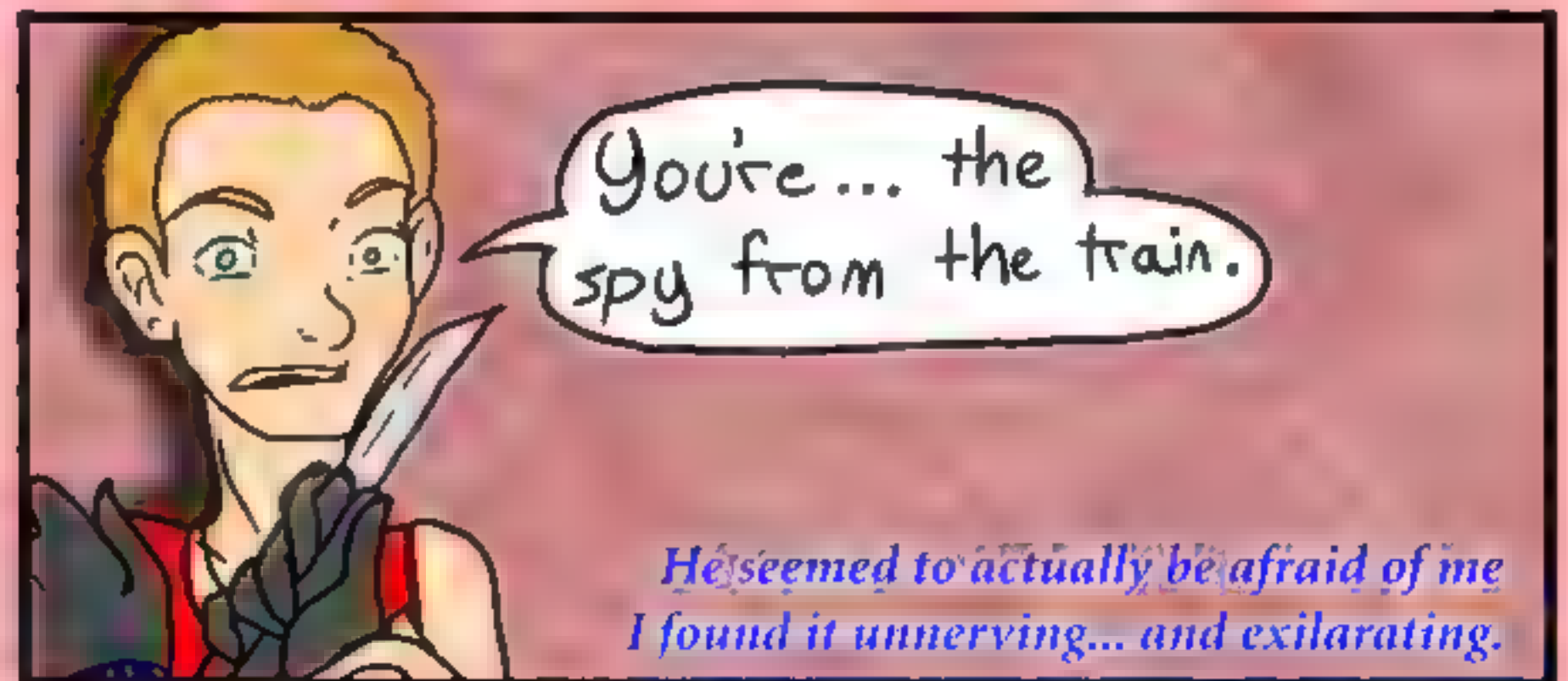
no.

I don't wanna talk to you stupid fag!









I decided that night to take Red up on his offer.

None of the REDs seemed like bad people really.

Well, almost none of them.

I'd never have signed up in the first place had I known the likelihood of my being burned to death.

FWOOSH

How do you always manage to hurt yourself like this?

I don't know.

I'm just kind of distracted lately.

You're worried about the food shortage?

It's happened before, we always survive.

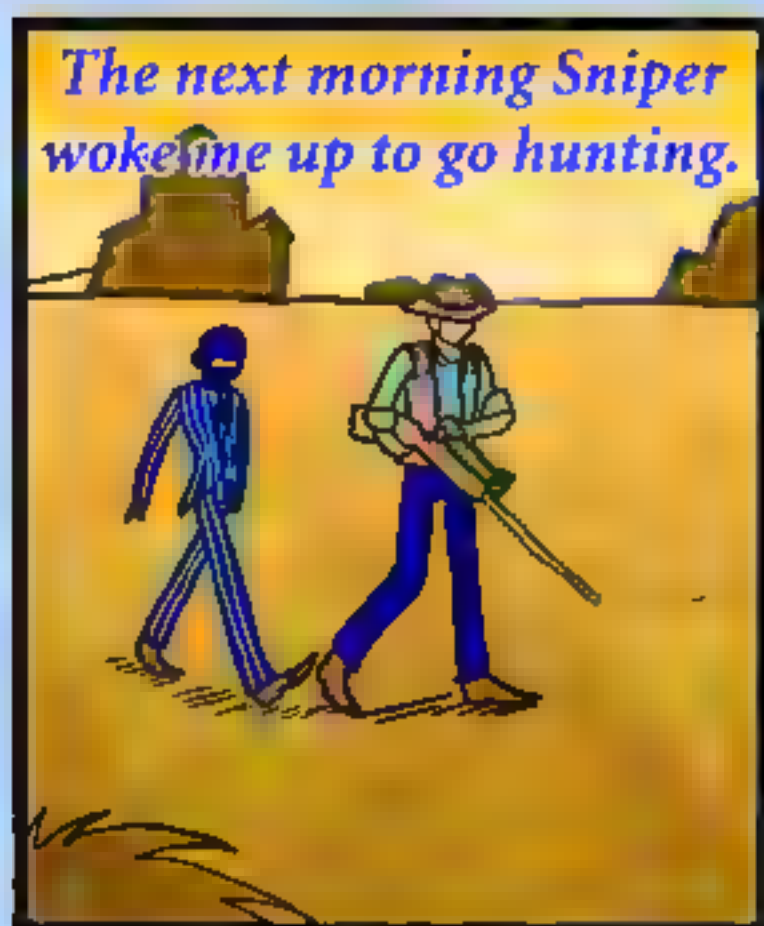
Yeah, that's what's bothering me.

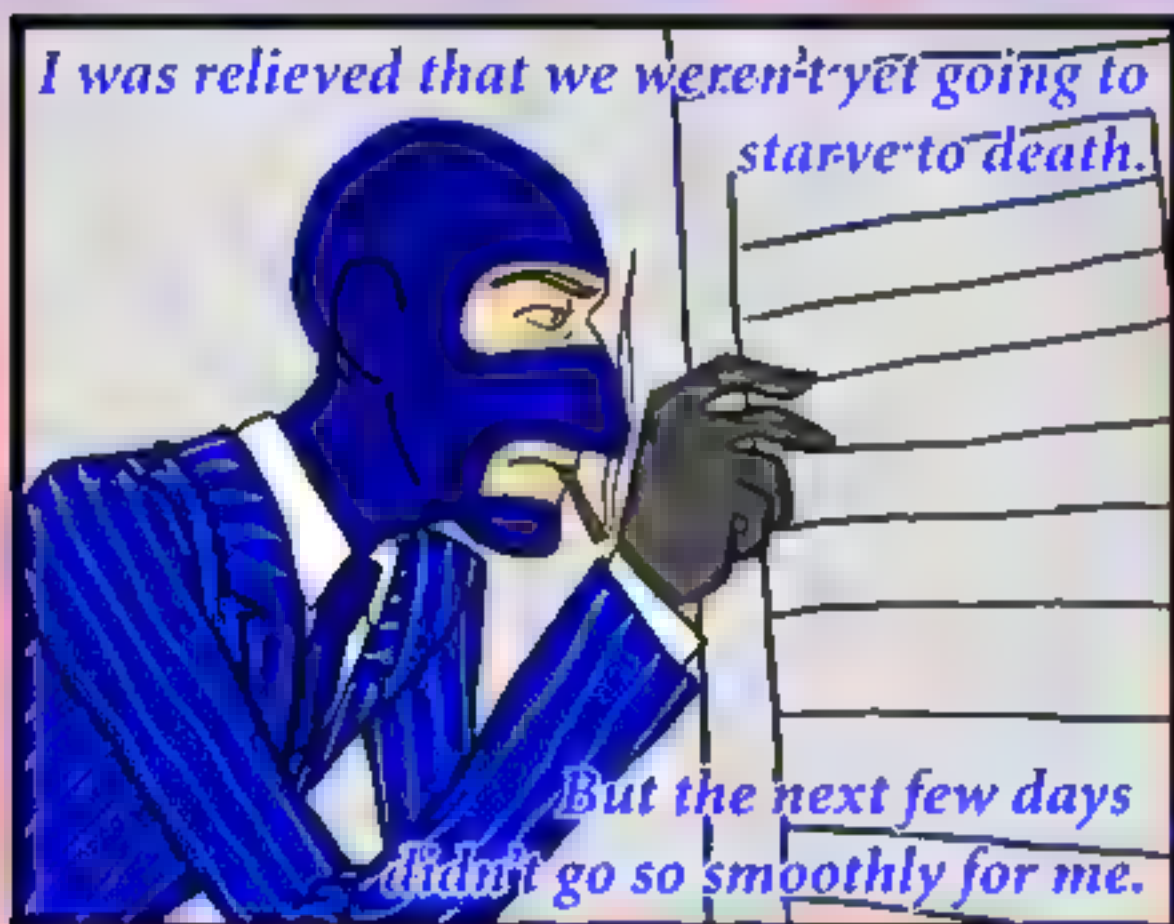
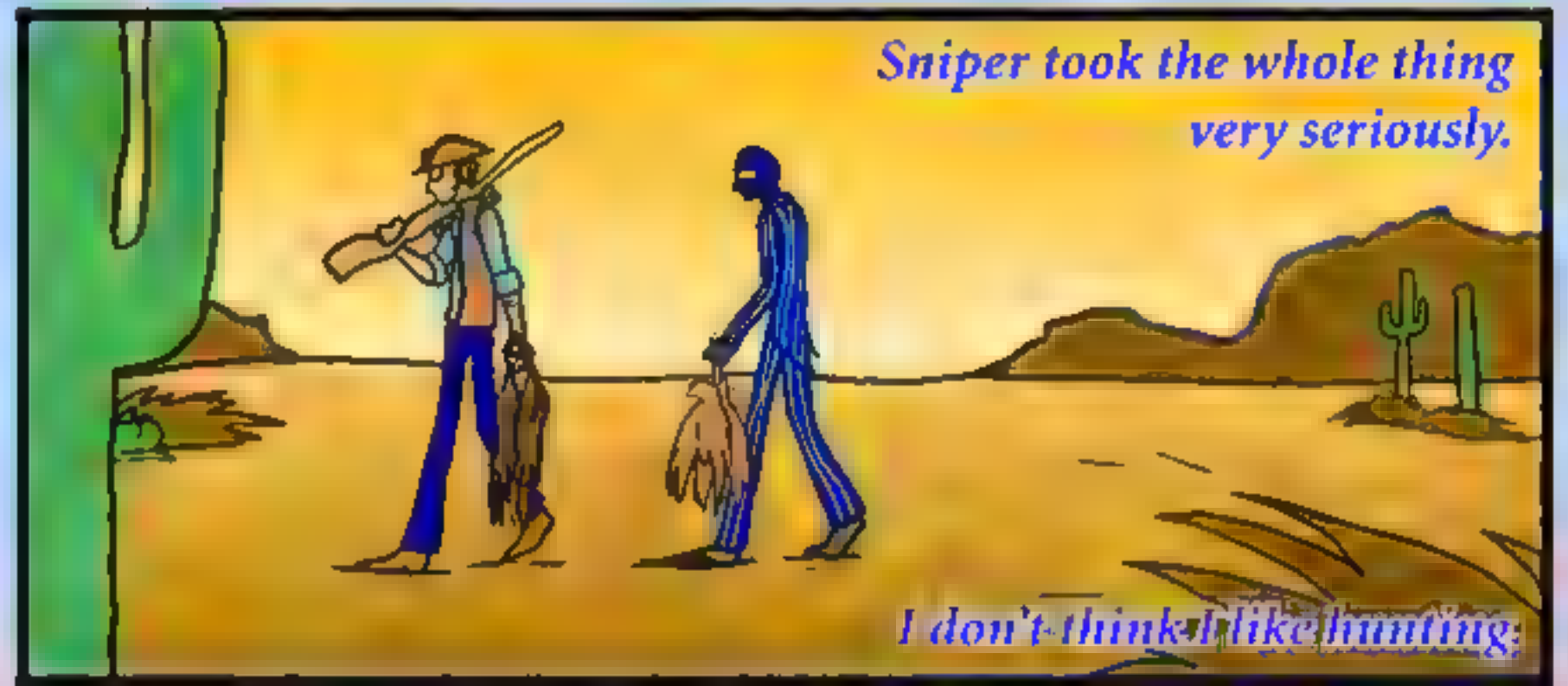
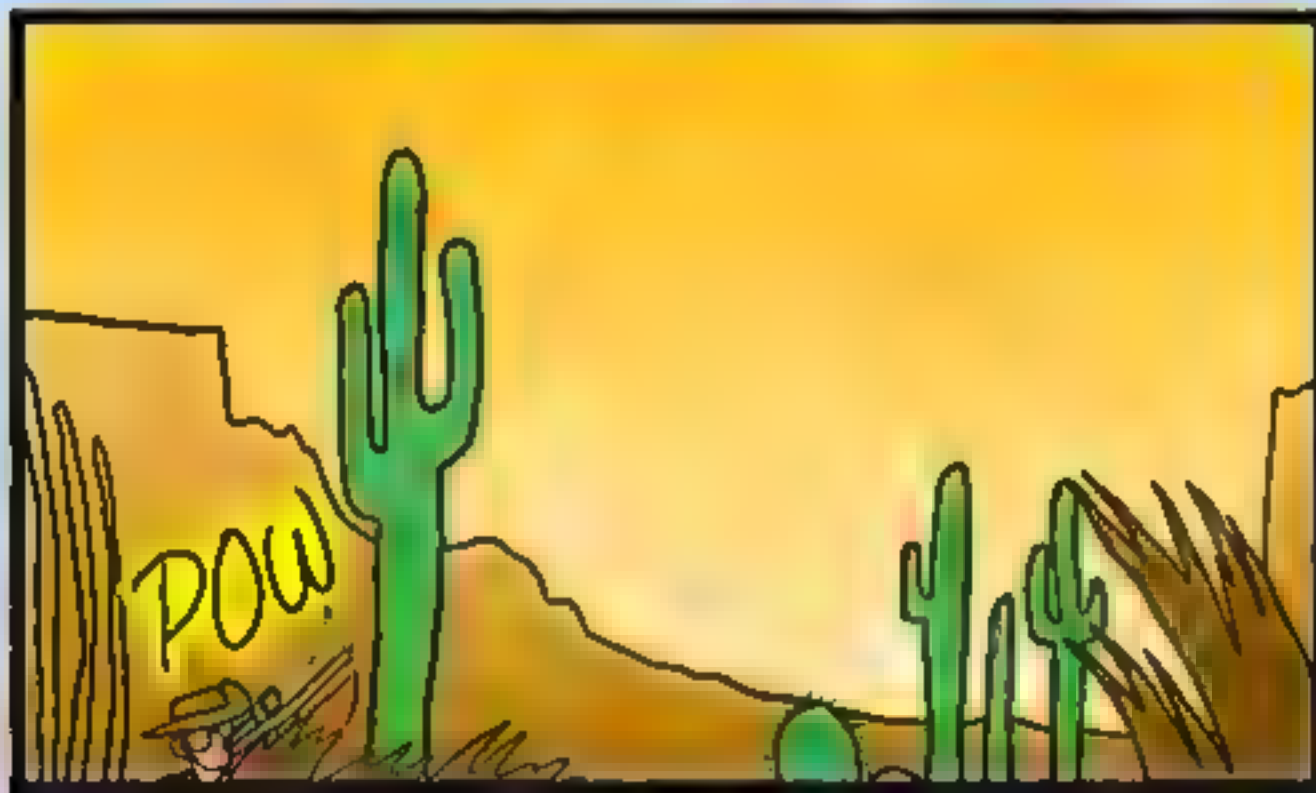
Of course I had a number of other things on my mind, but I couldn't tell Medic that.

I couldn't really talk to anyone. Well, yes, I'm talking to you now but I haven't got much choice in that.

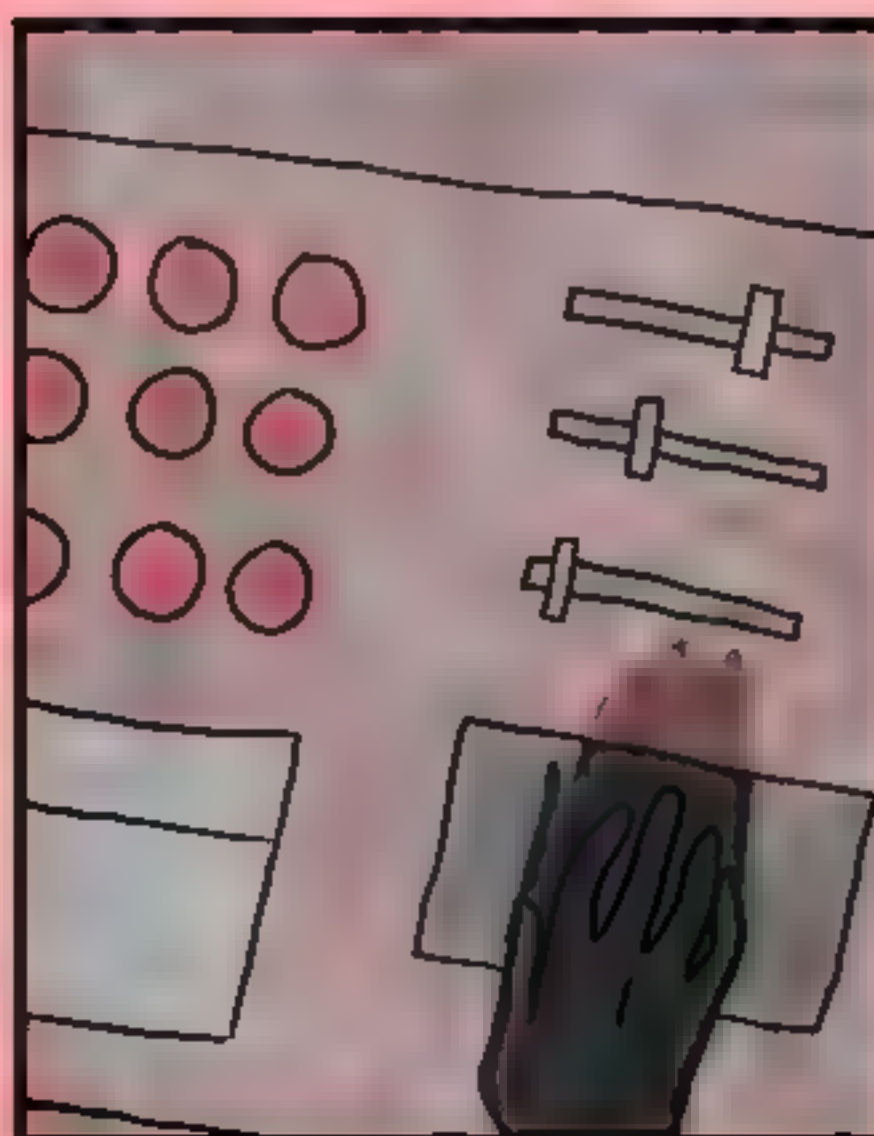


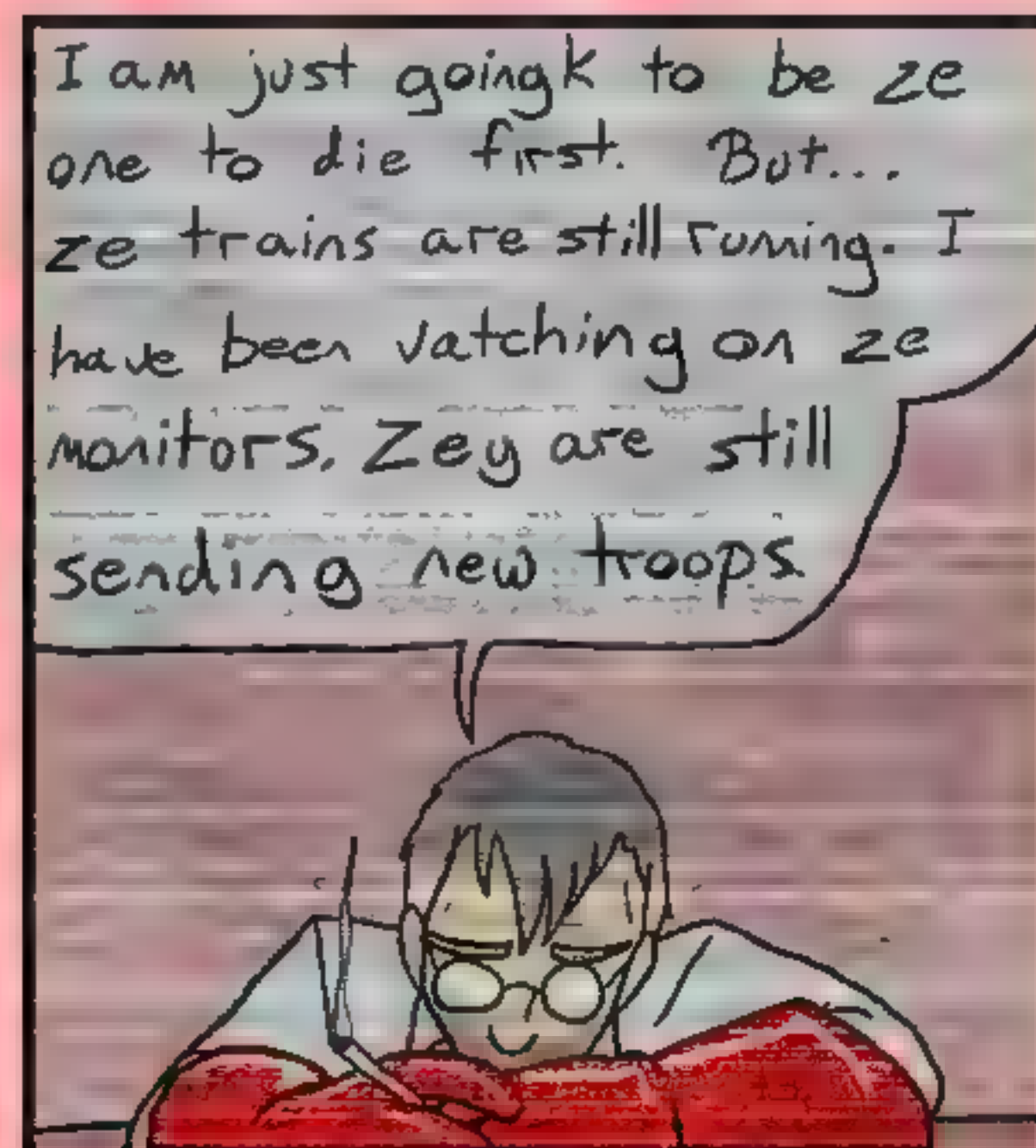
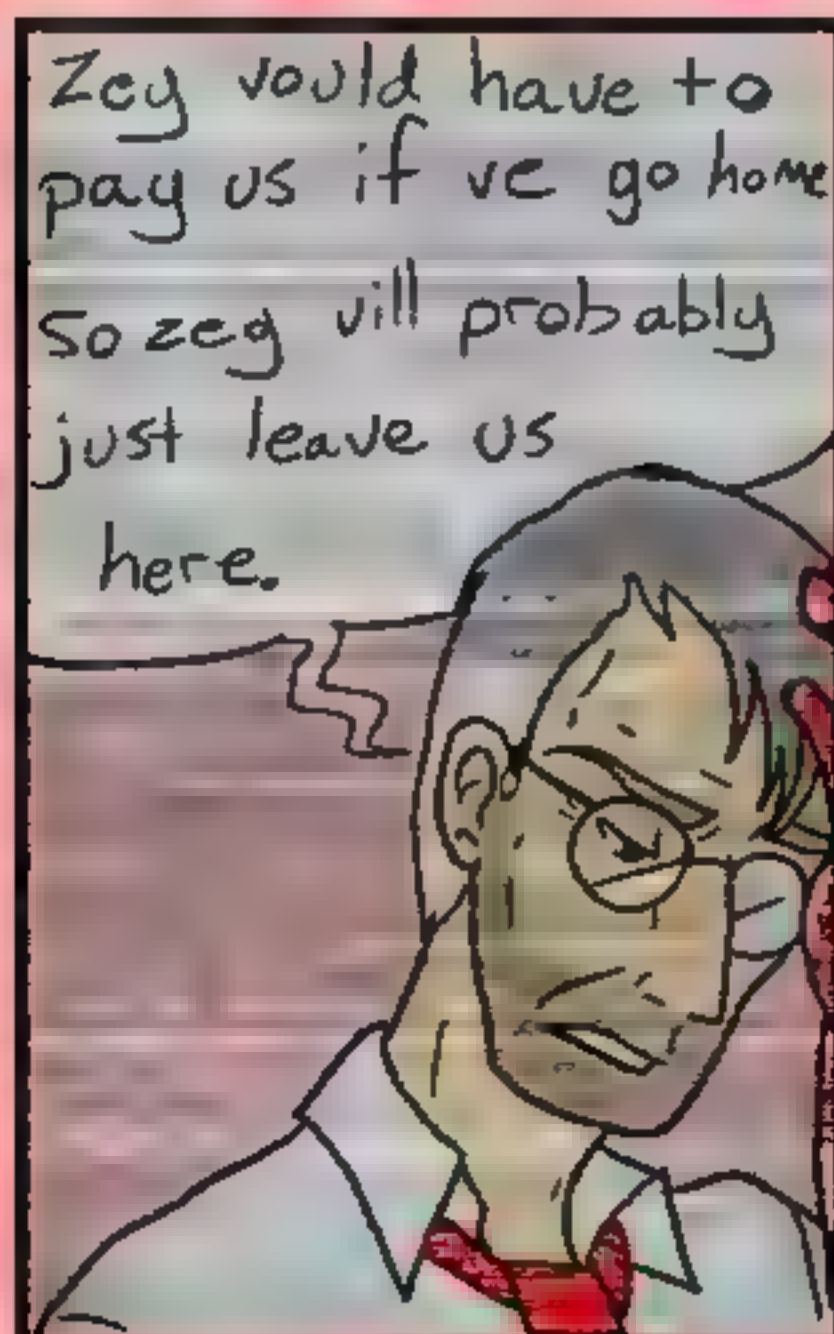
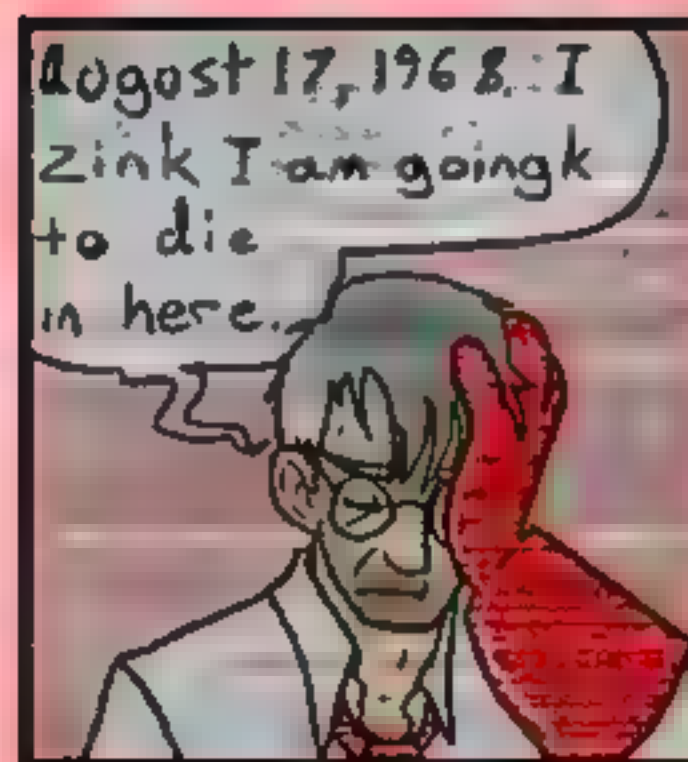
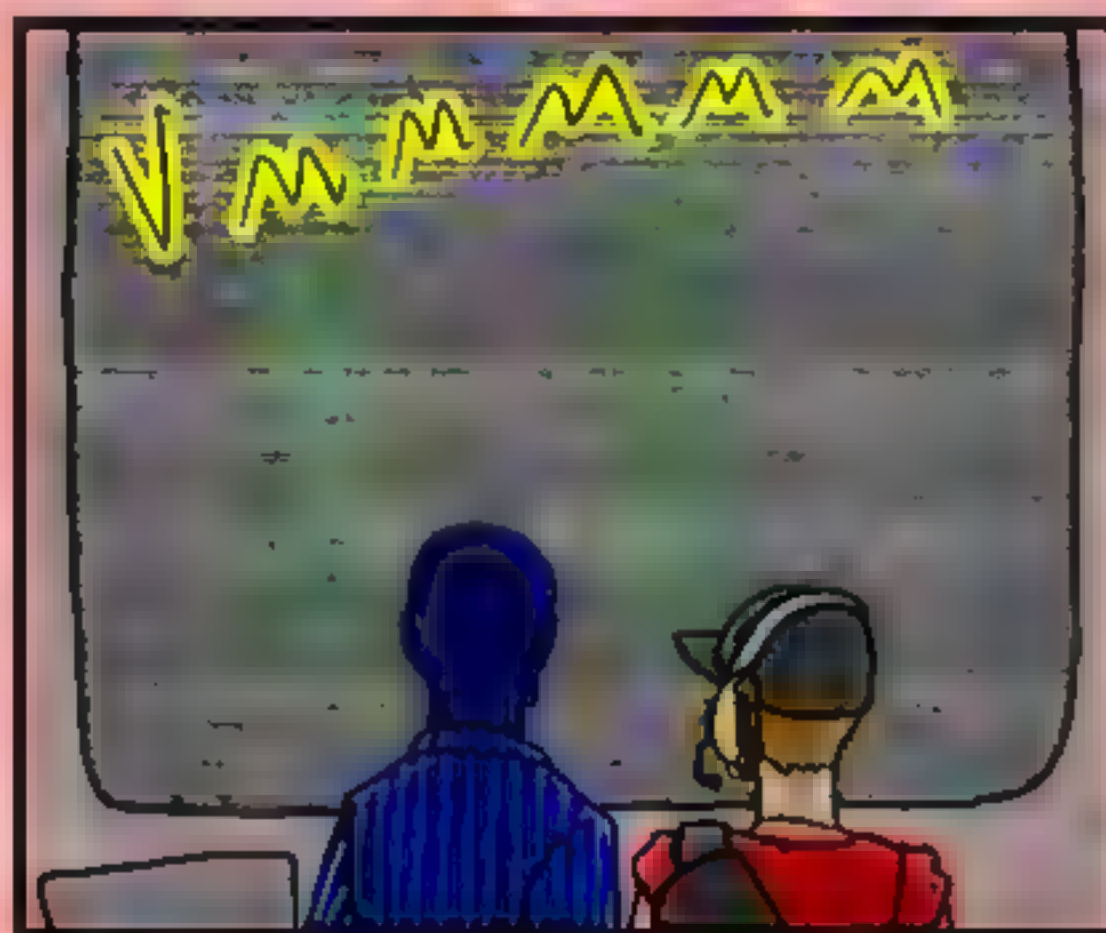
Sometimes, I don't understand Scout.







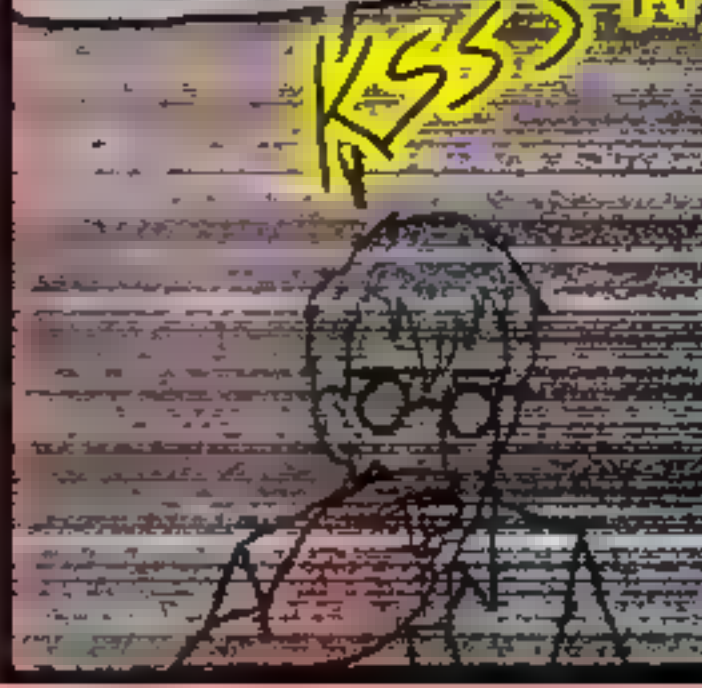




I don't know if ze var
vas extended due to
some oversight or if
zere is a purpose to it.



Of course I have
my zeories...



No!



What was 'e
going to say!

What does "immured"
mean?

It means
we're trapped
in 'ere



What?

But... but the
way we came, and
1968 was a long
time ago!
Maybe there's
another
way out!

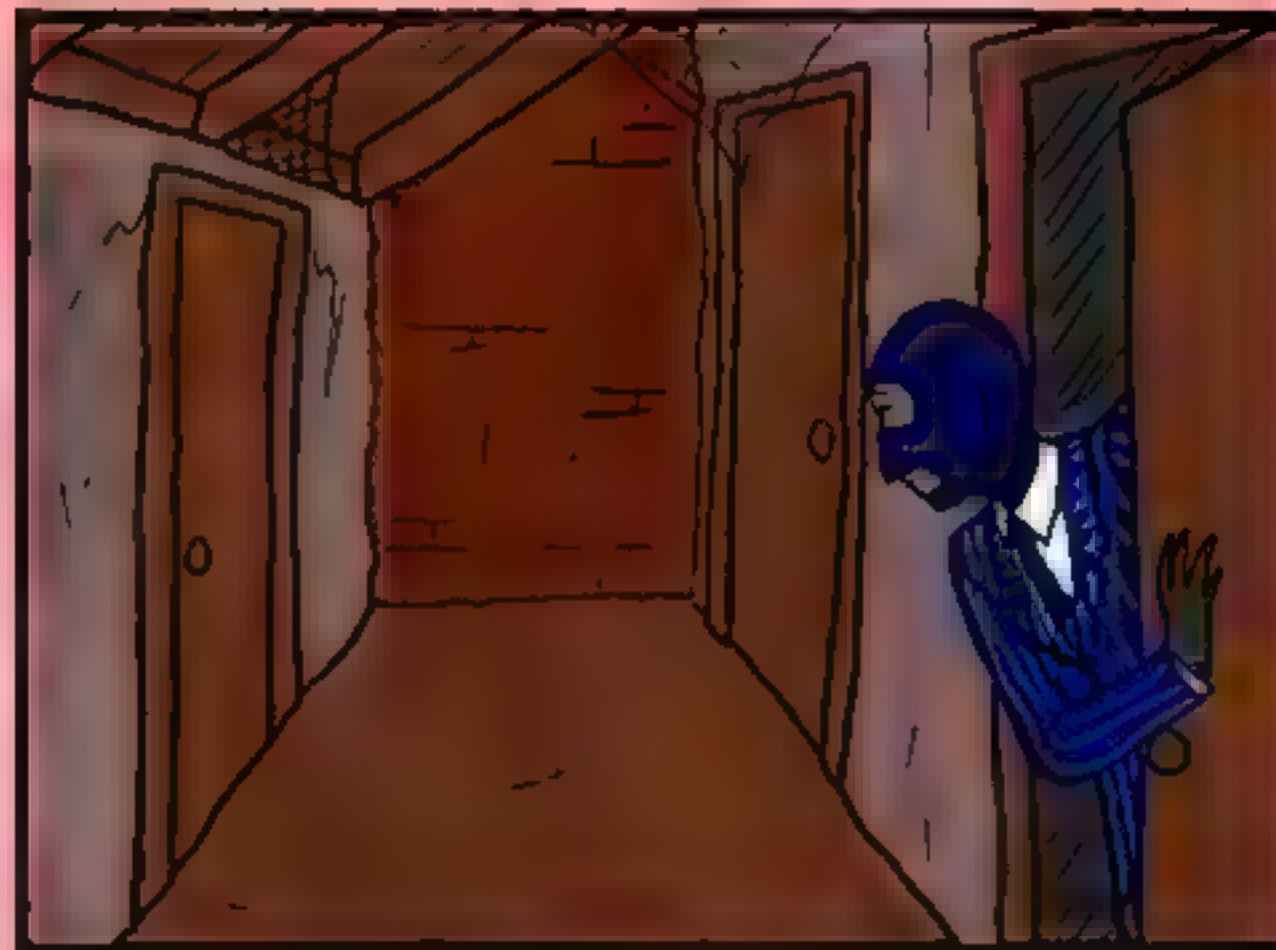


What if I
stand on your
shoulders?



Yeah...

Let's look
for another
way out.



Wow,
there's like,
a whole place
back here.



Sigh: poor guy

ew, he's all
leathery.

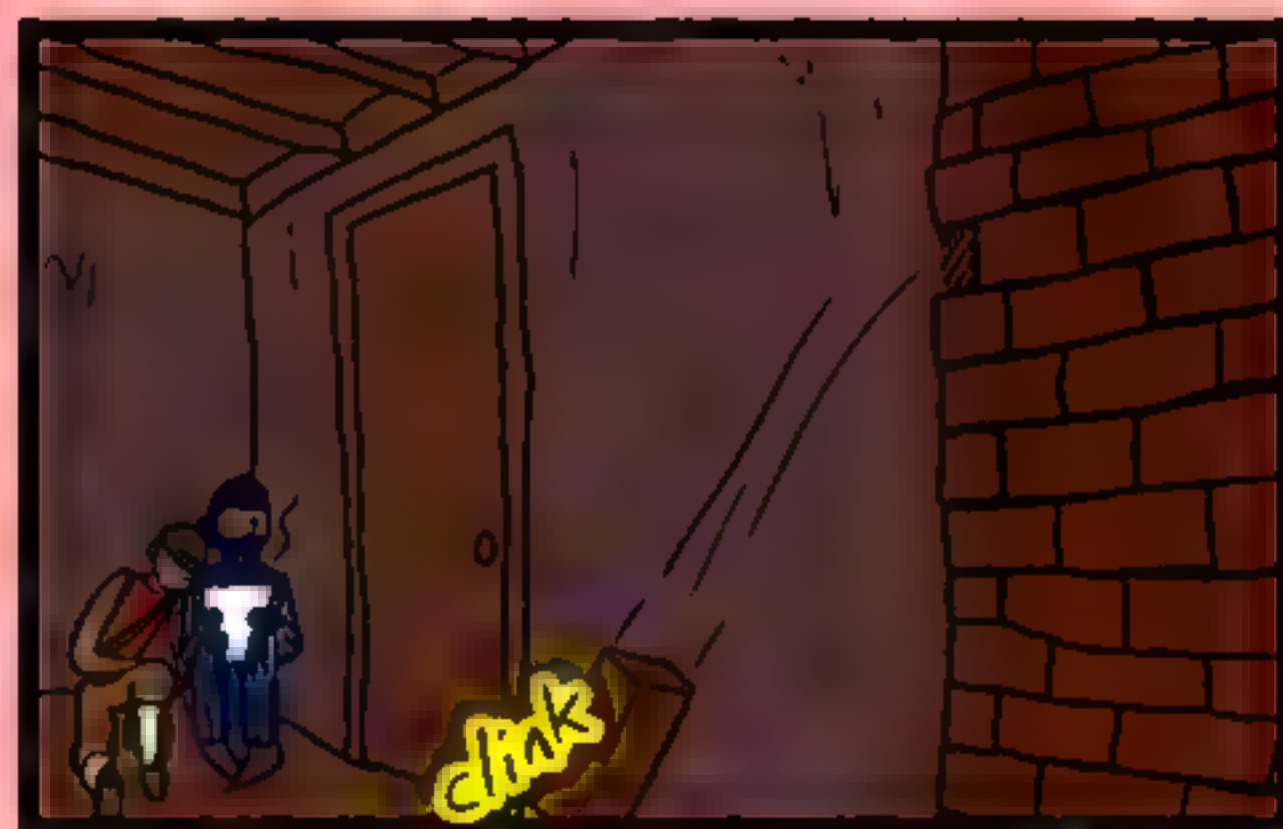


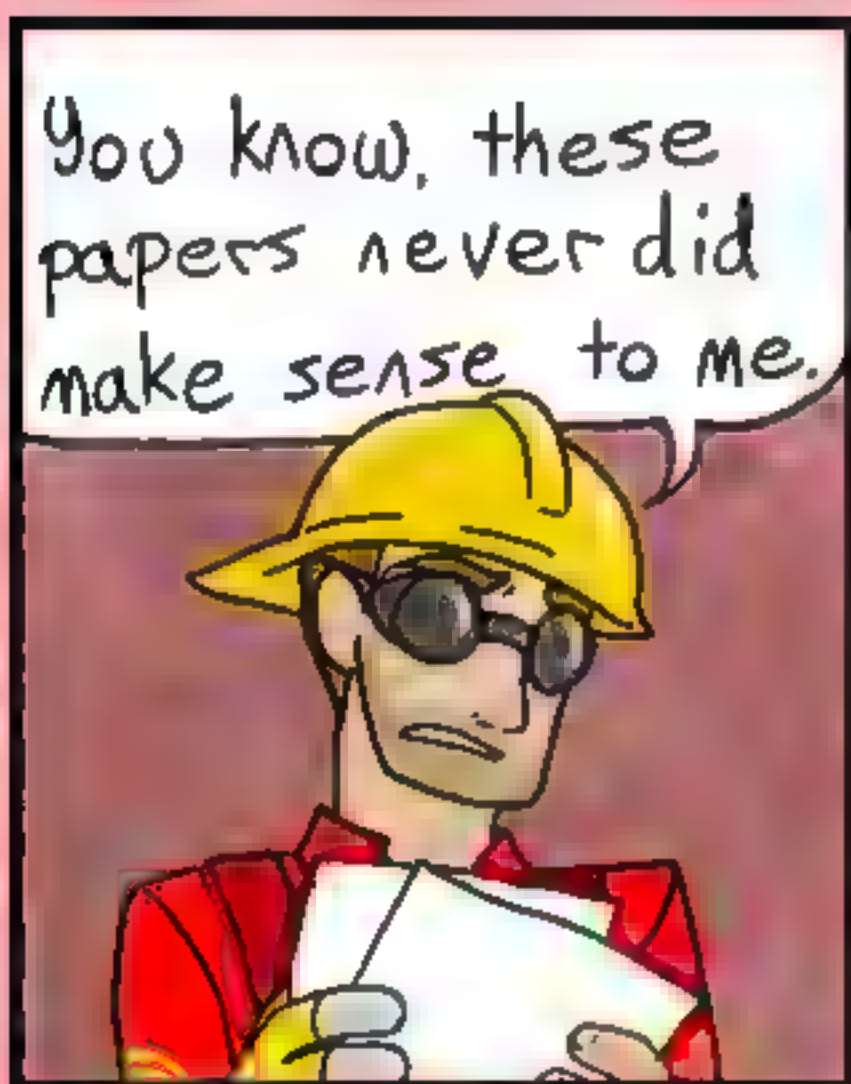
'is death must 'ave been
'orrible.

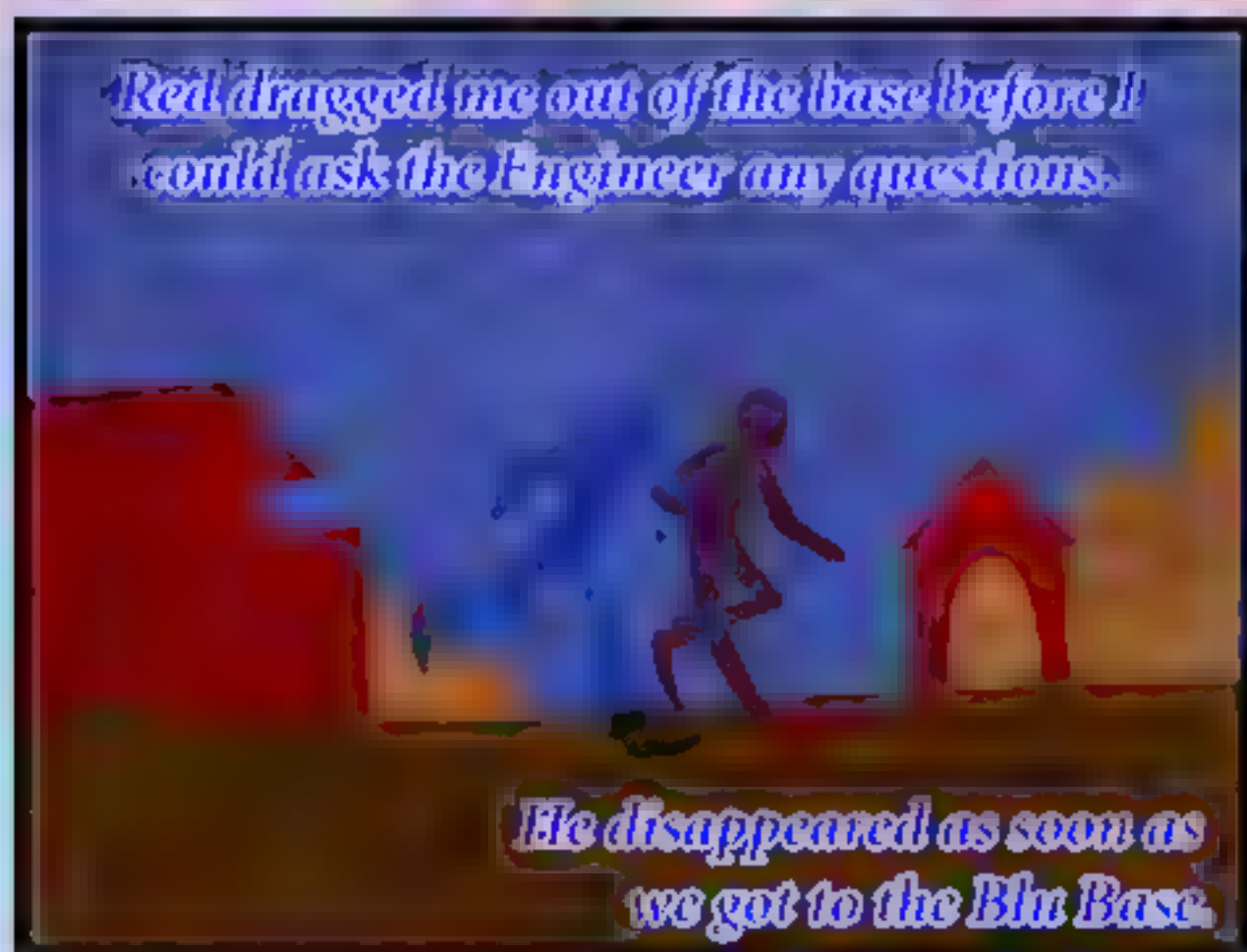
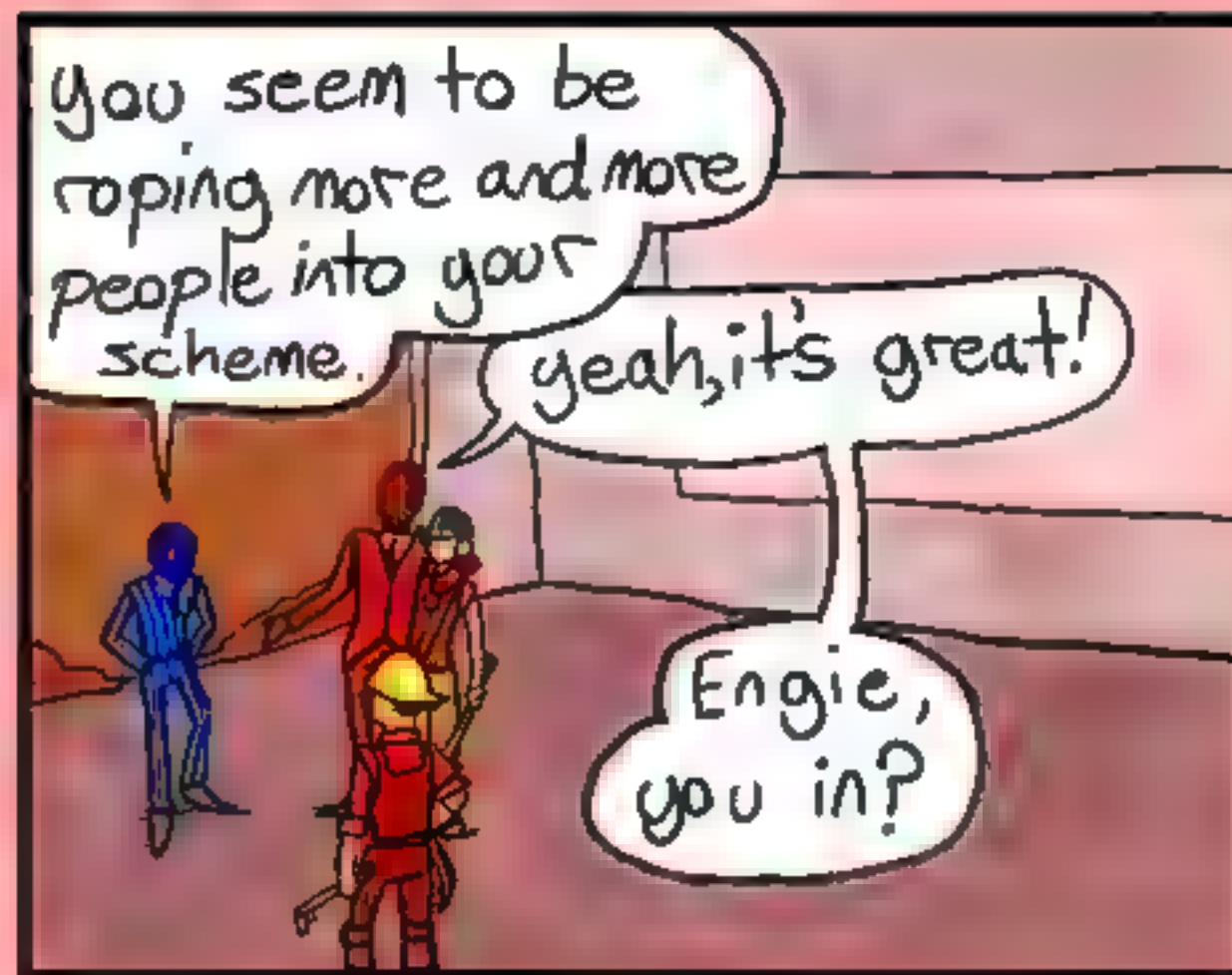
Don't worry,
Engie'll come
lookin' for
us.

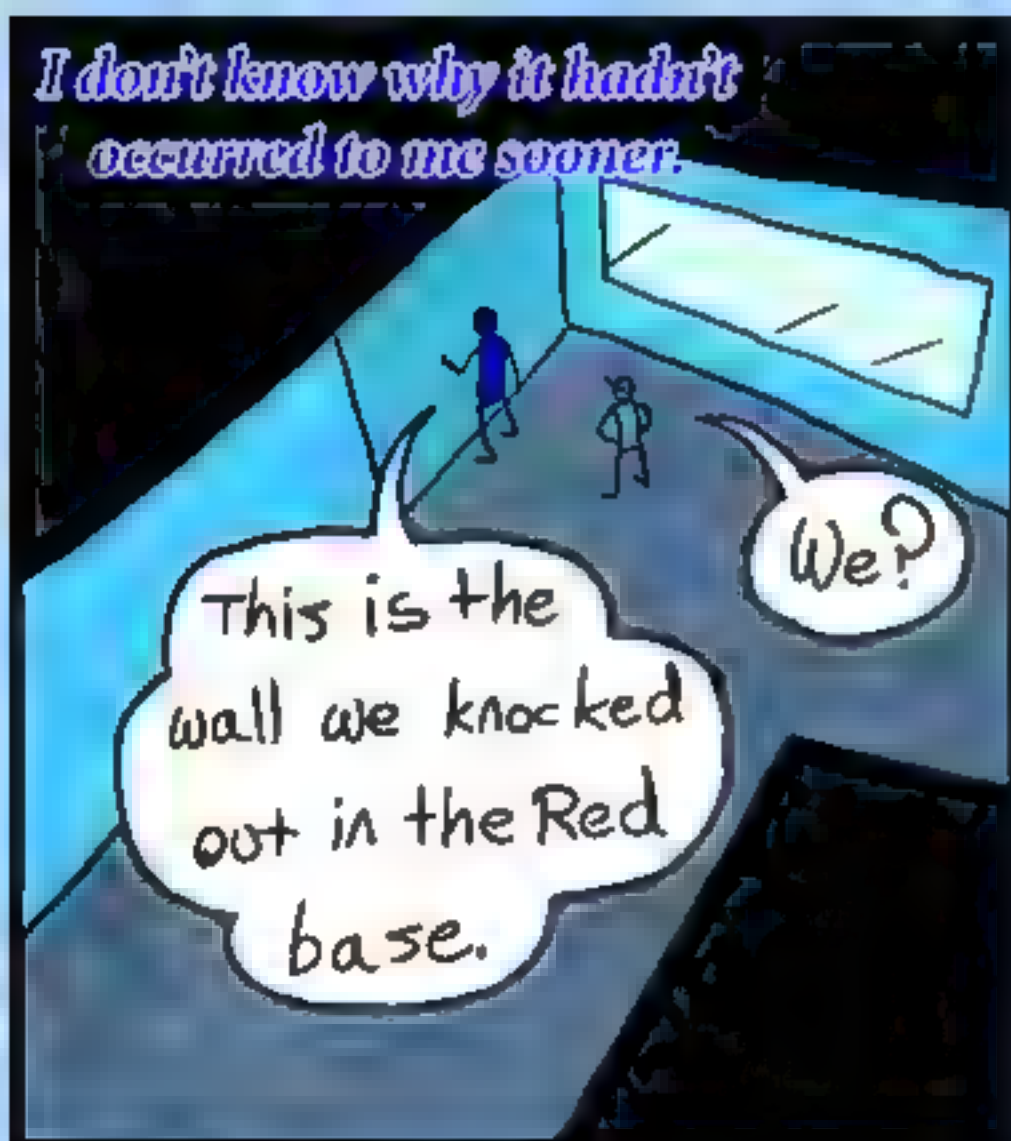


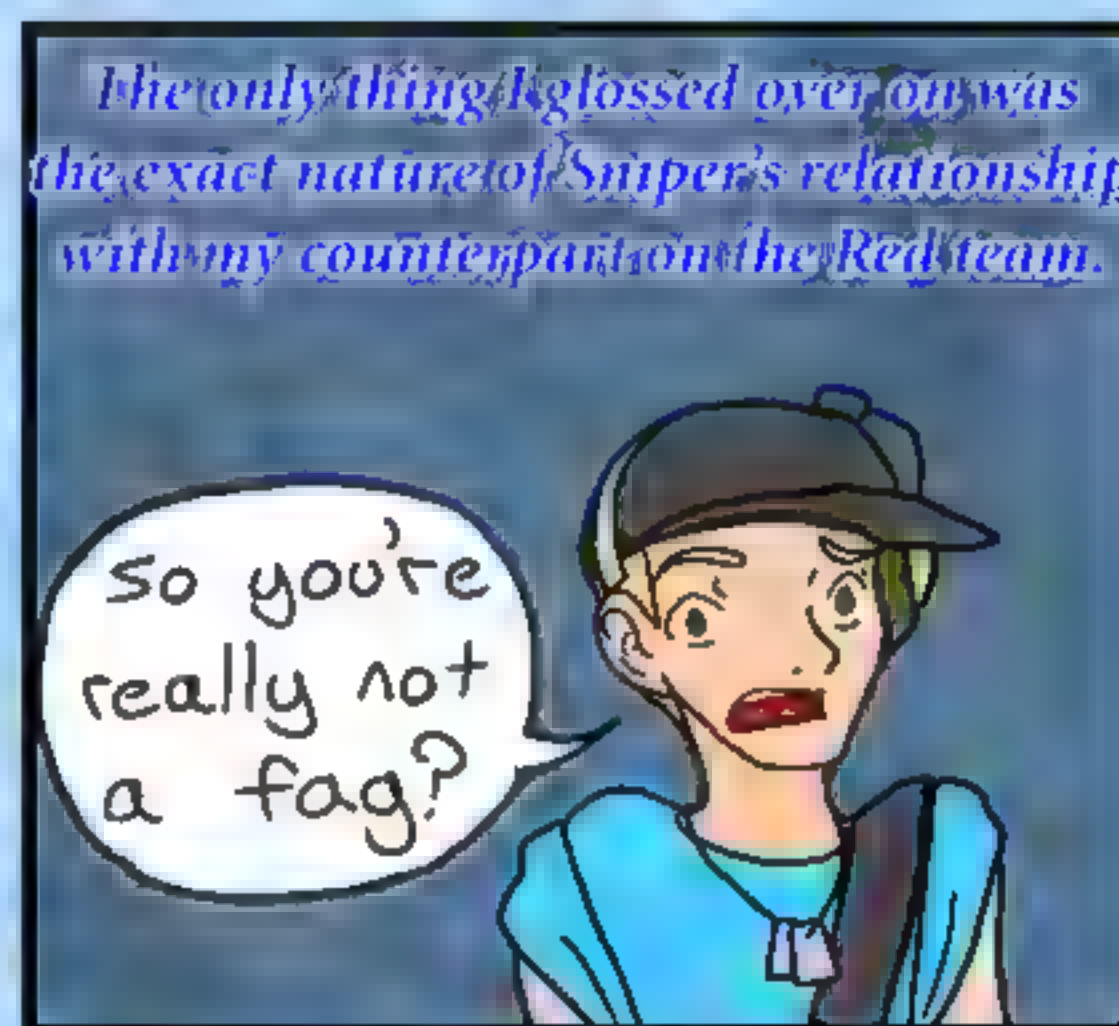
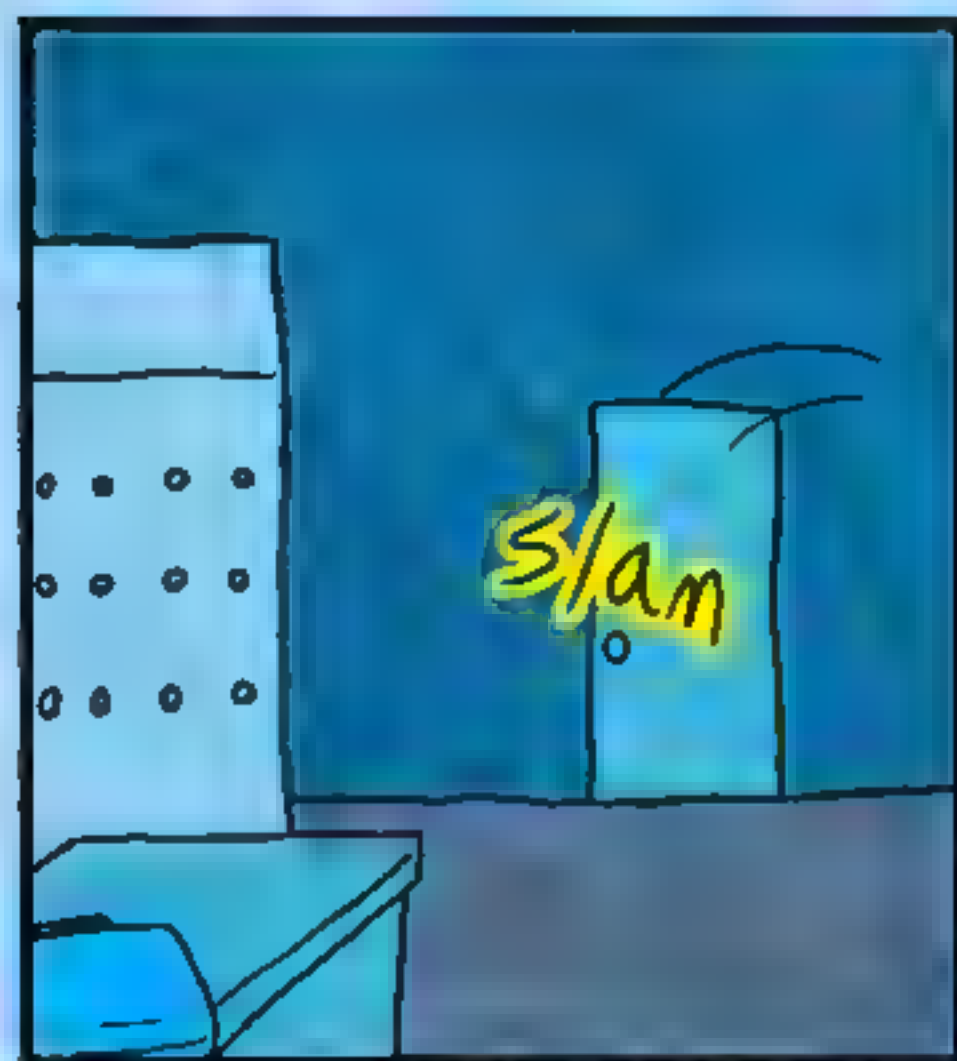




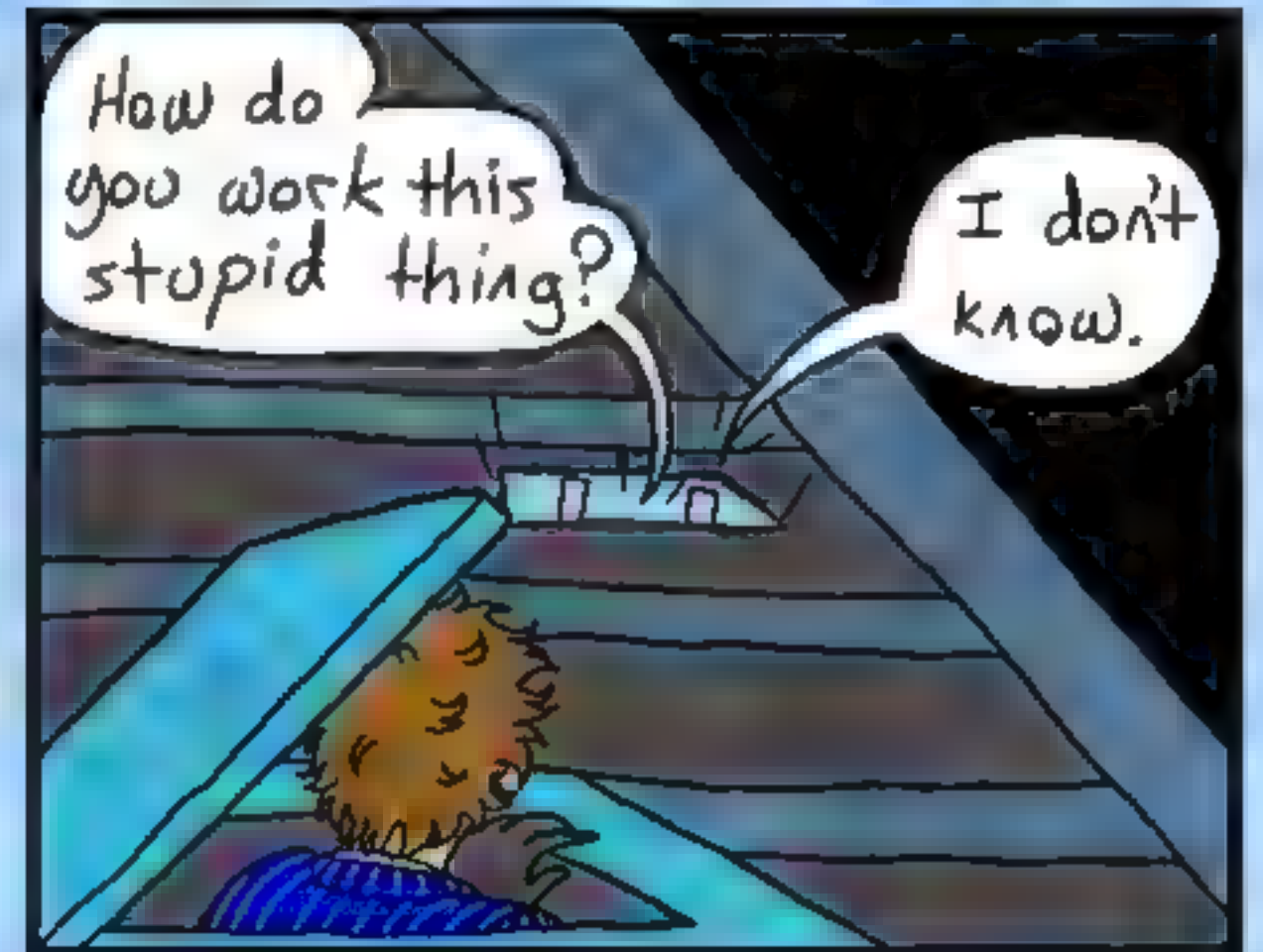
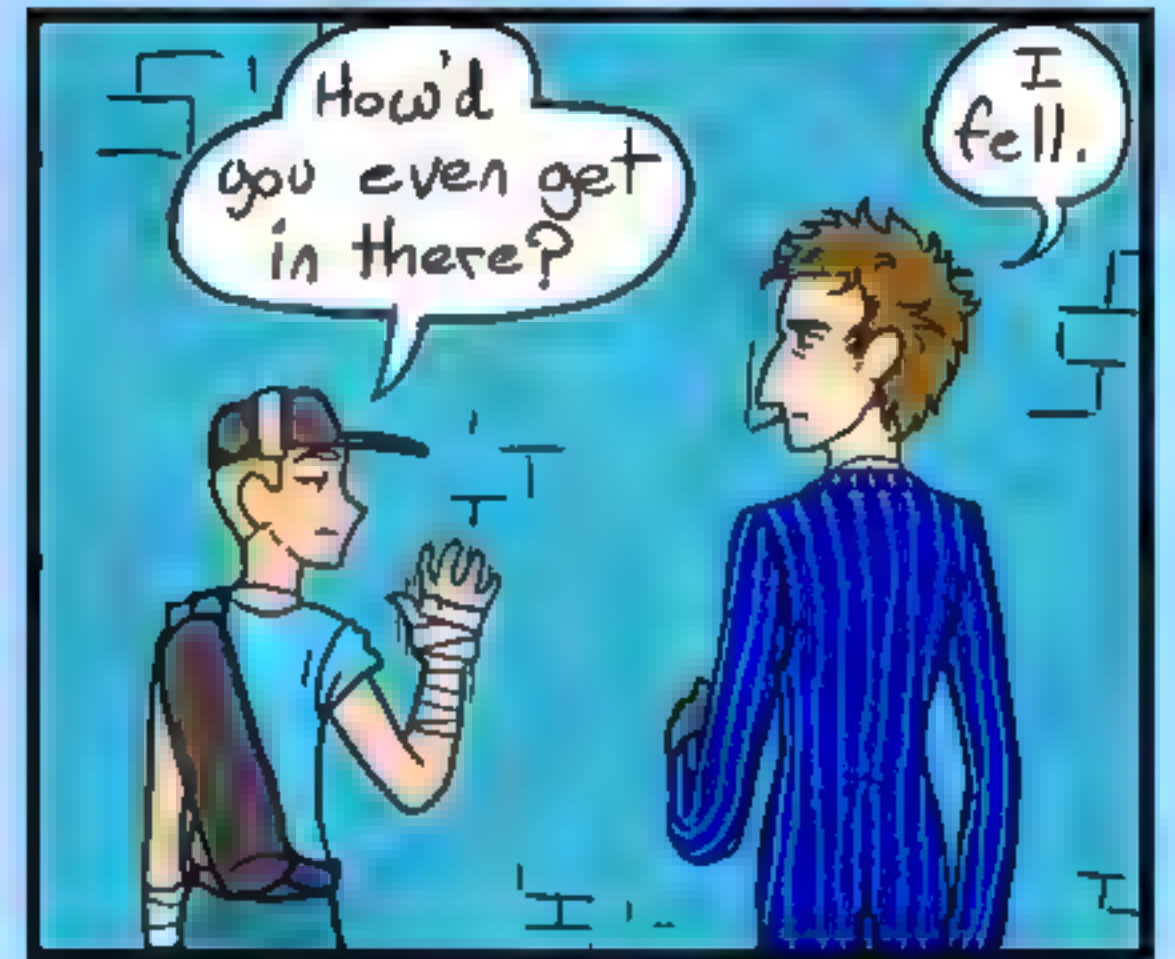


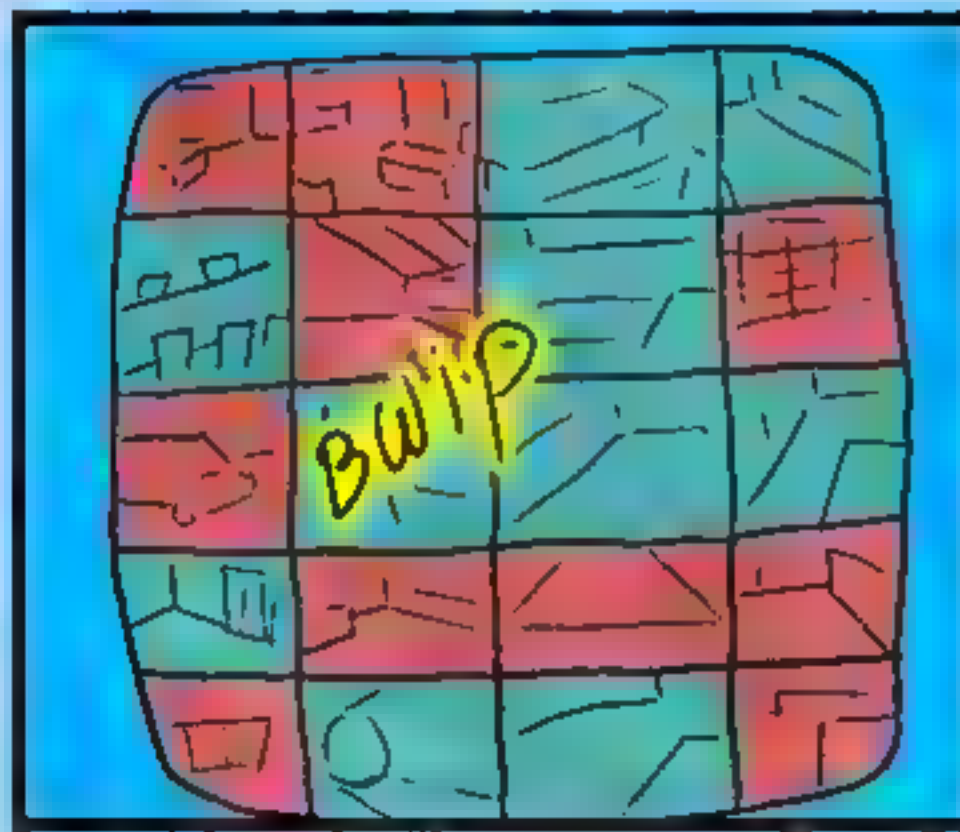
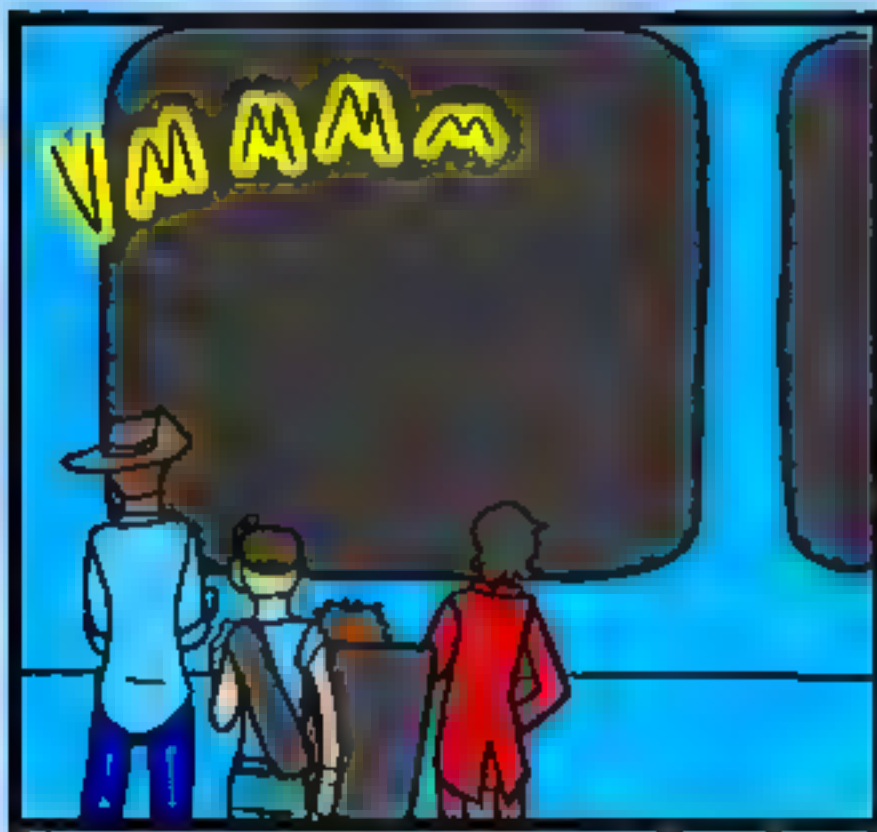
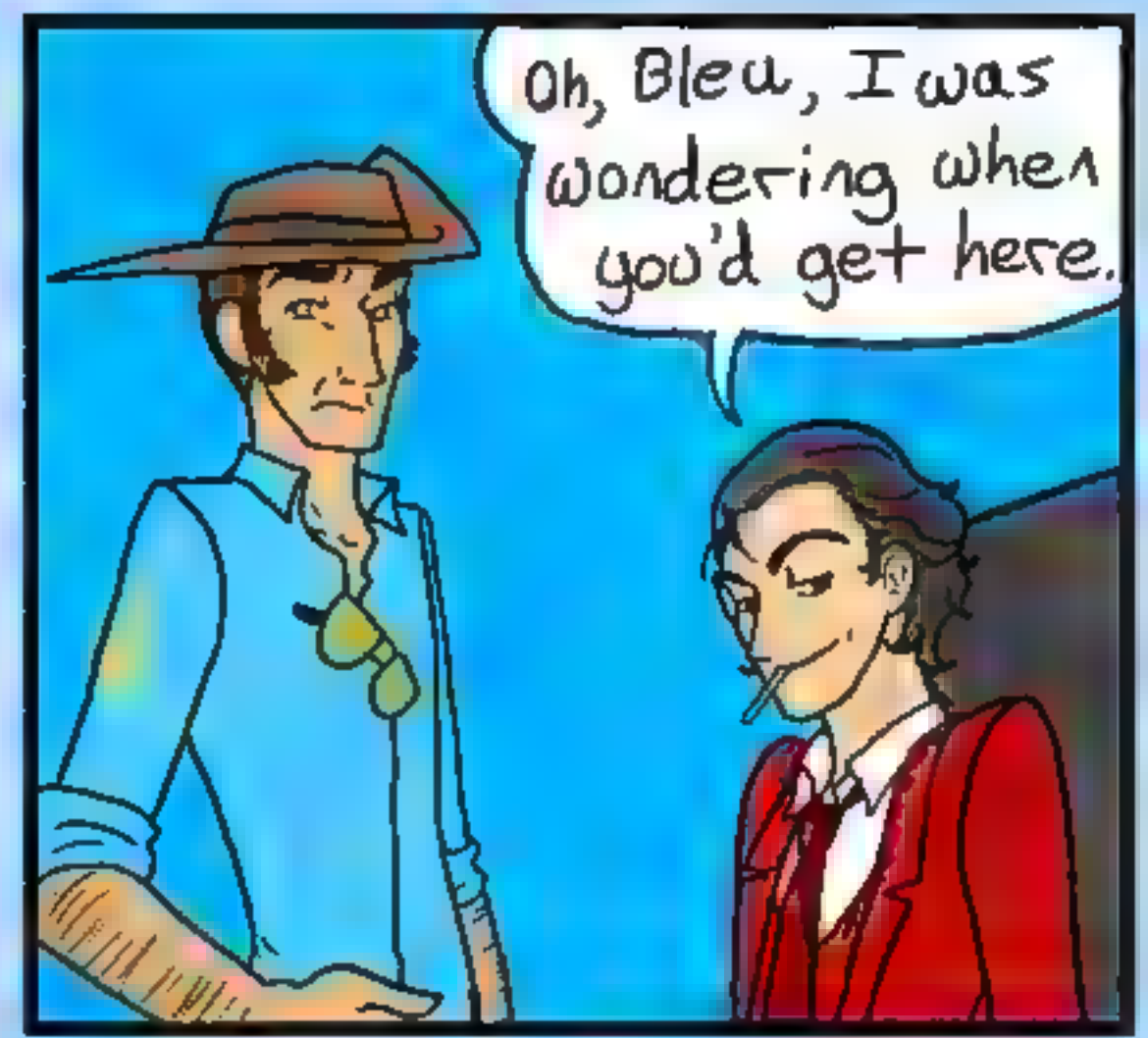


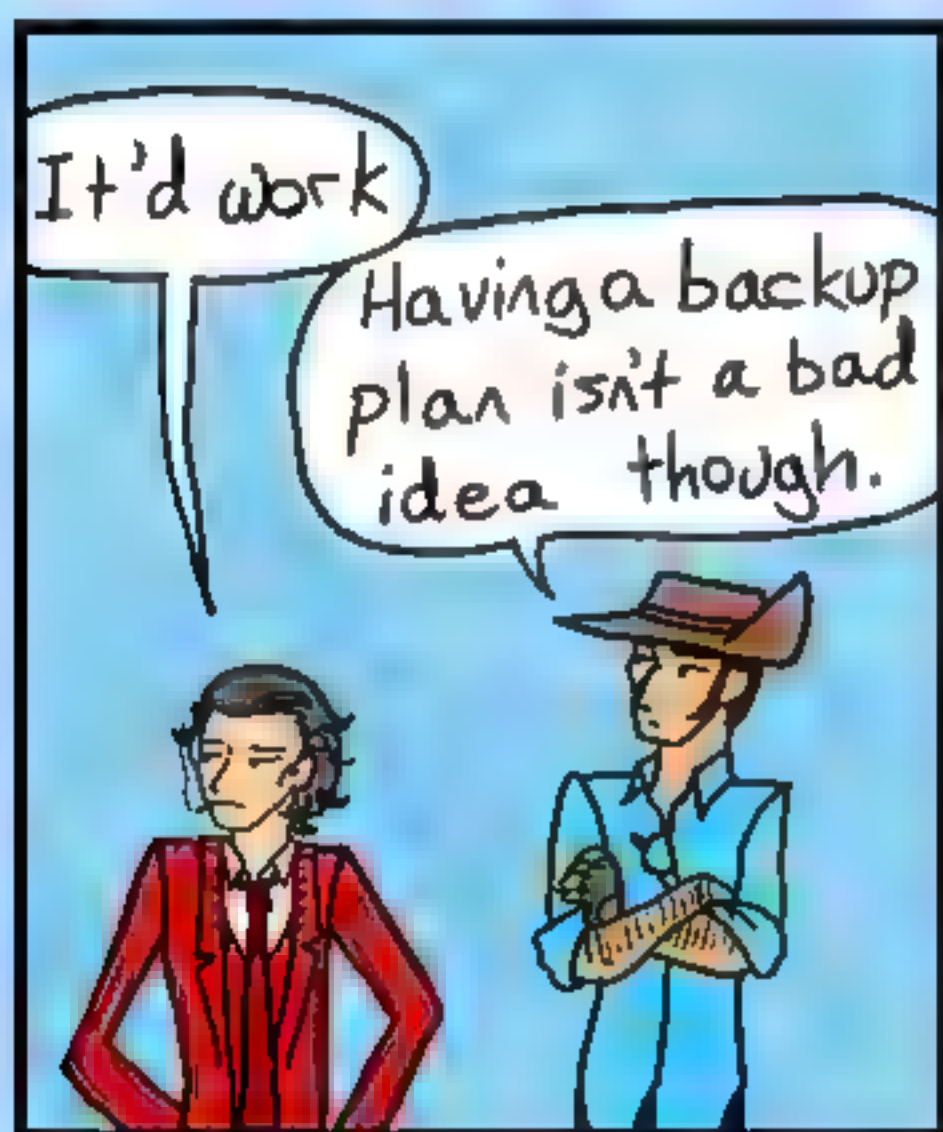




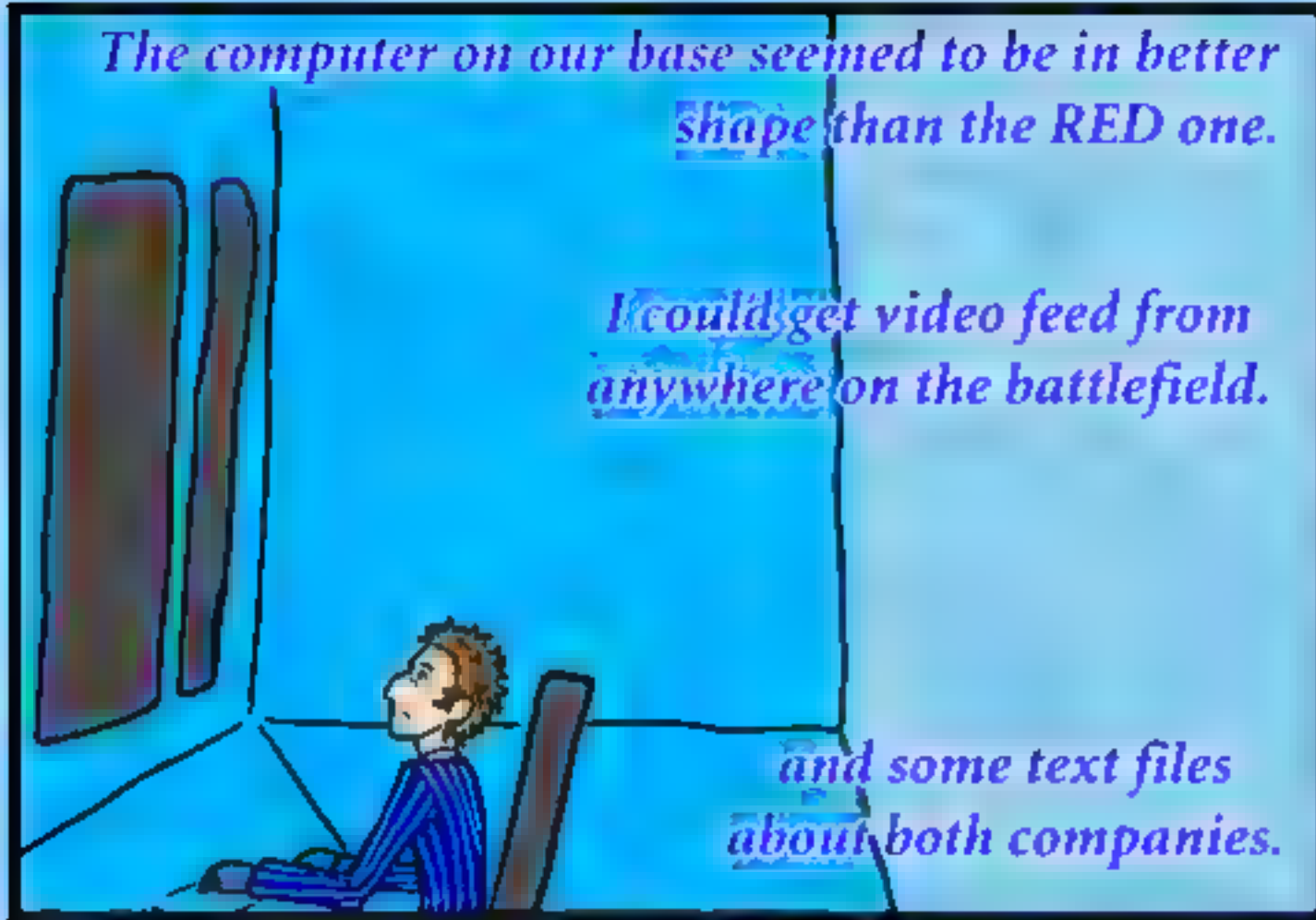


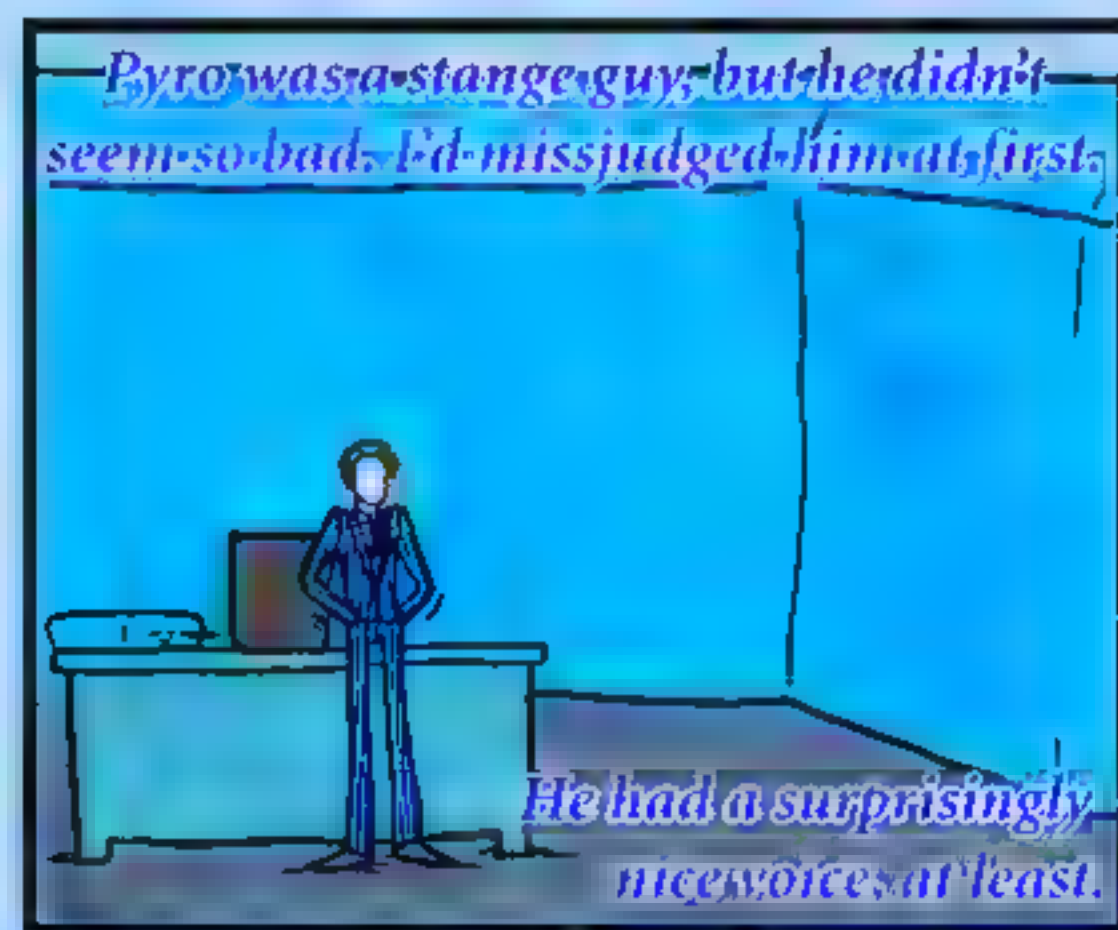


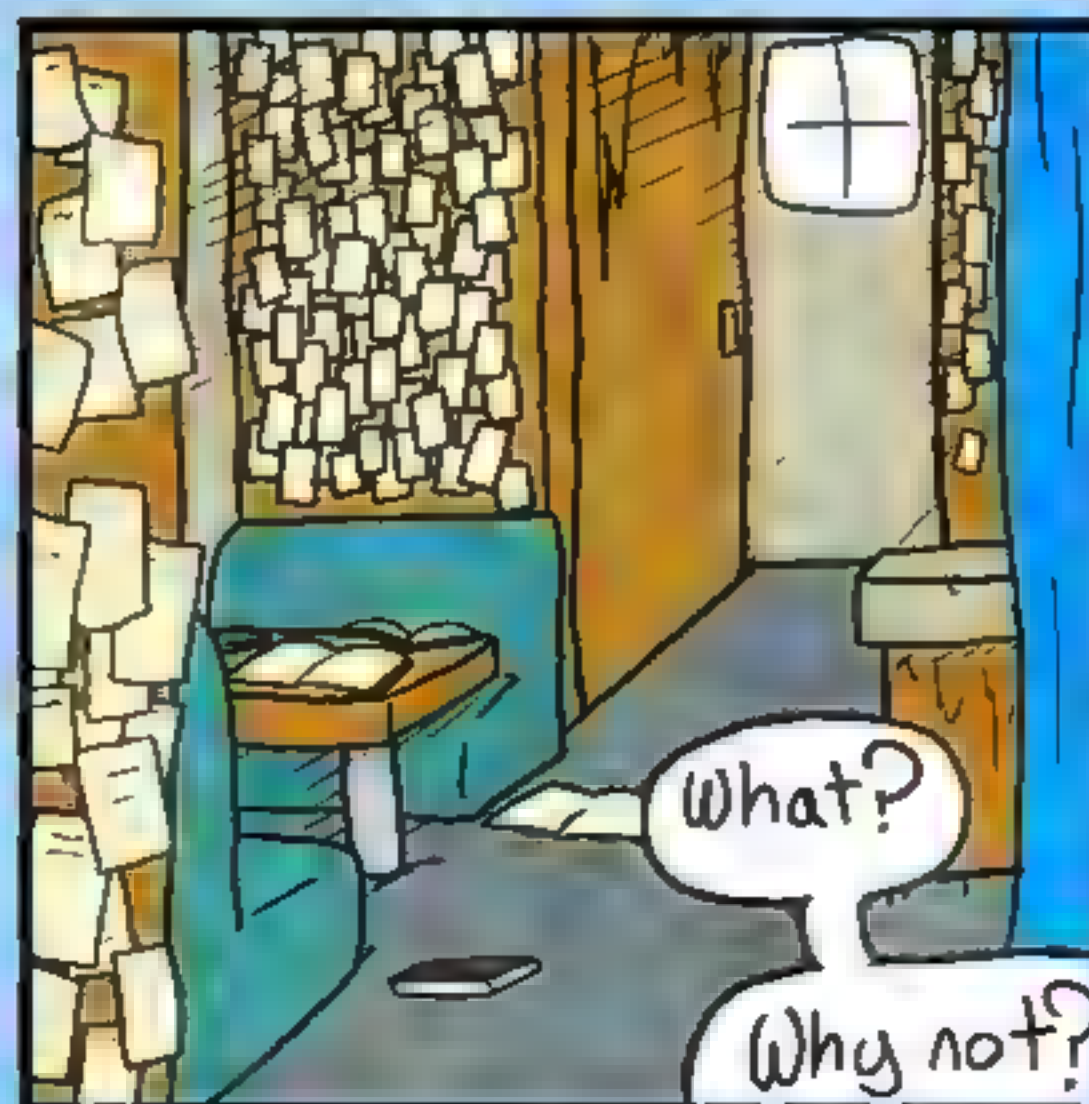
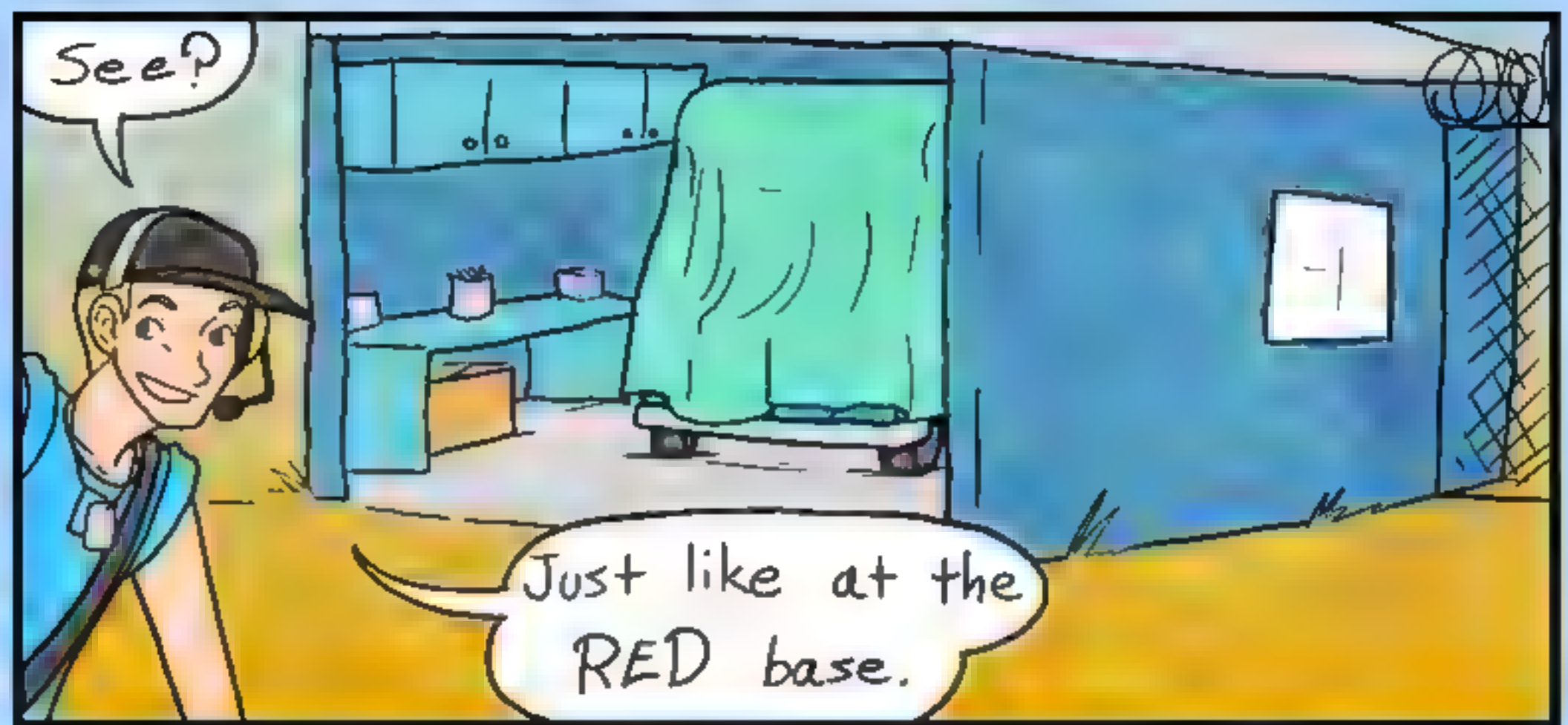
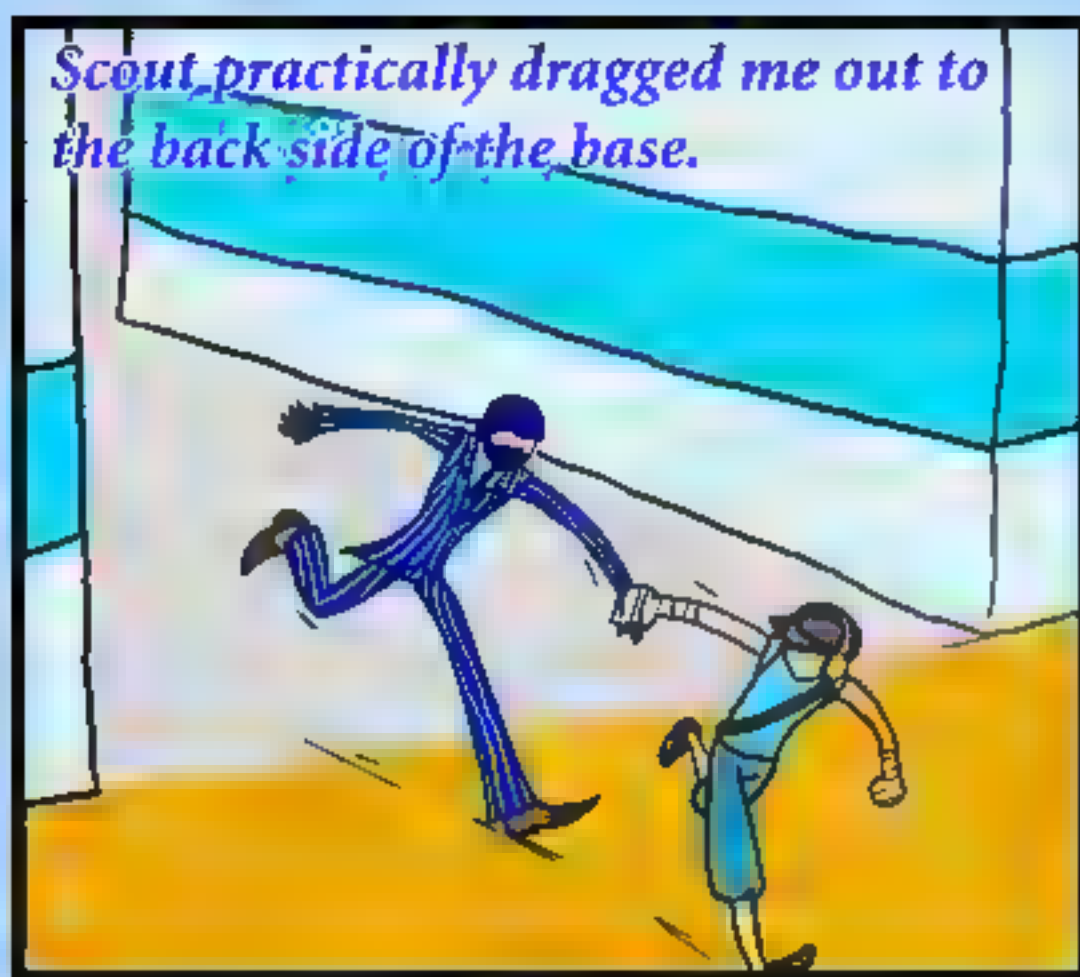


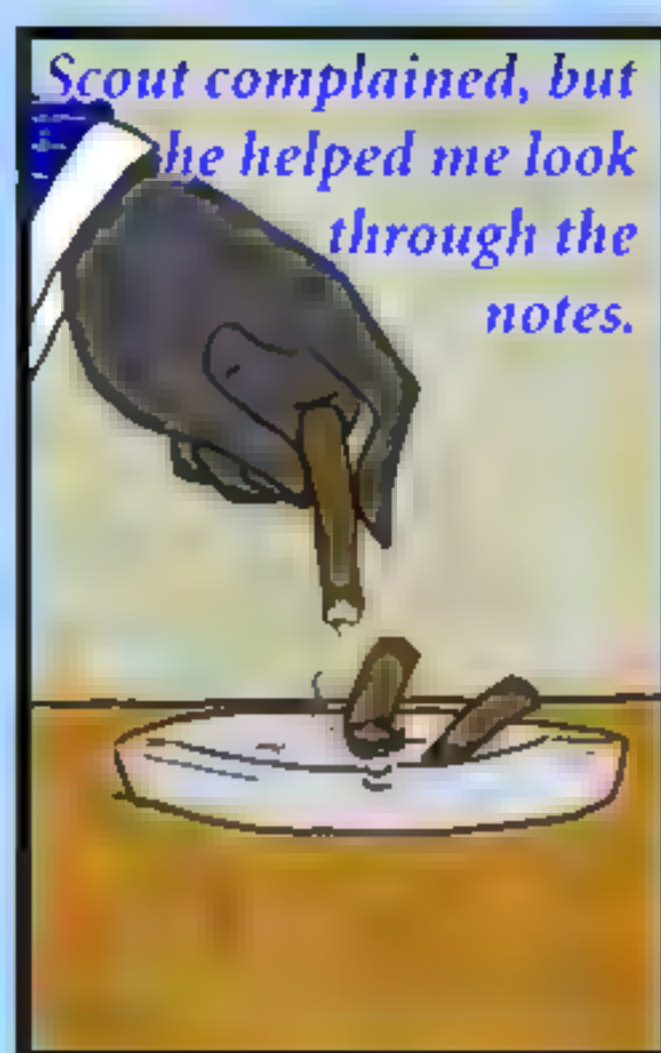
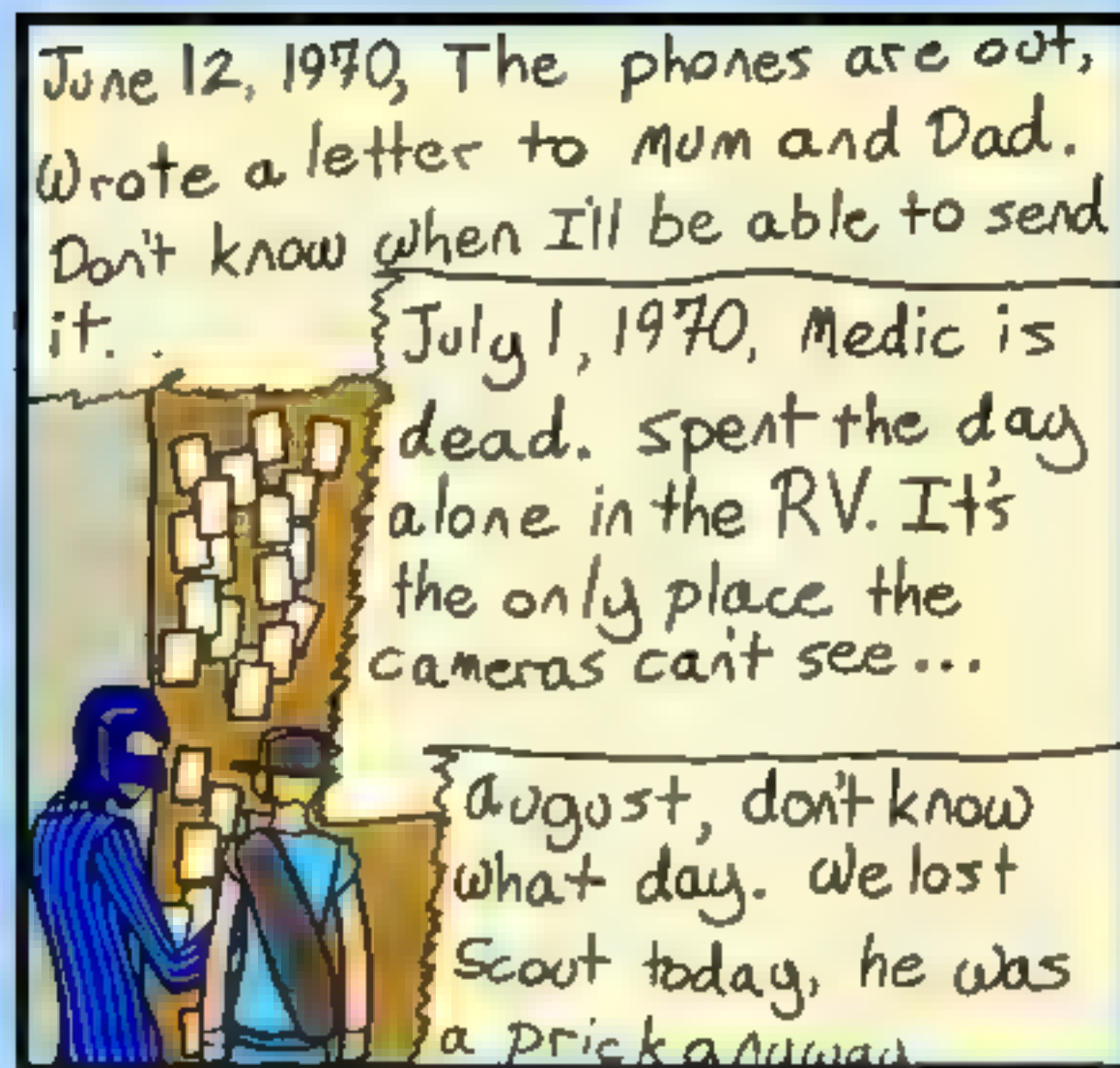




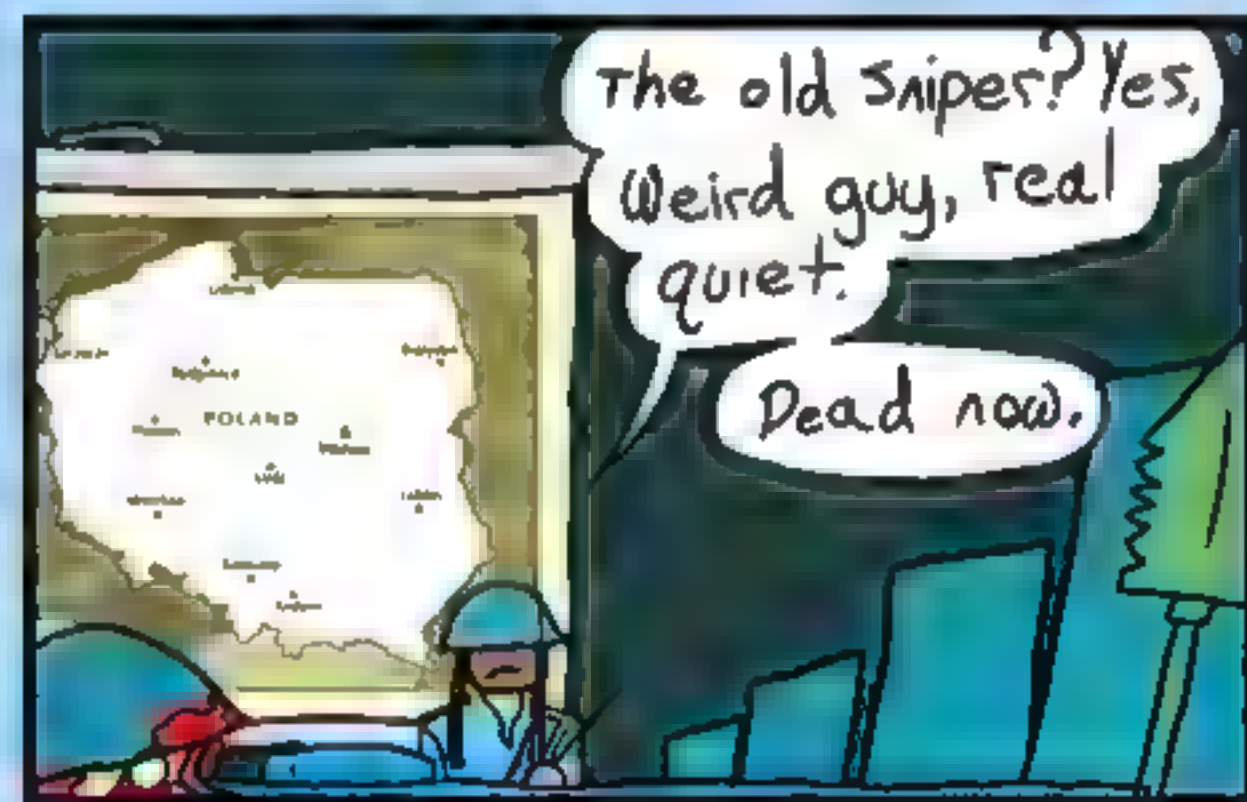
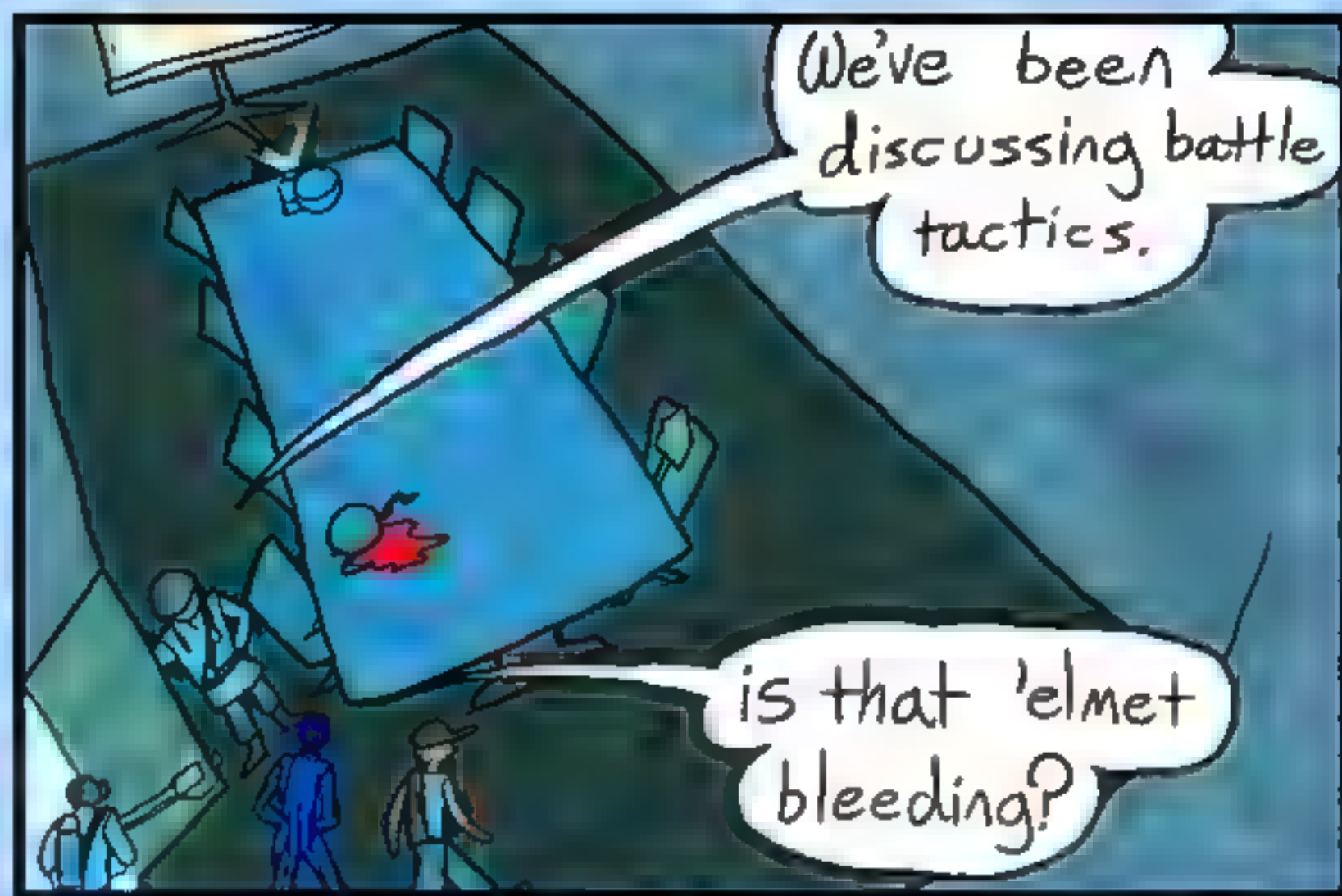


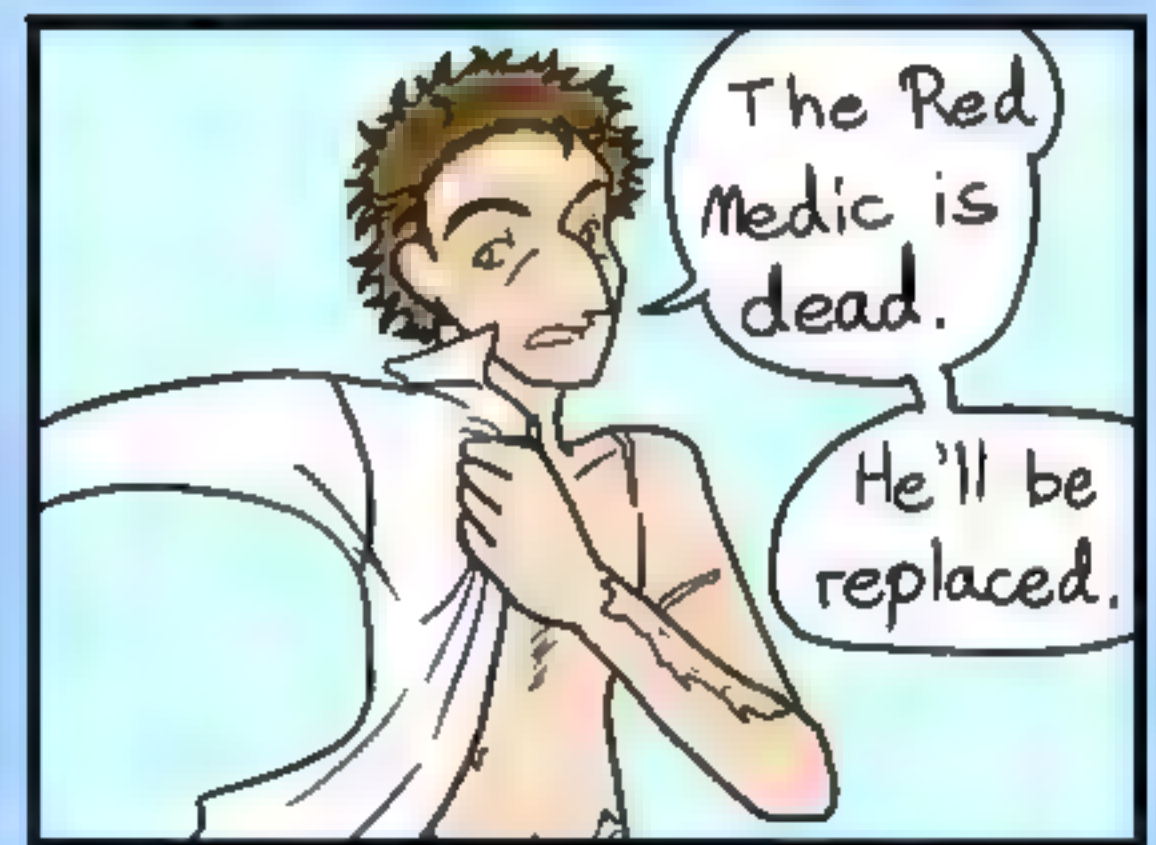


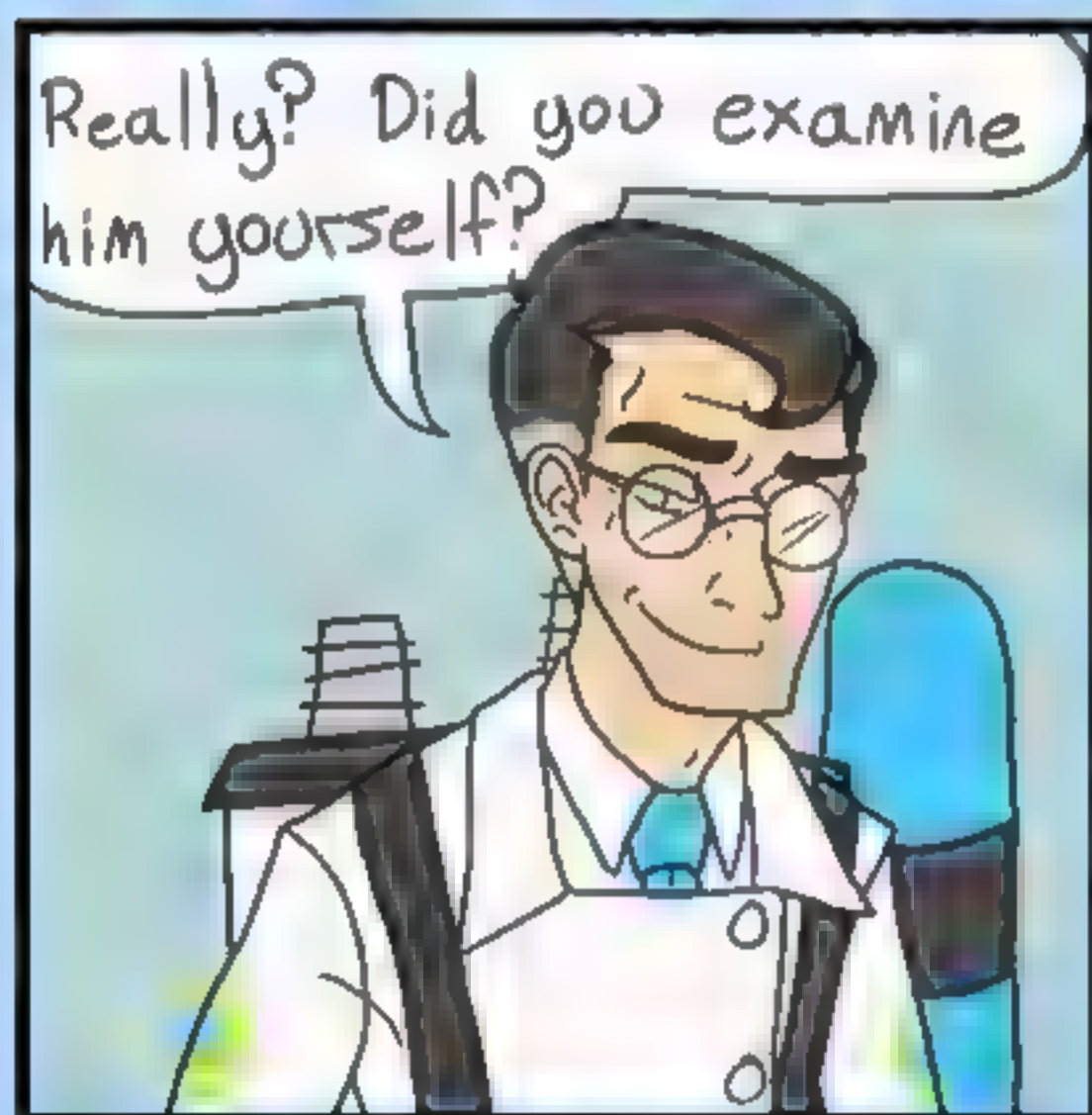


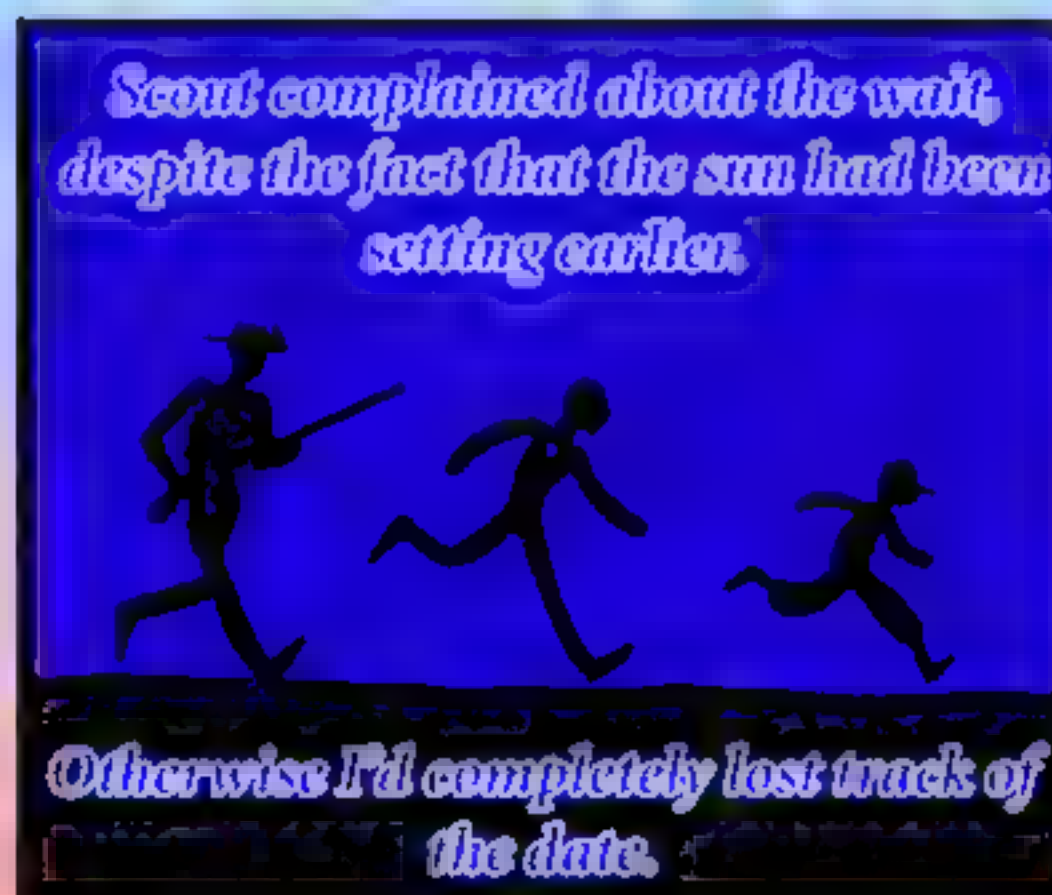


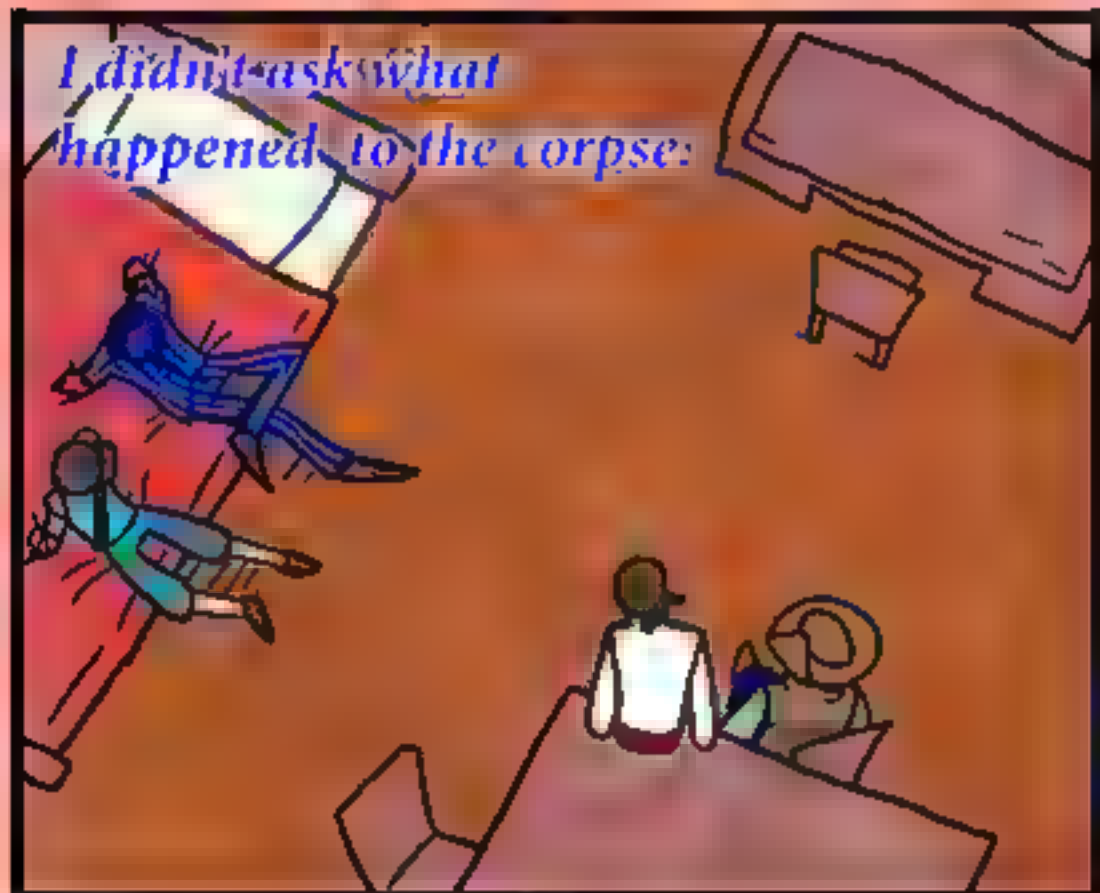
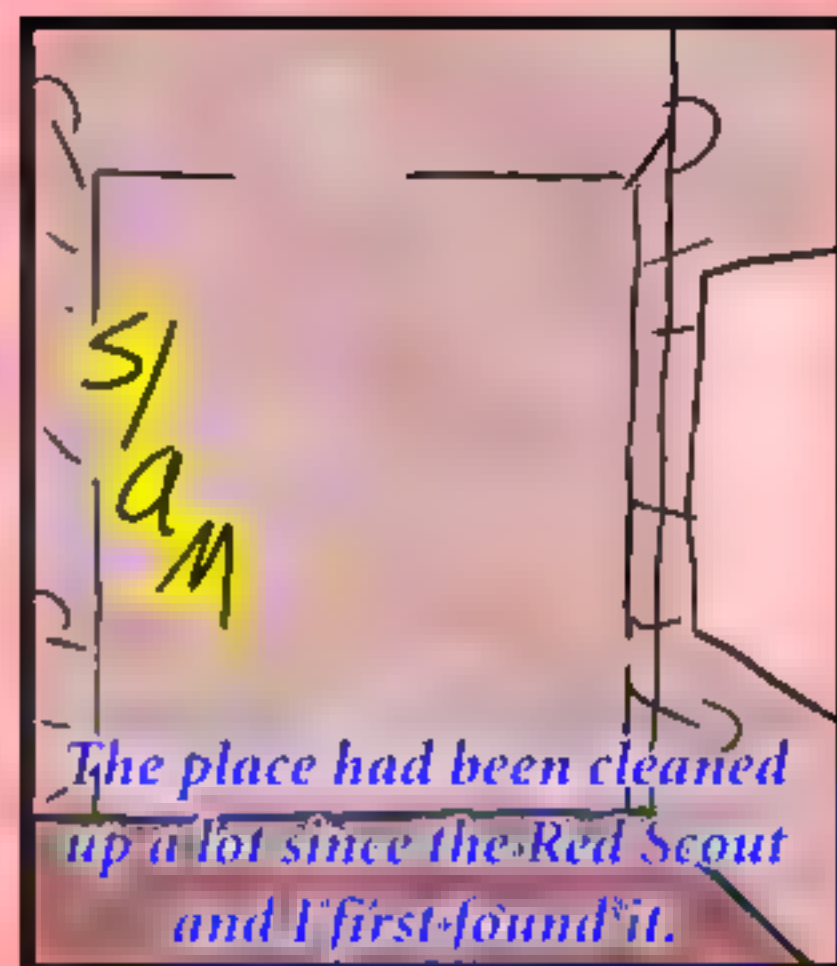
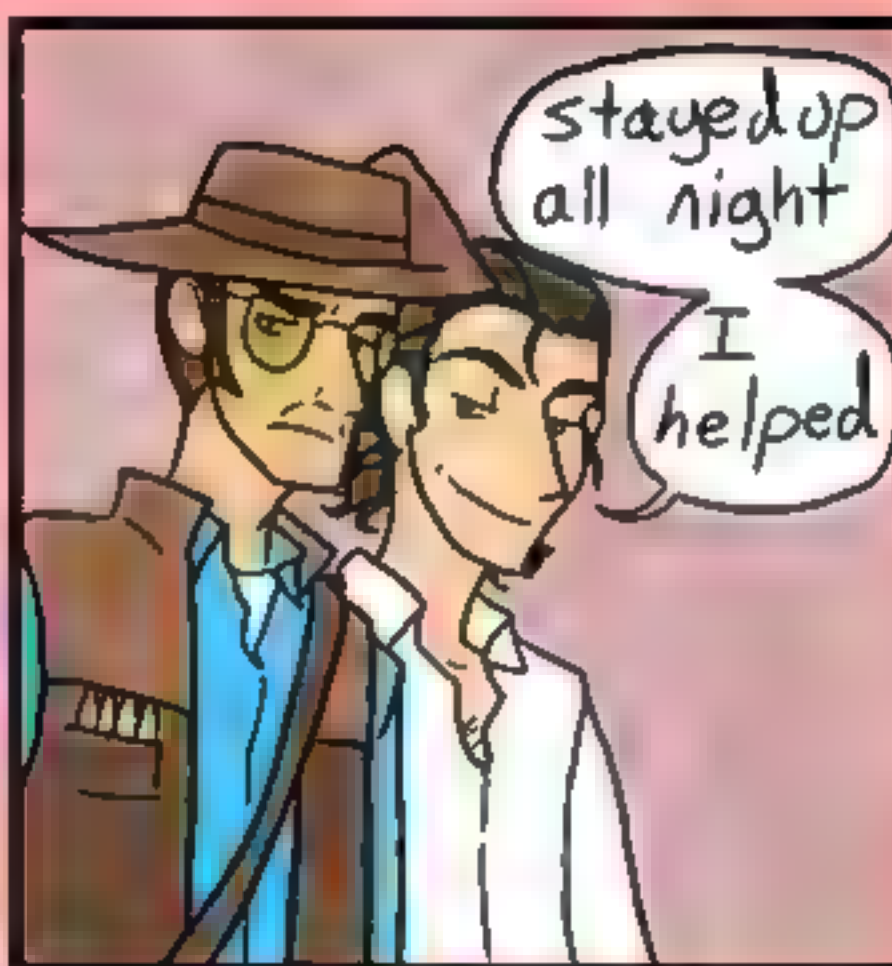
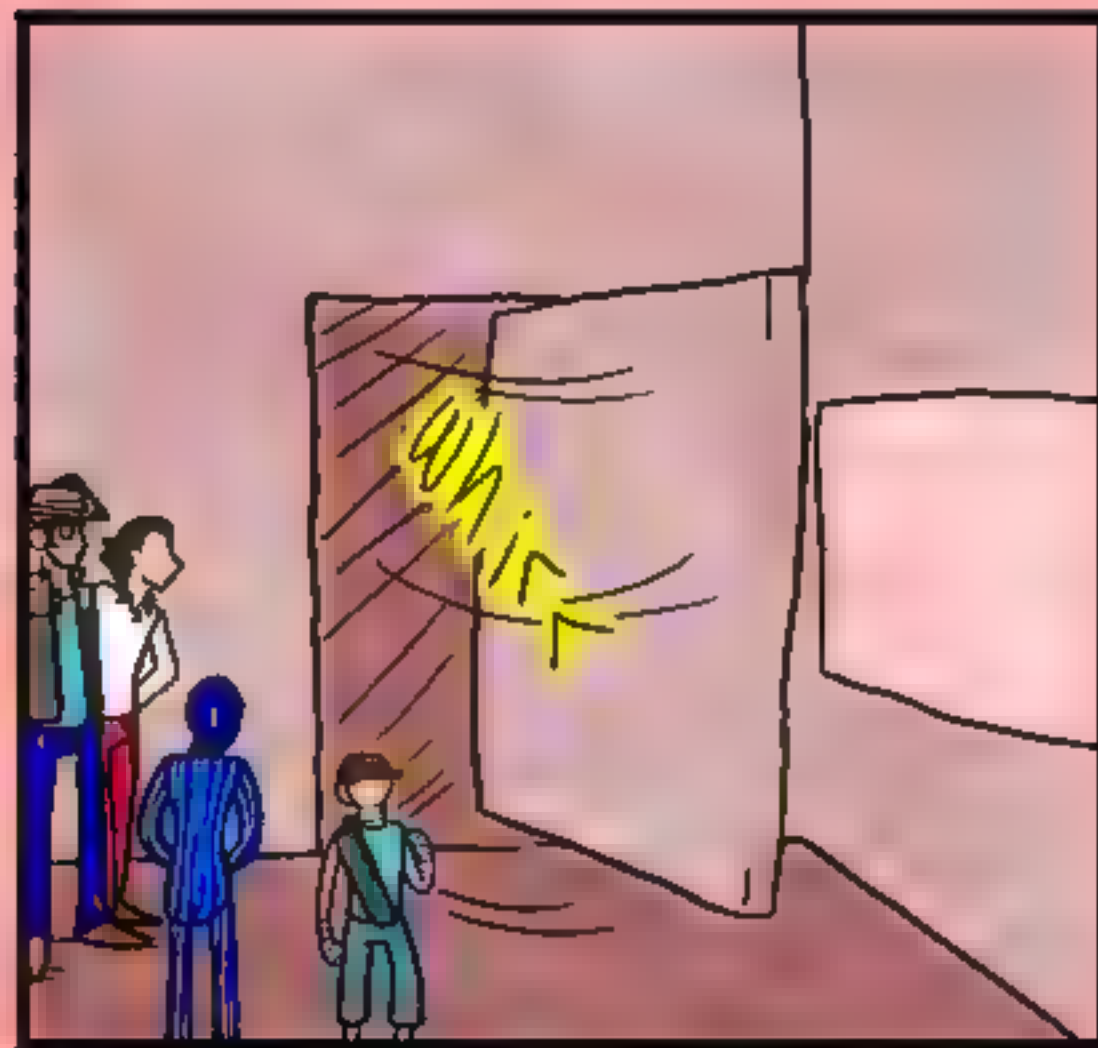


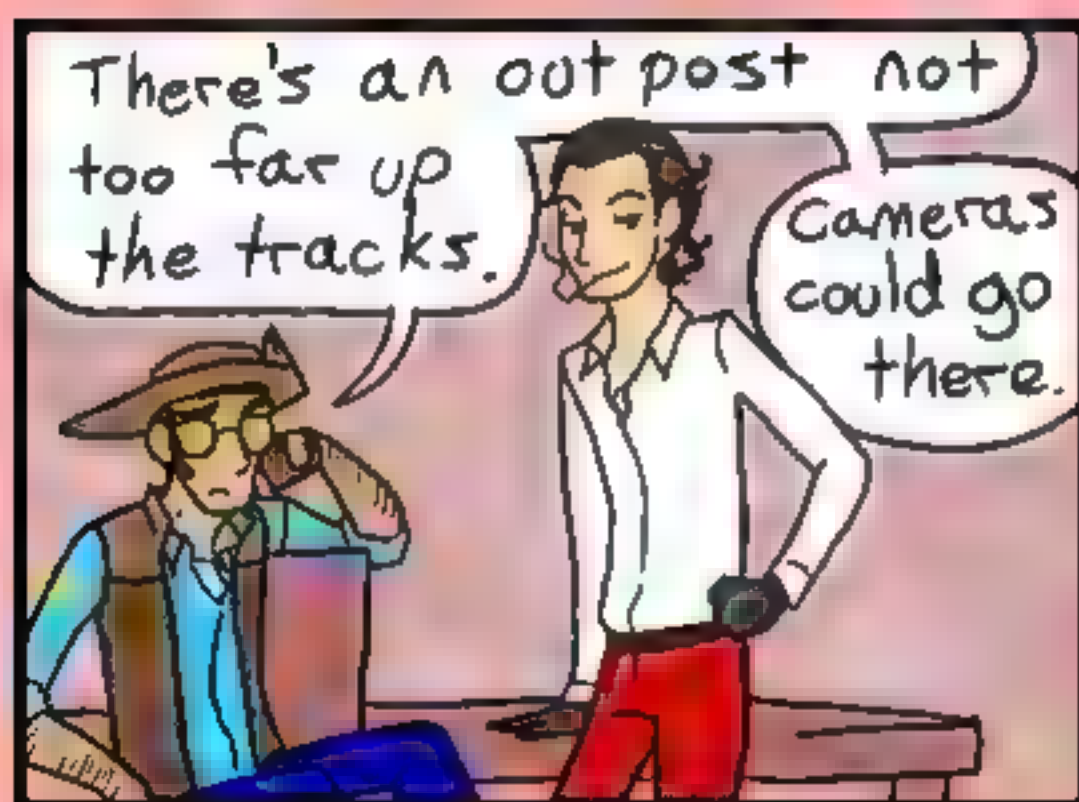


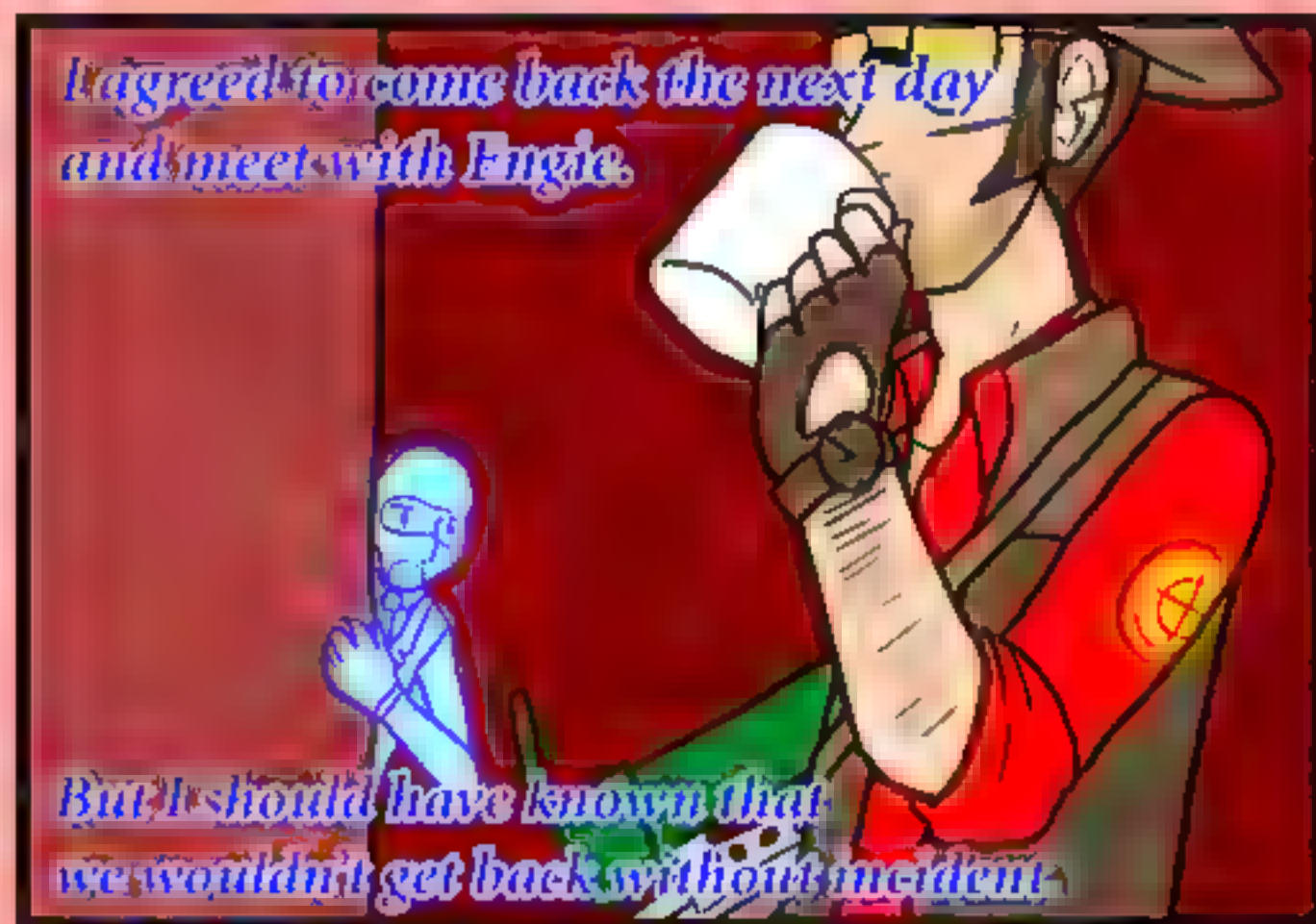


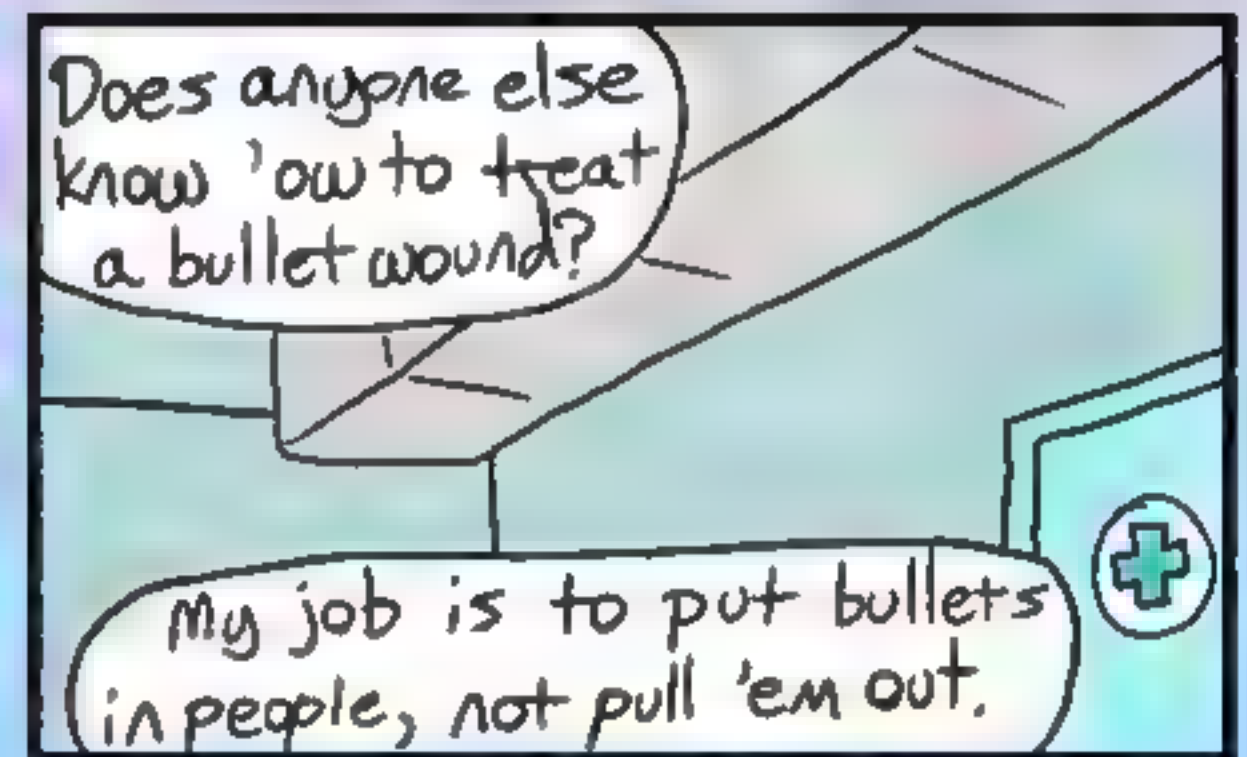


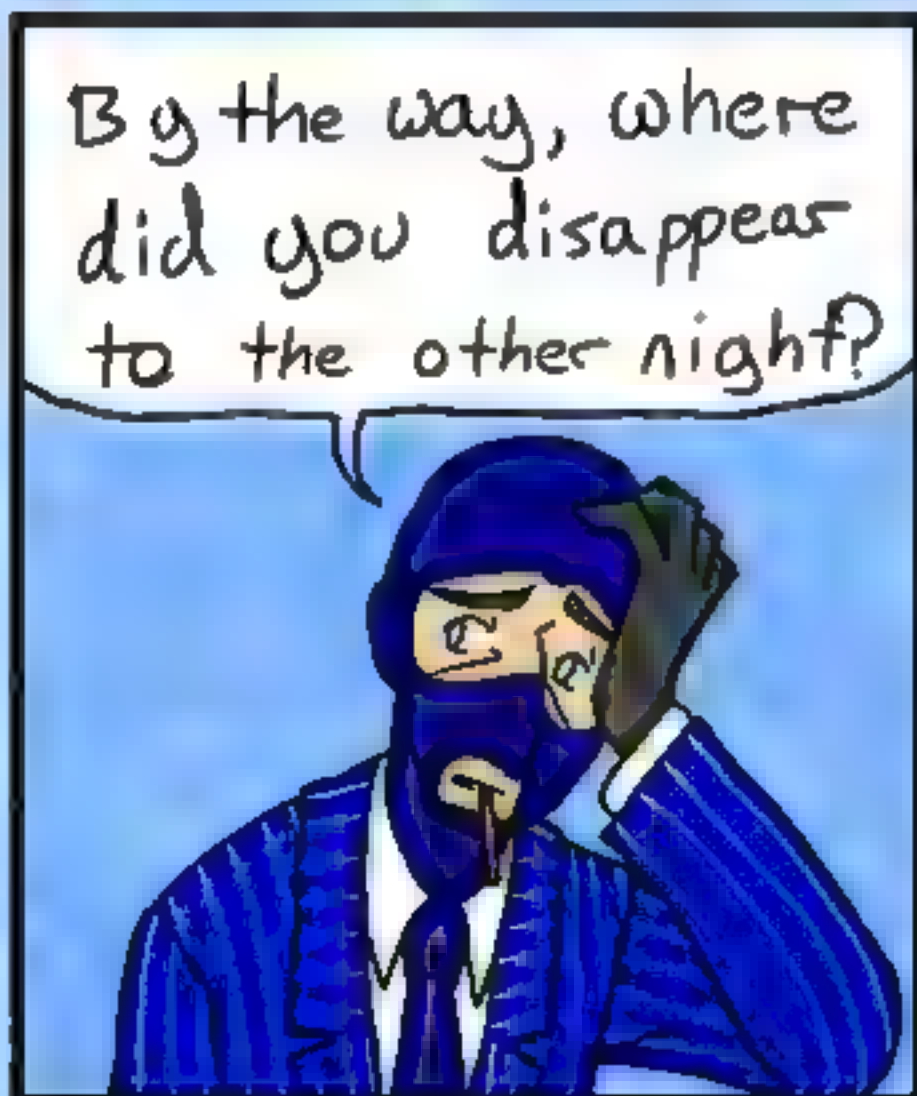
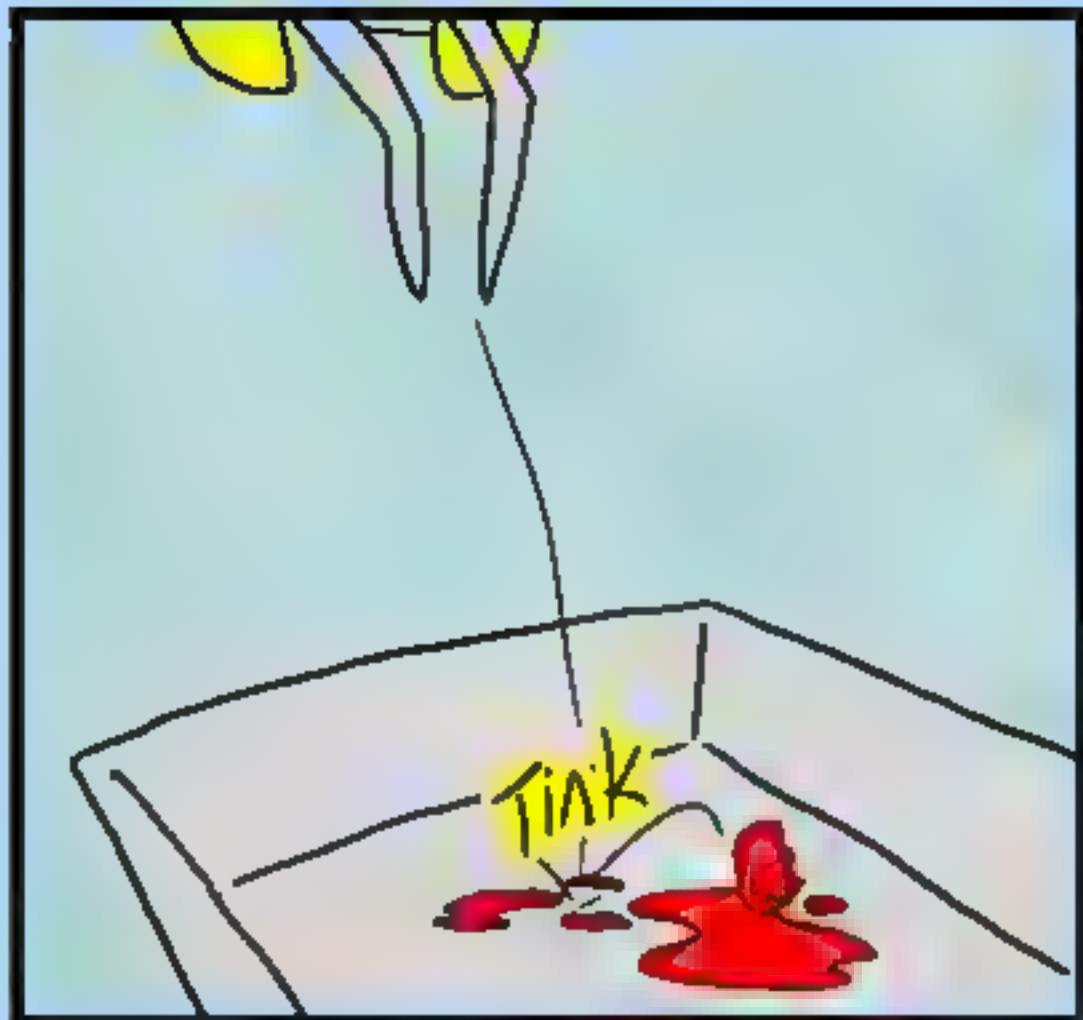




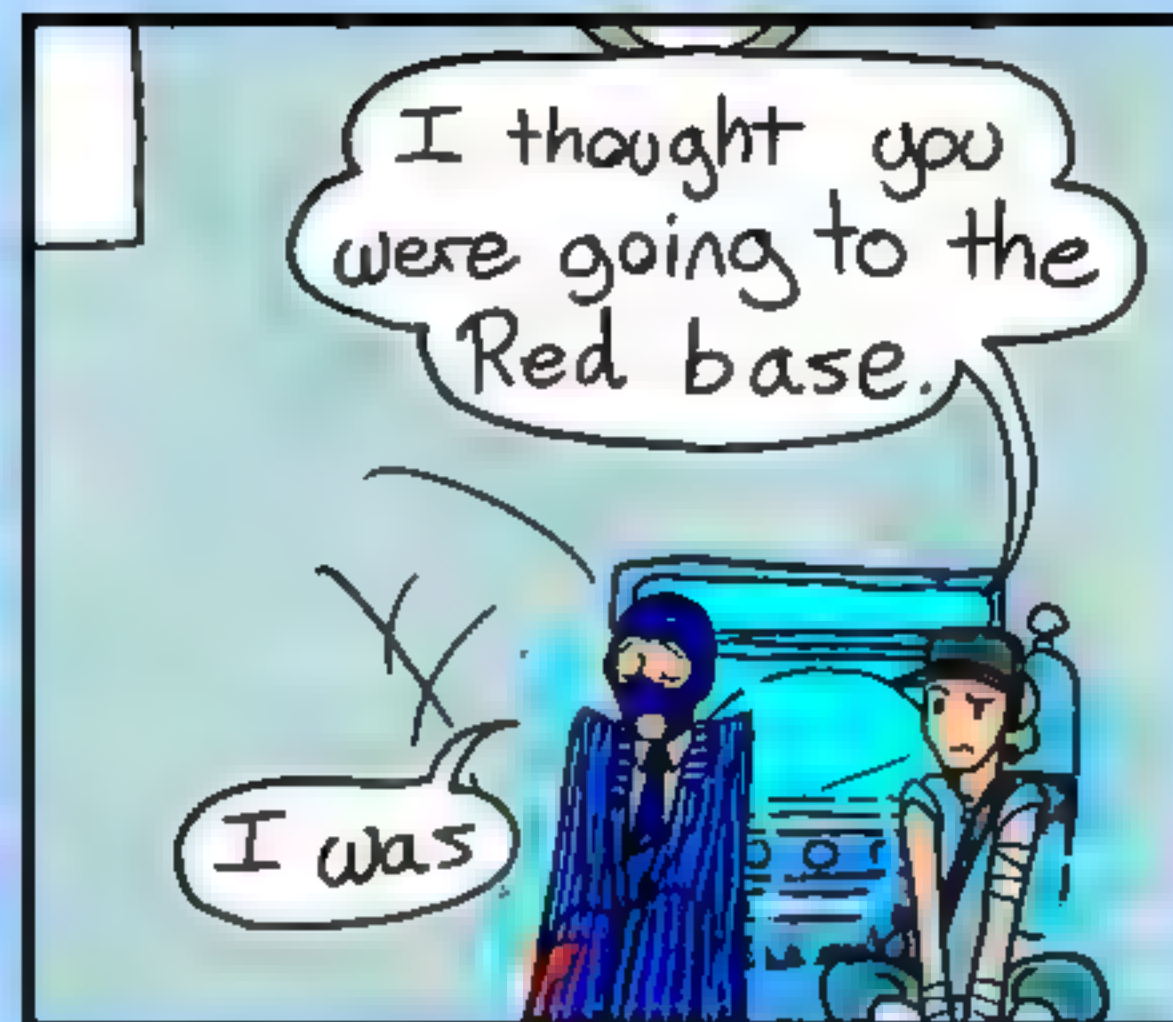
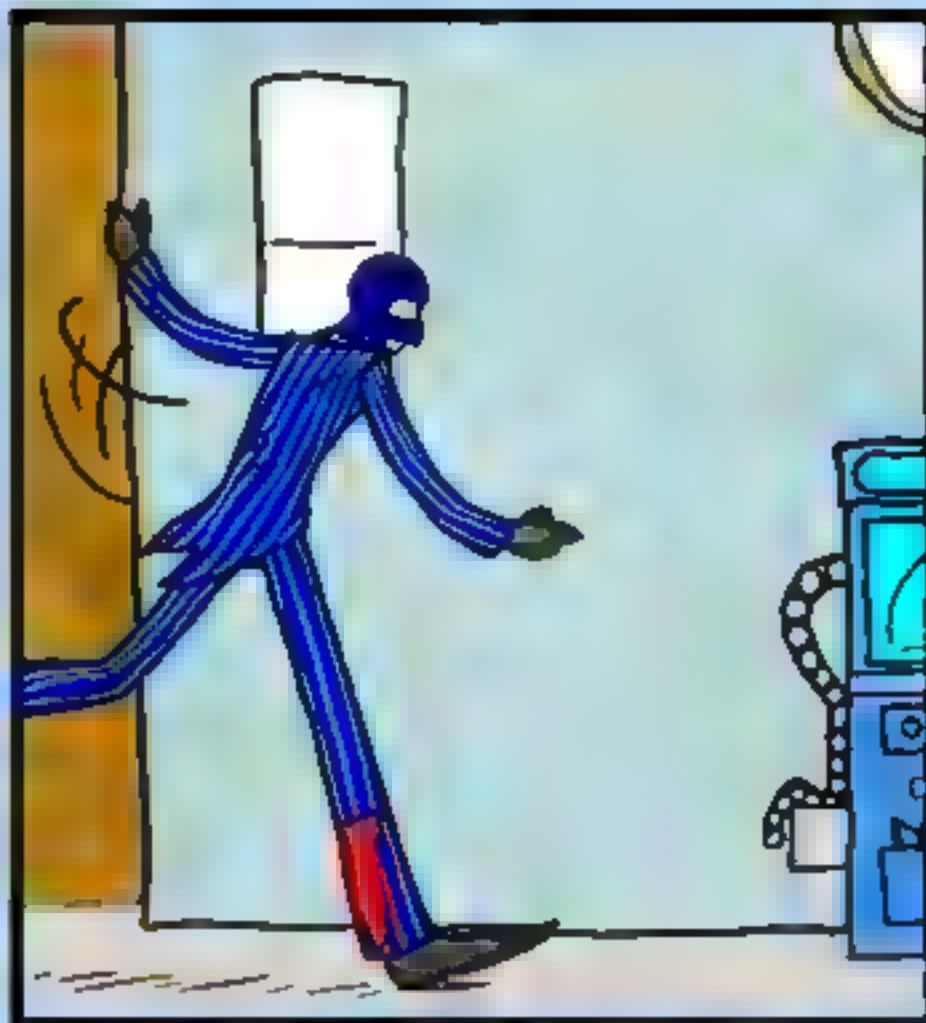


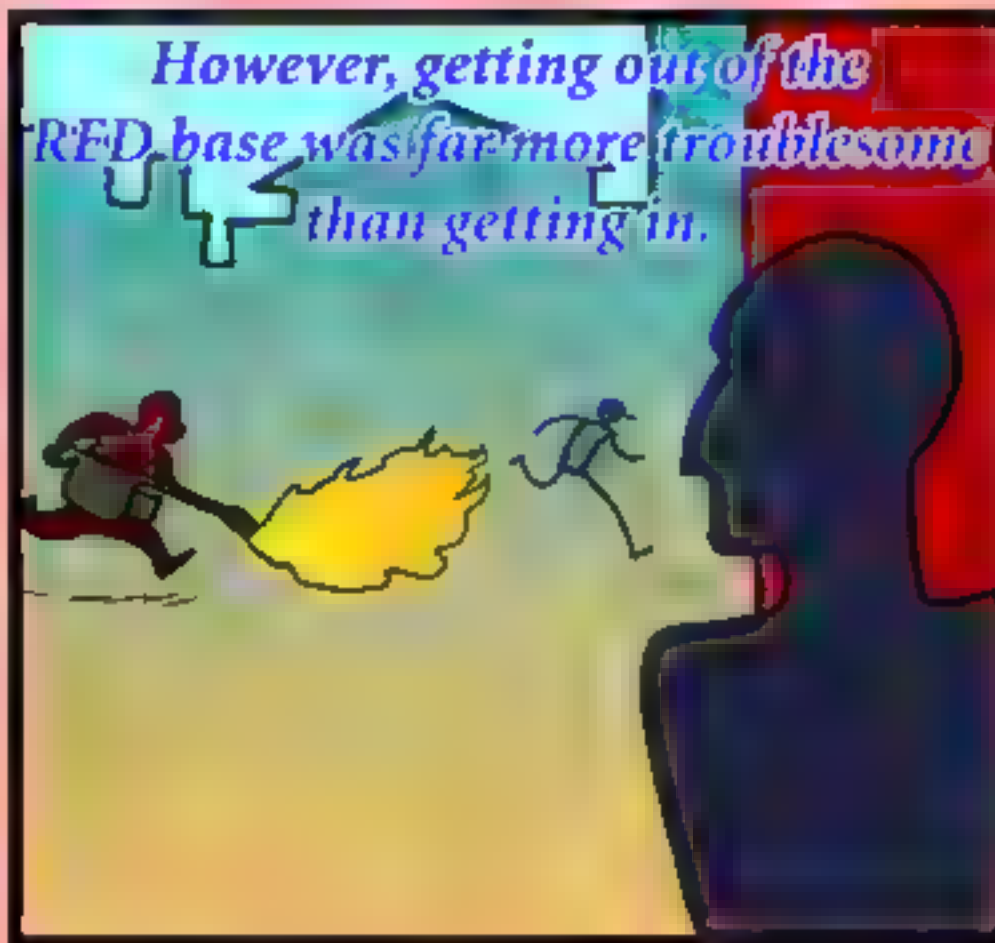


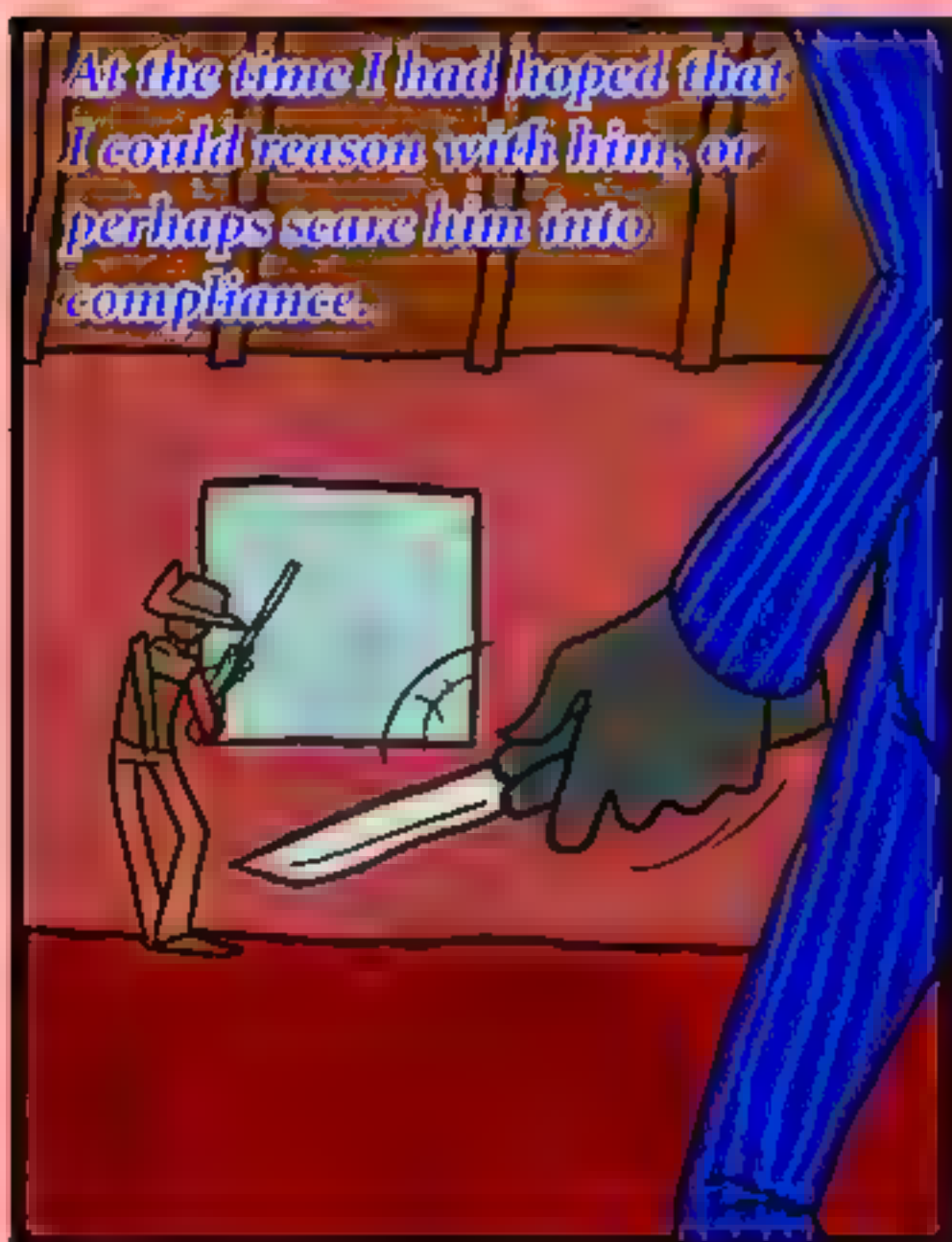
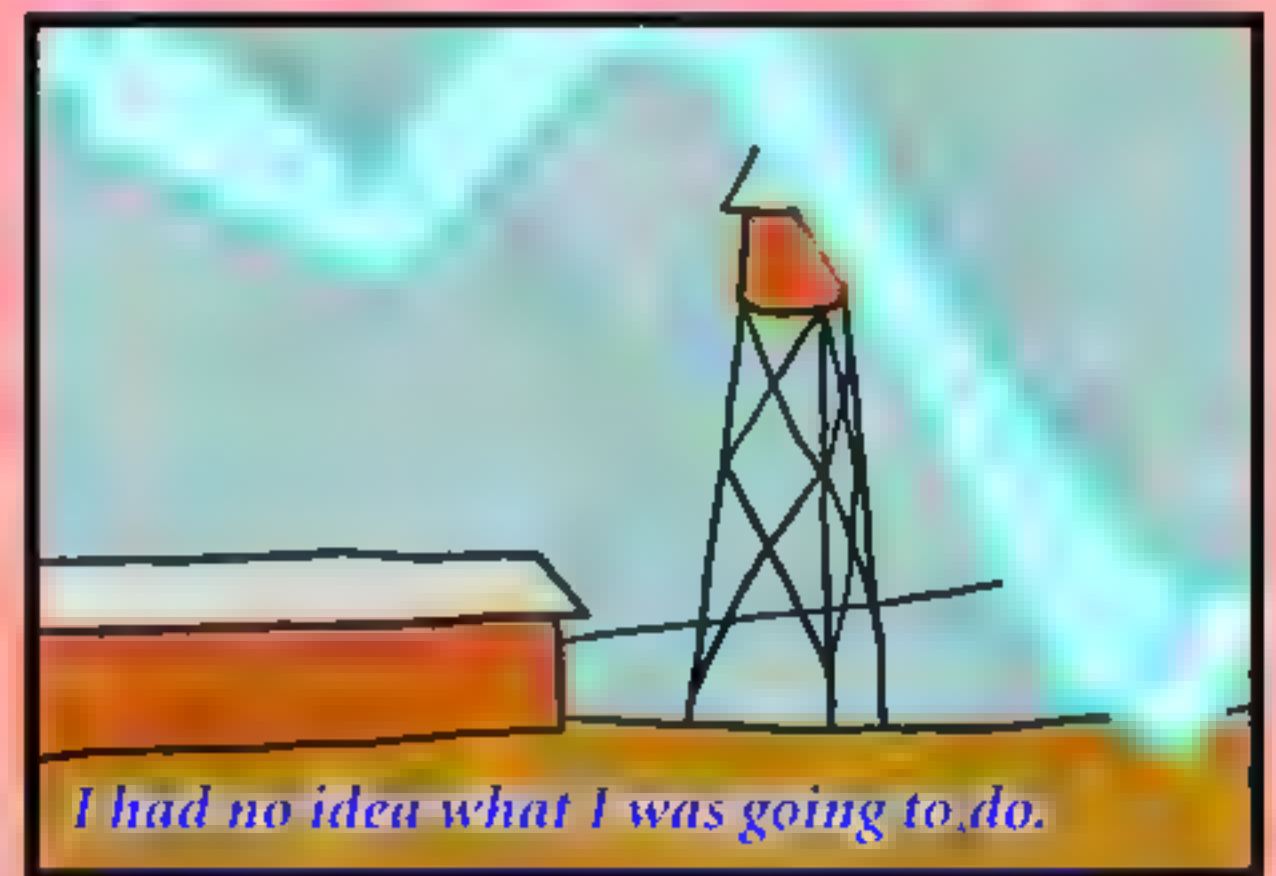
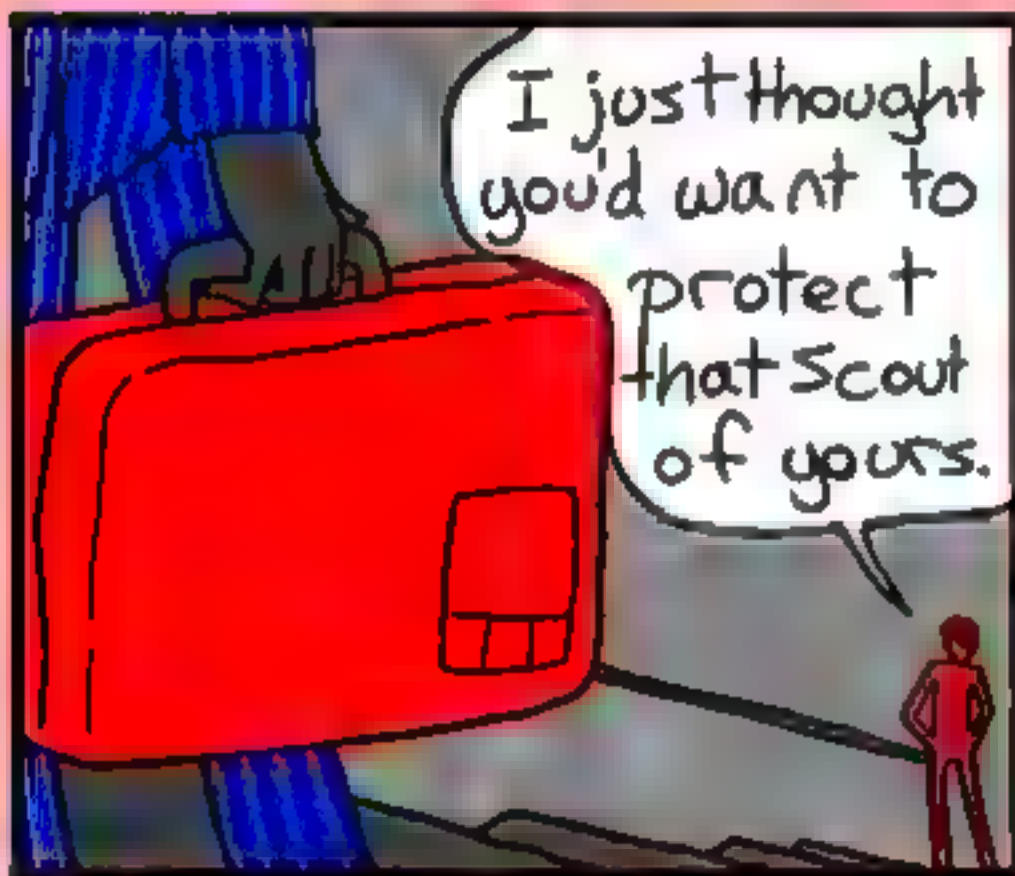
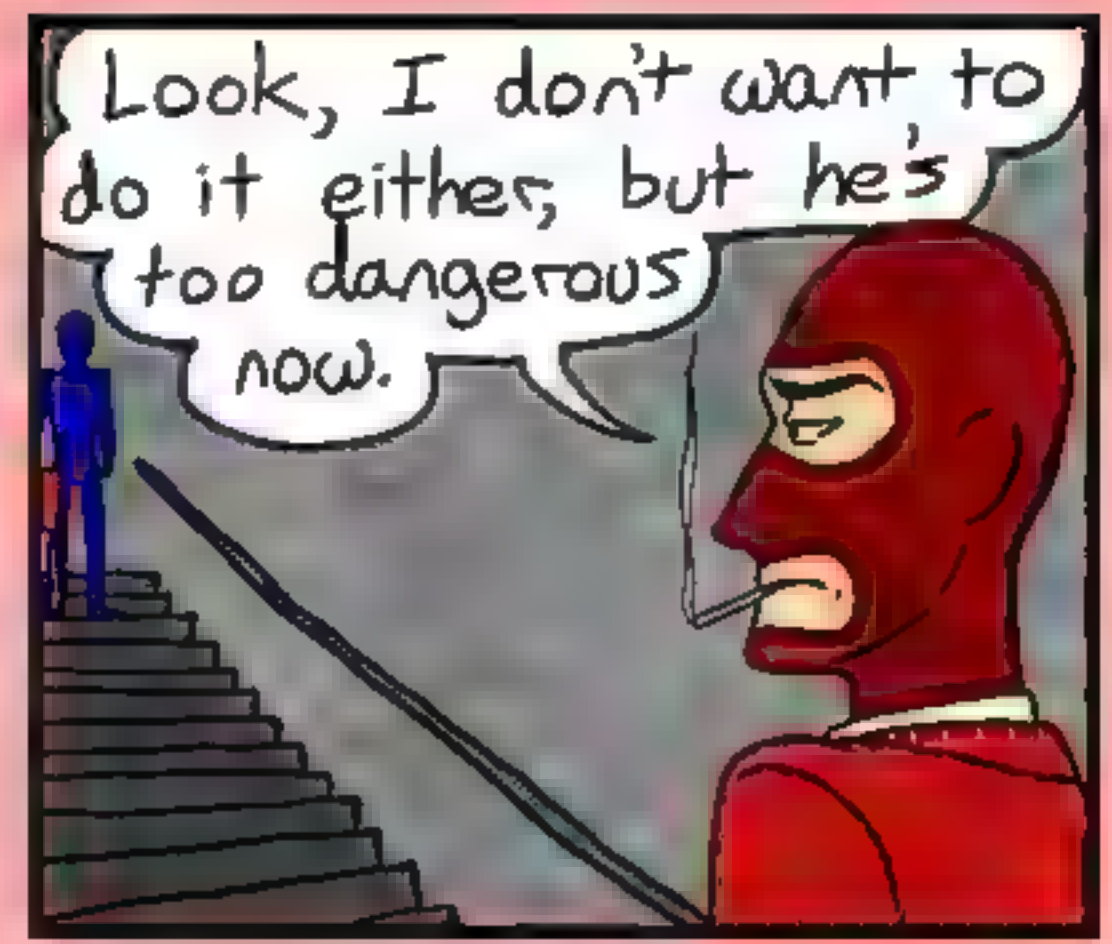


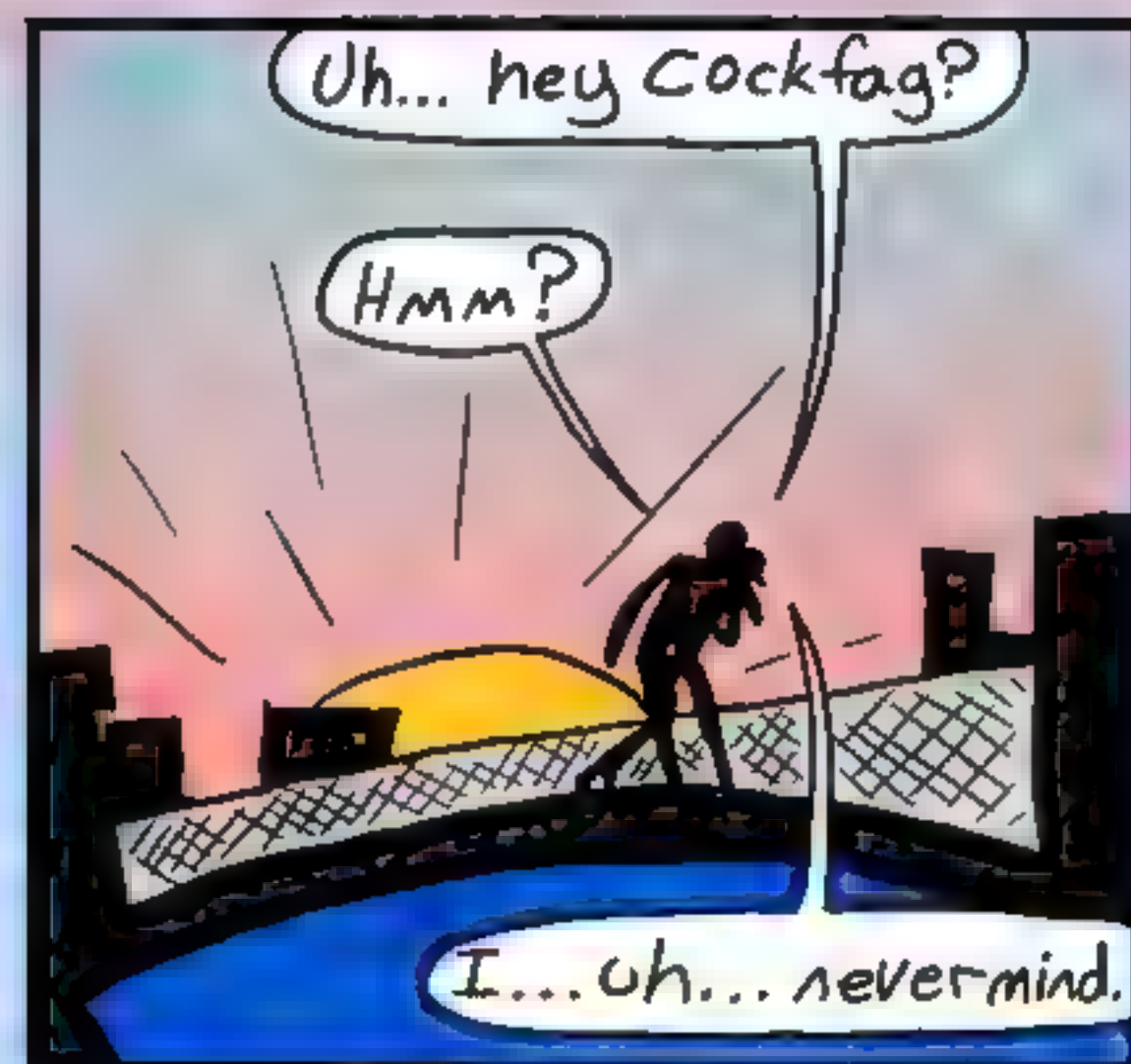
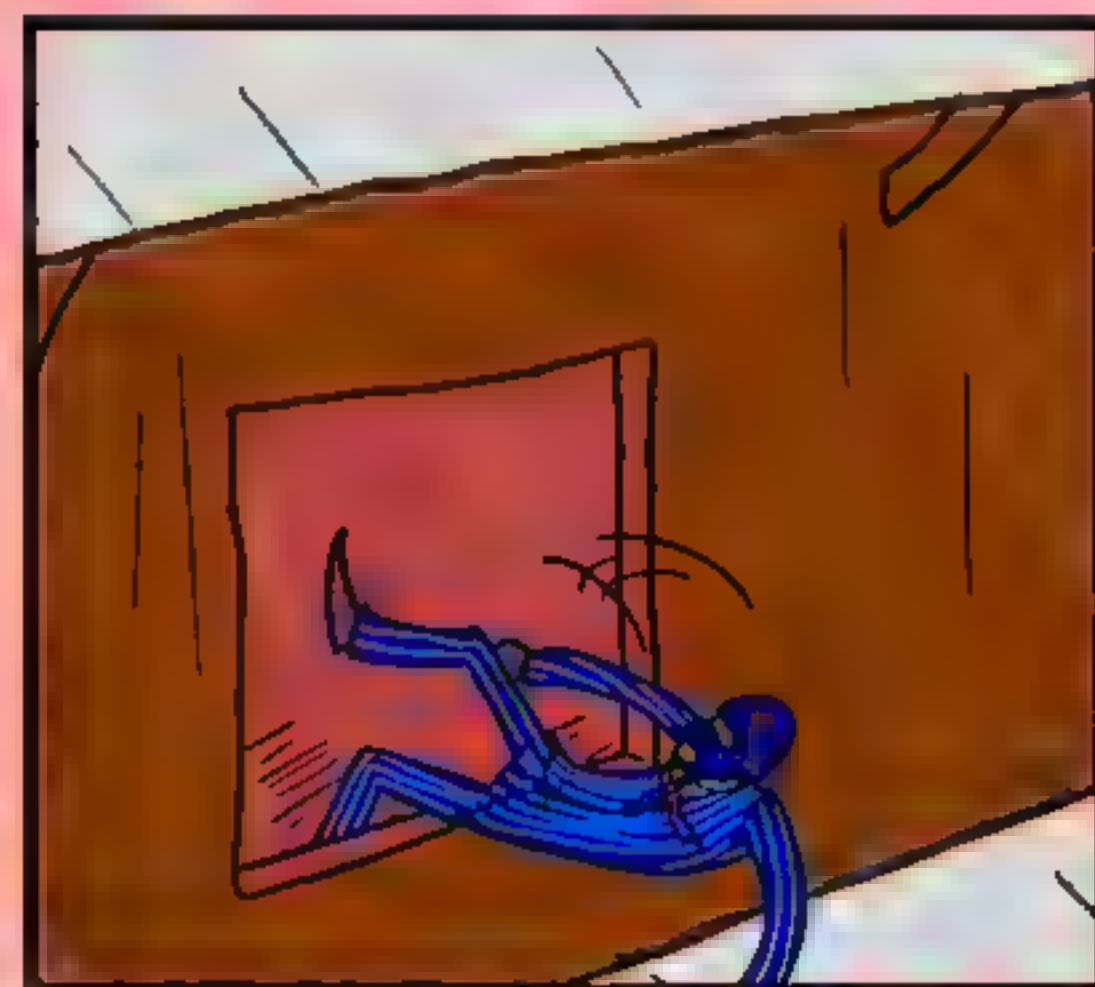


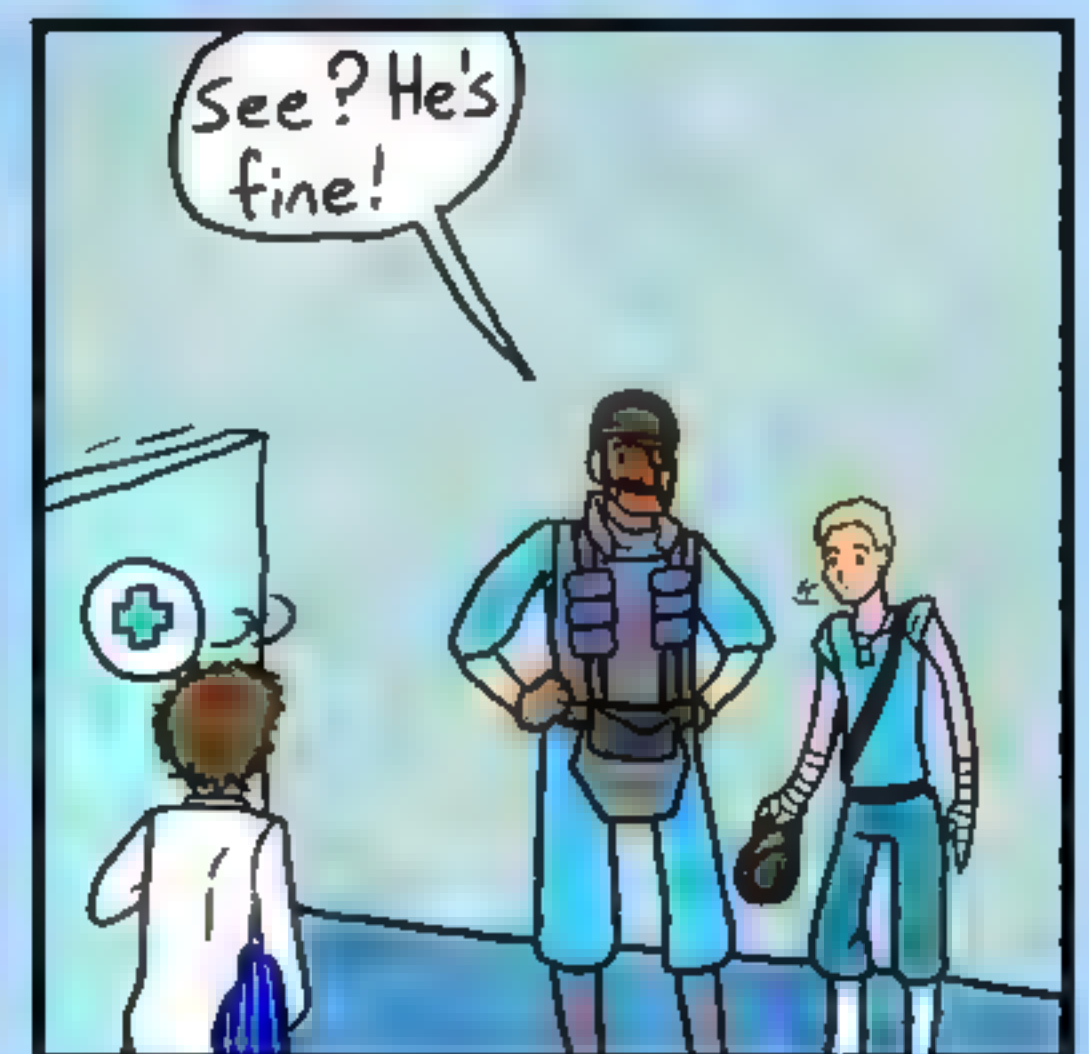
The next day didn't go exactly as planned-either.





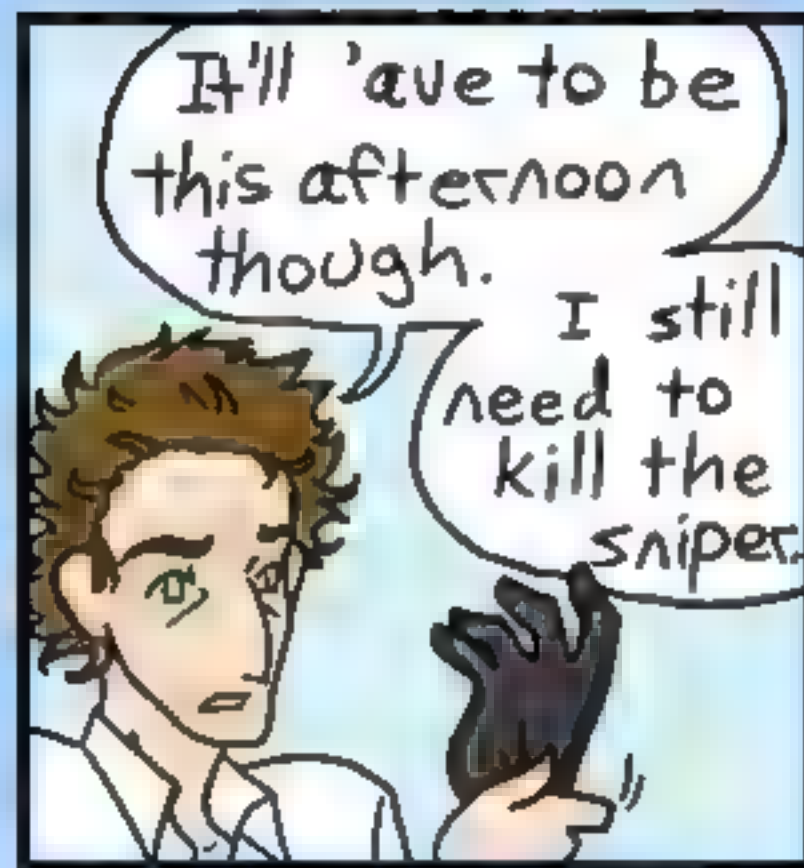


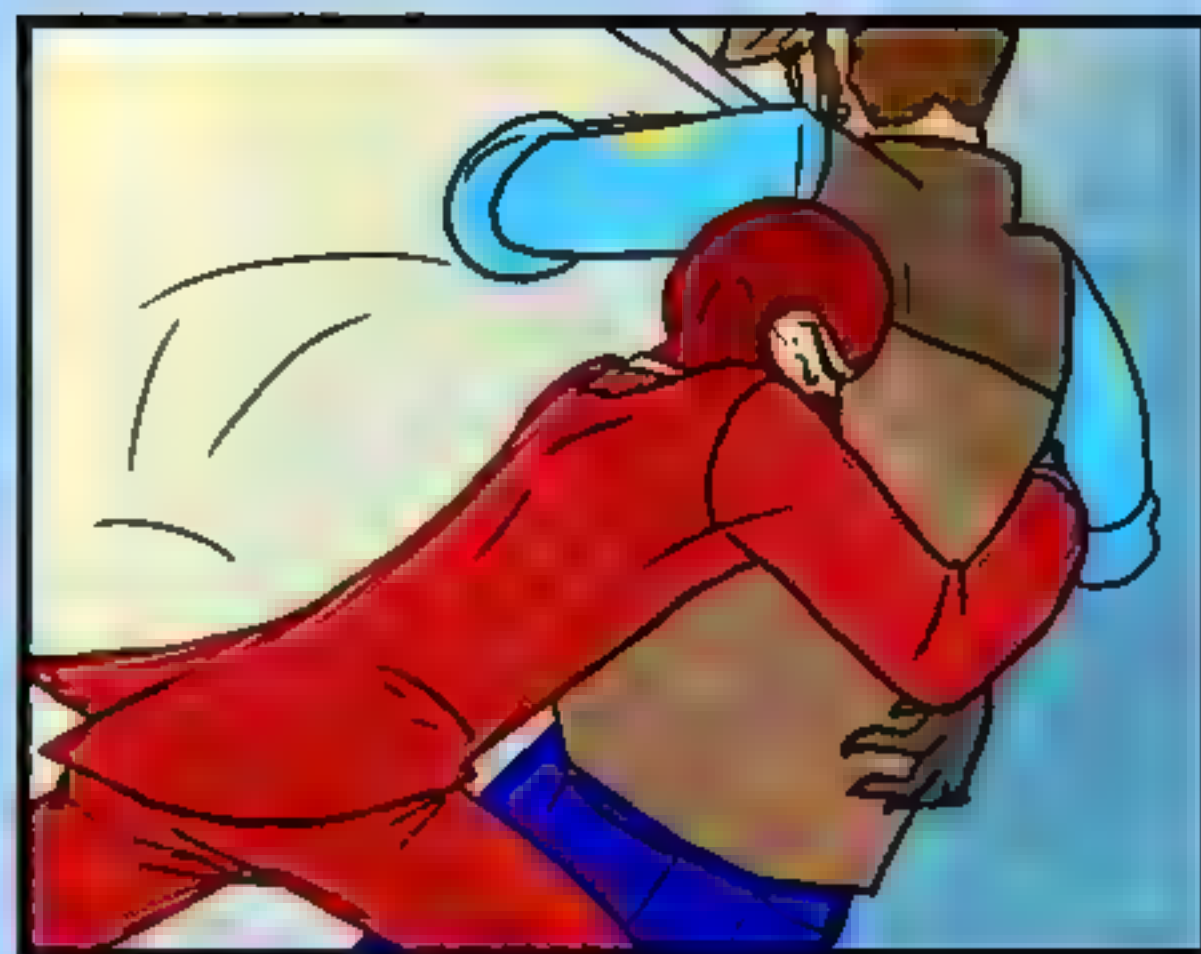


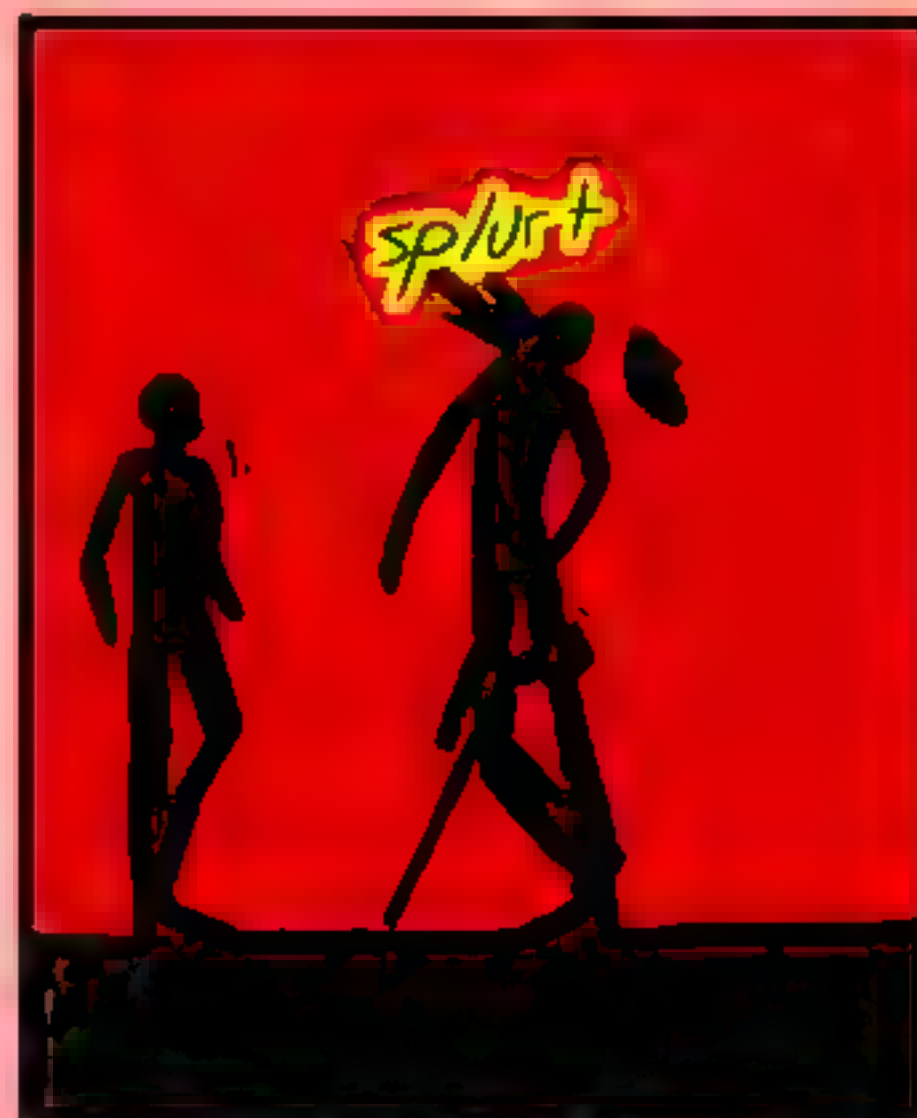
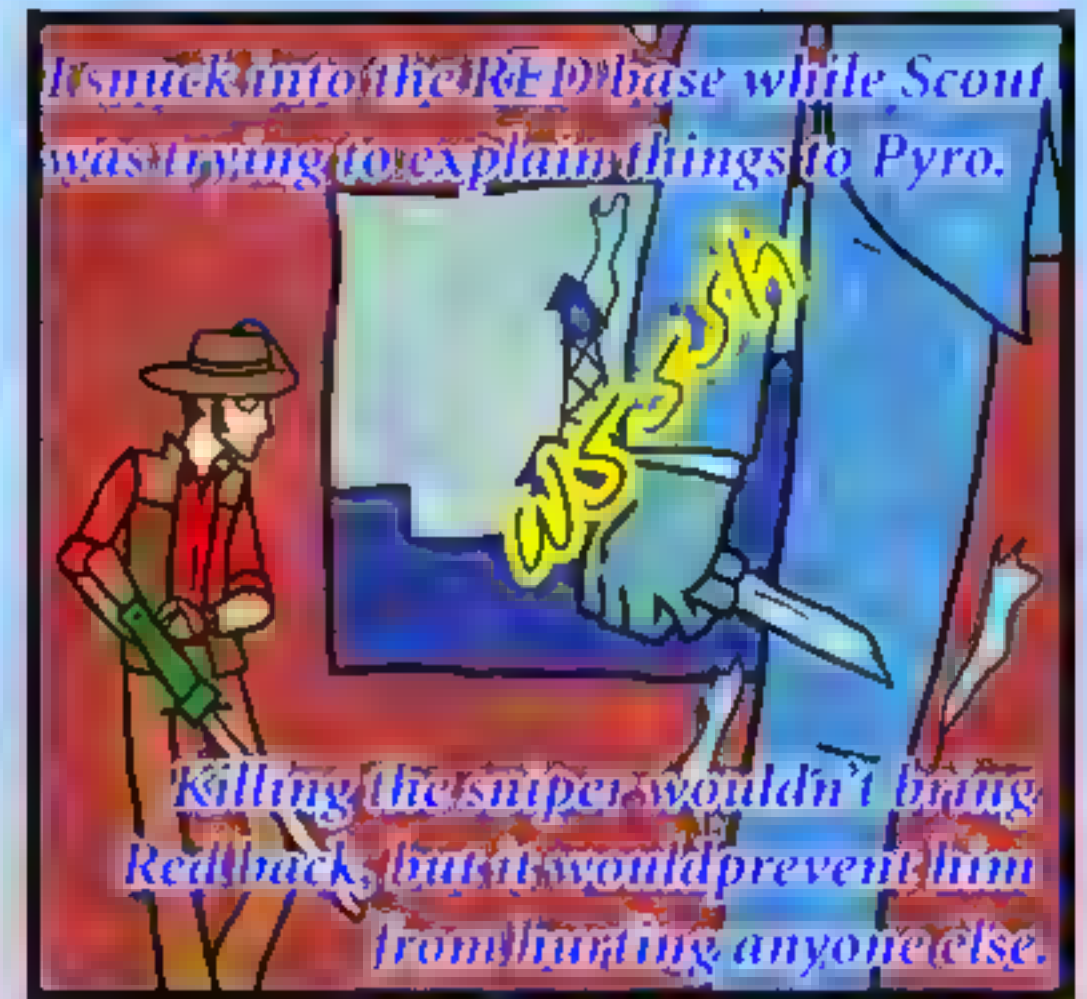
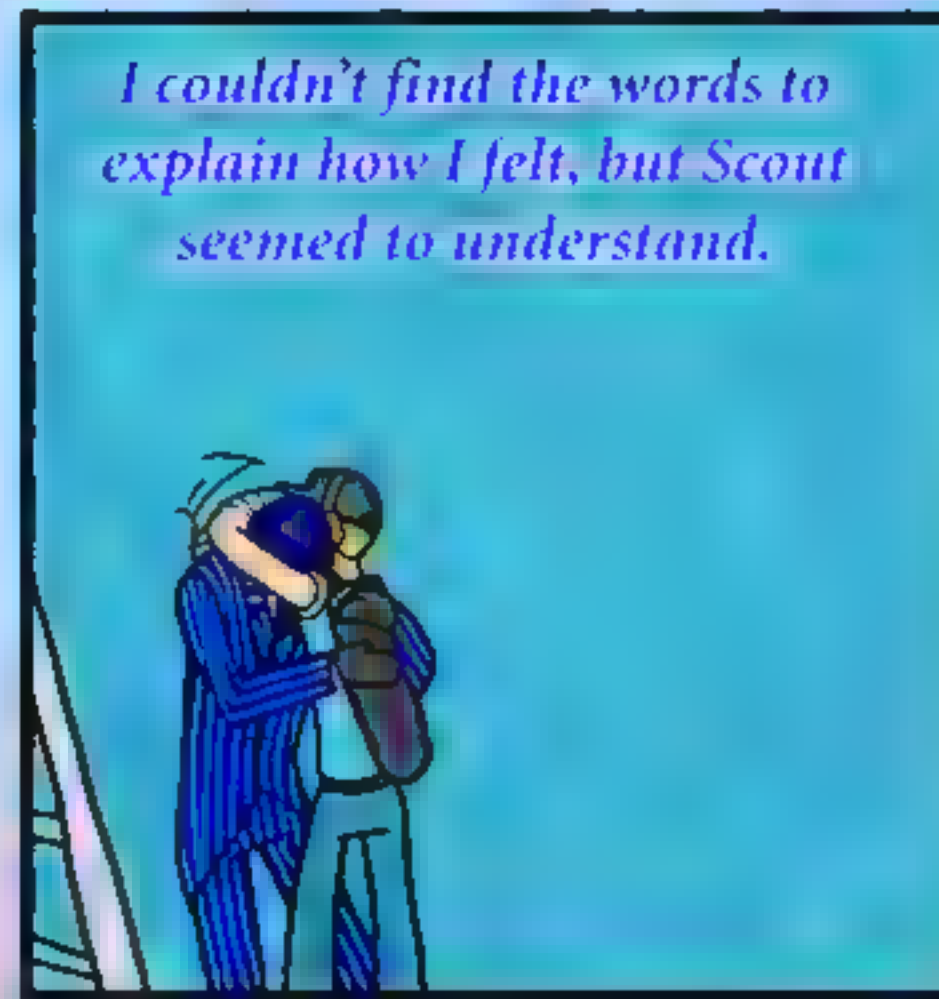


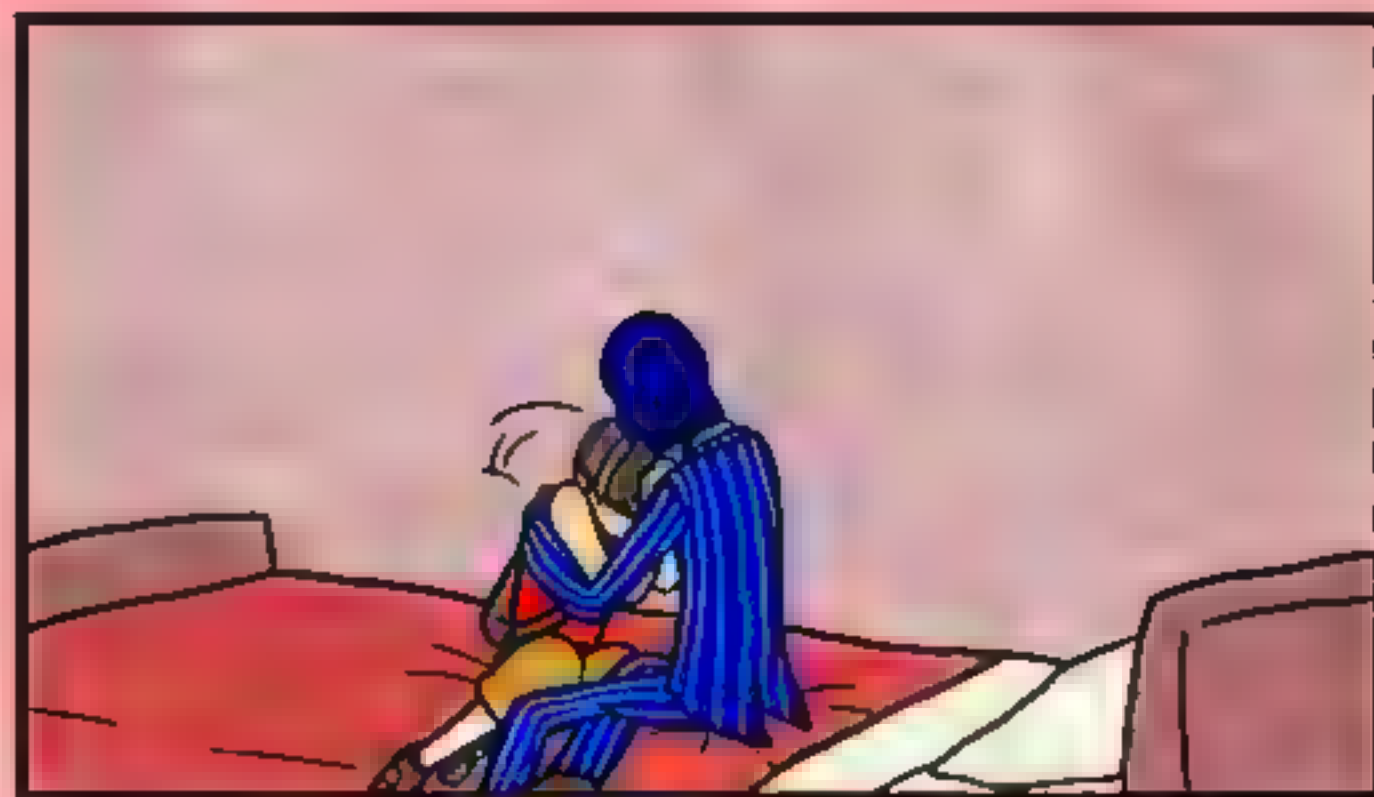
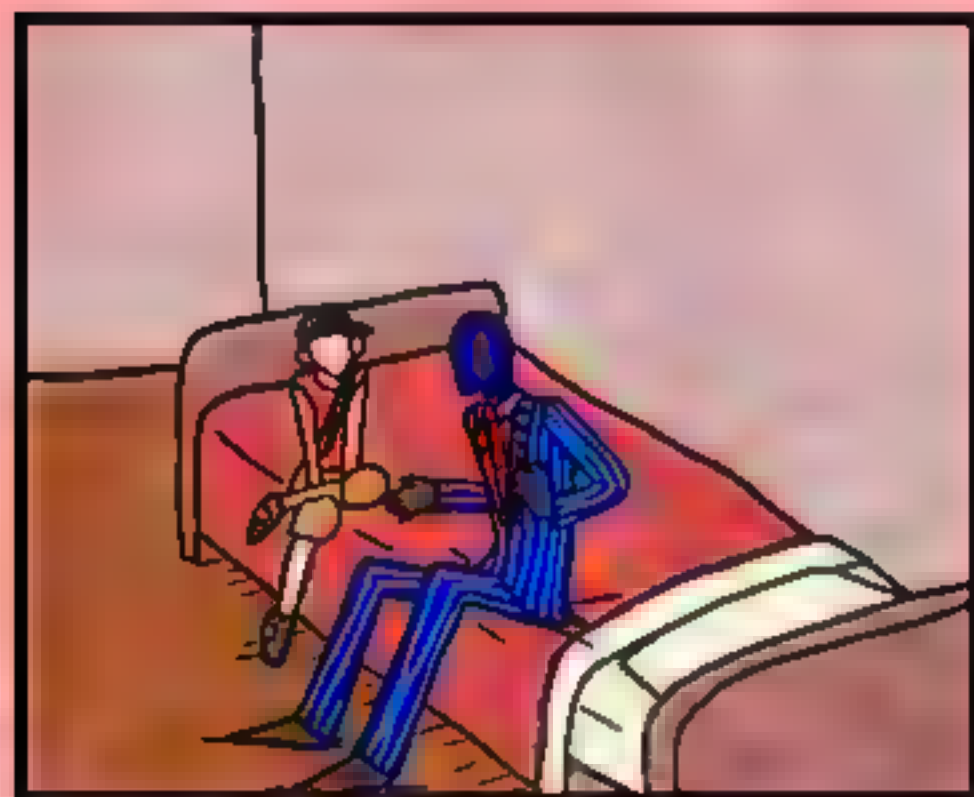
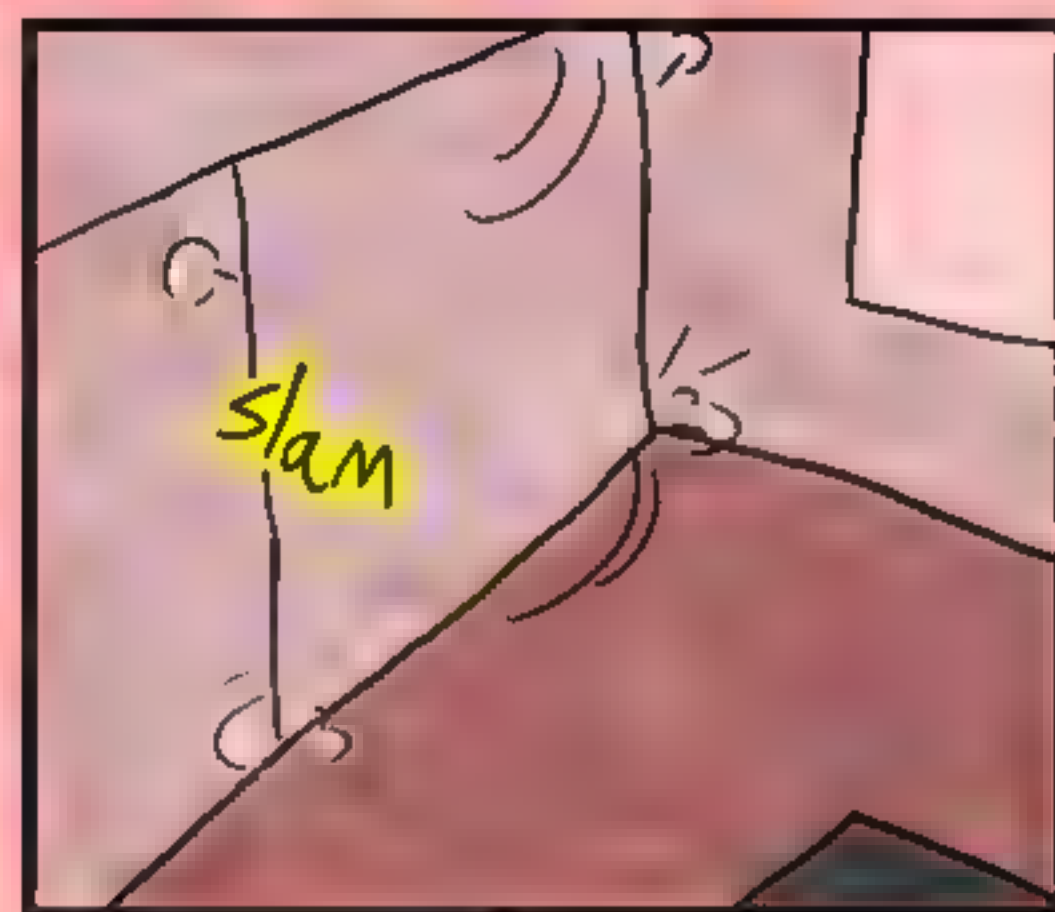
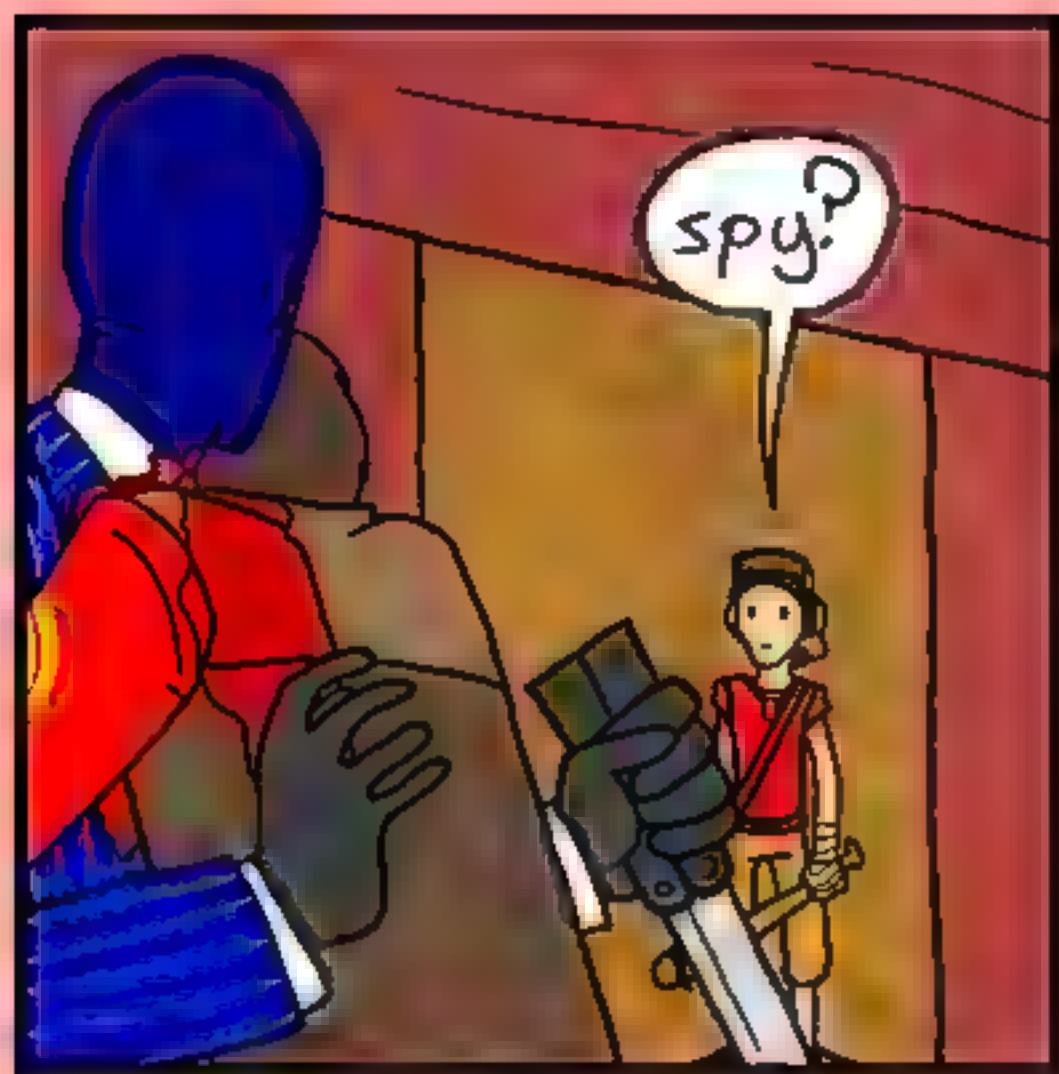




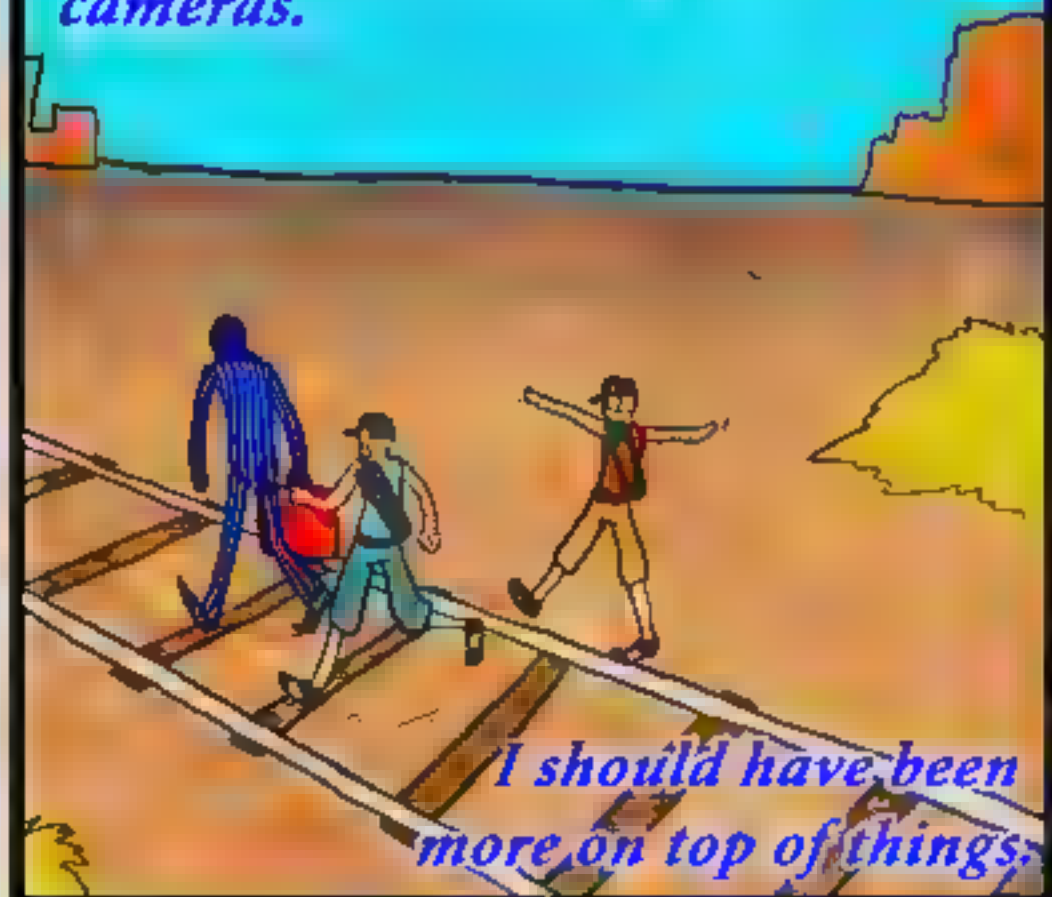








It took the better part of a week before I went to set up the cameras.



But, considering recent events, can you really blame me for being distracted?



How far is this fuckin' place? We been walking all day!



It has to be far or we'll 'ave no time to react.

Don't mean I gotta like it.



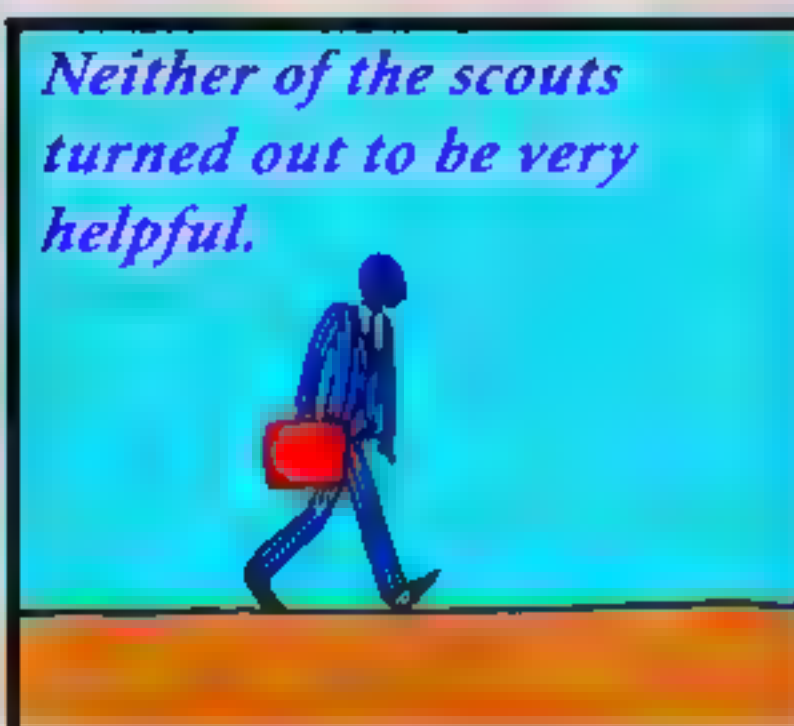
Heg look! is that it?



Looks like-



Neither of the scouts turned out to be very helpful.



However, having some company made things a lot more pleasant.



So how come you're so mean to Spy all the time?

What?

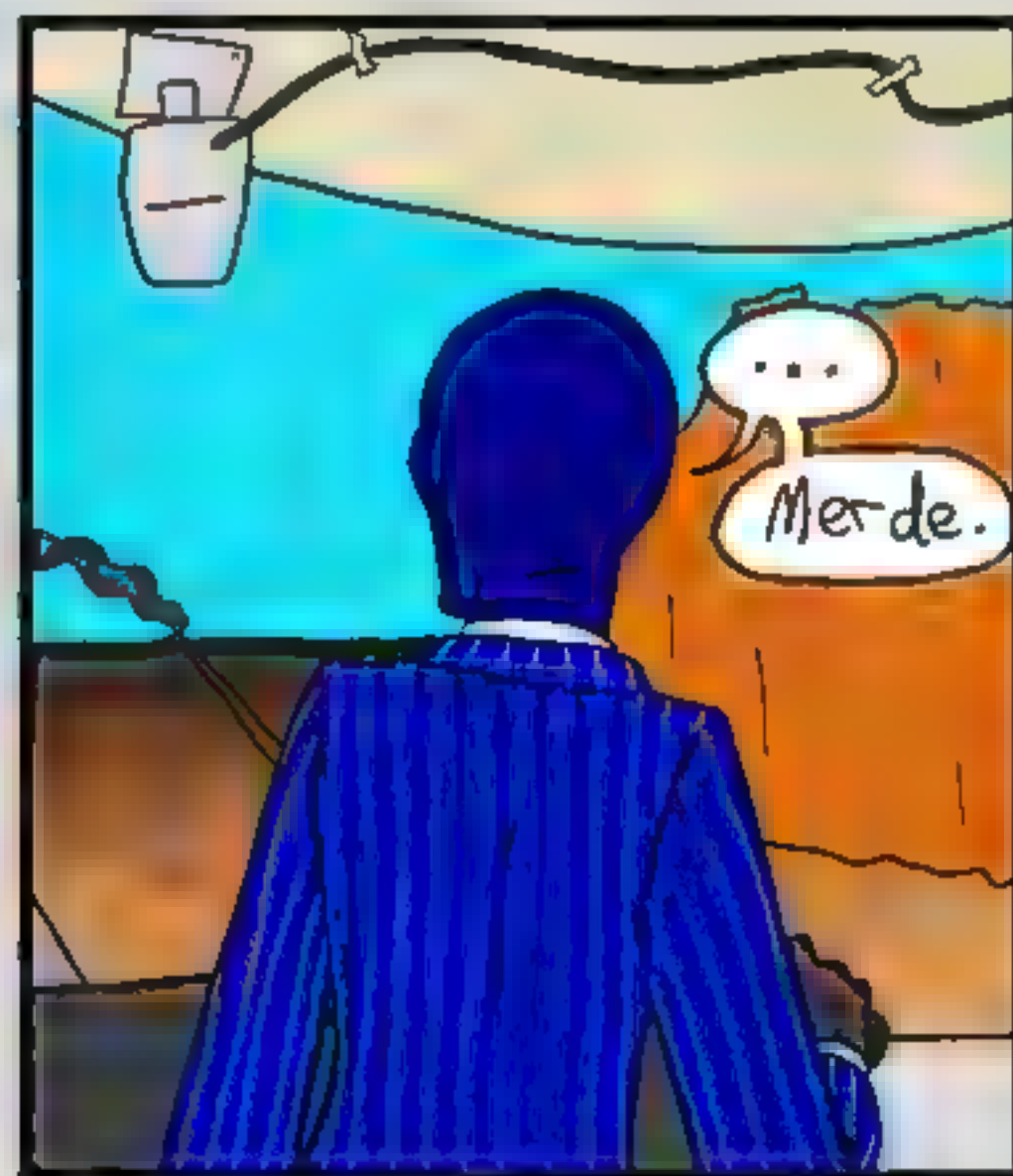


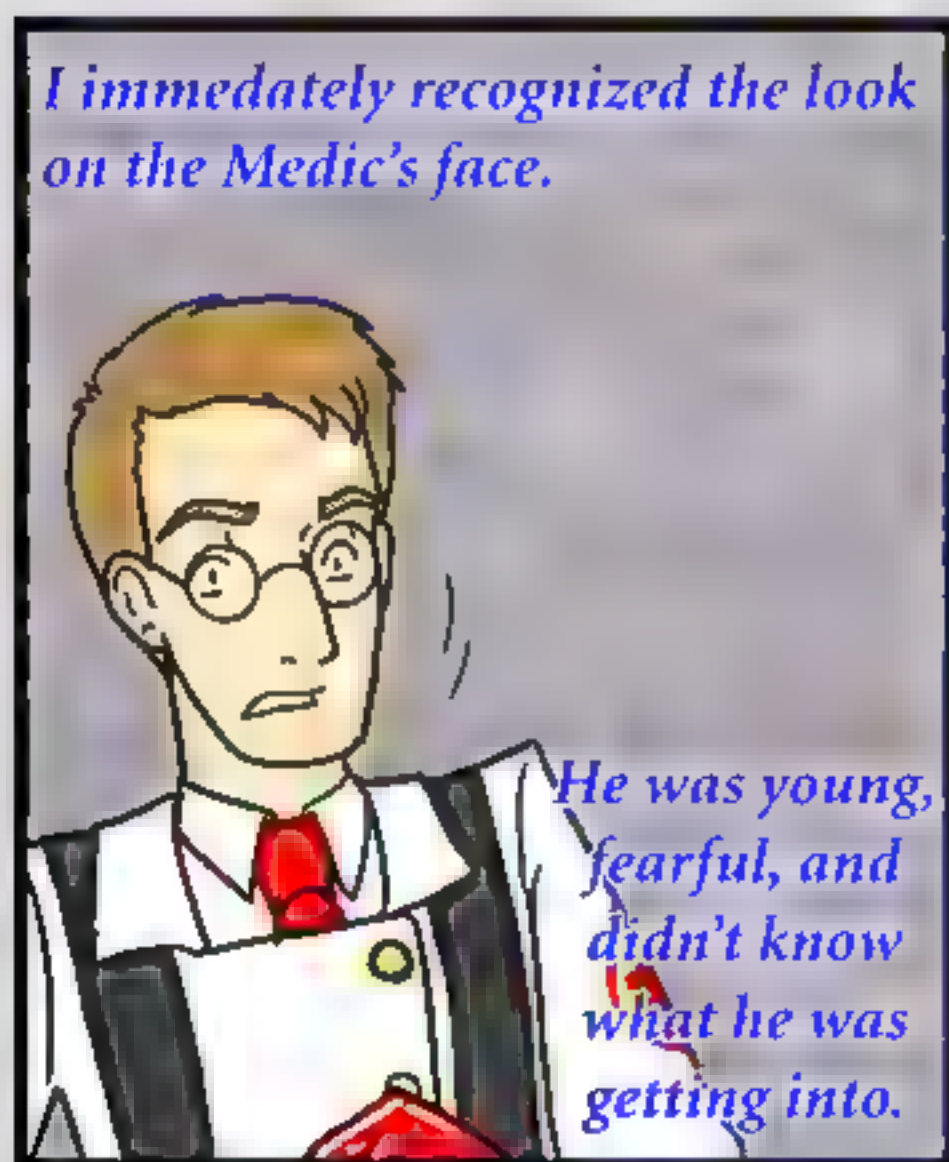
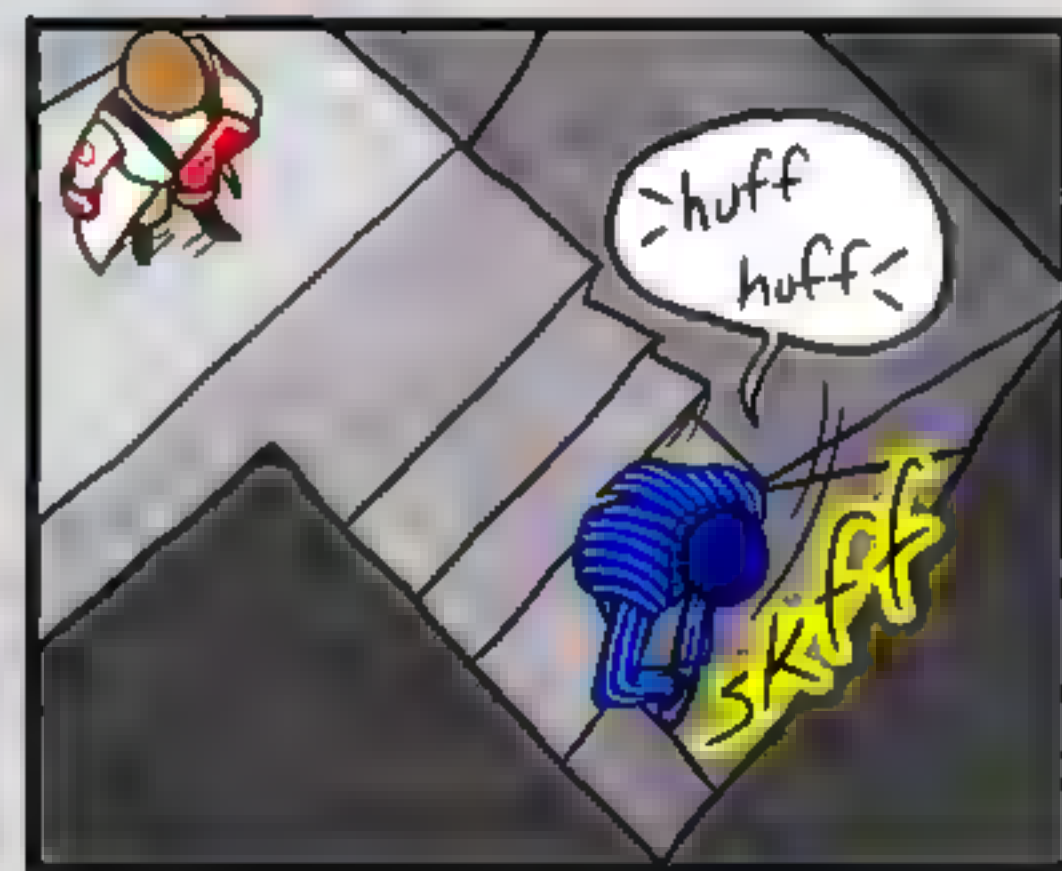
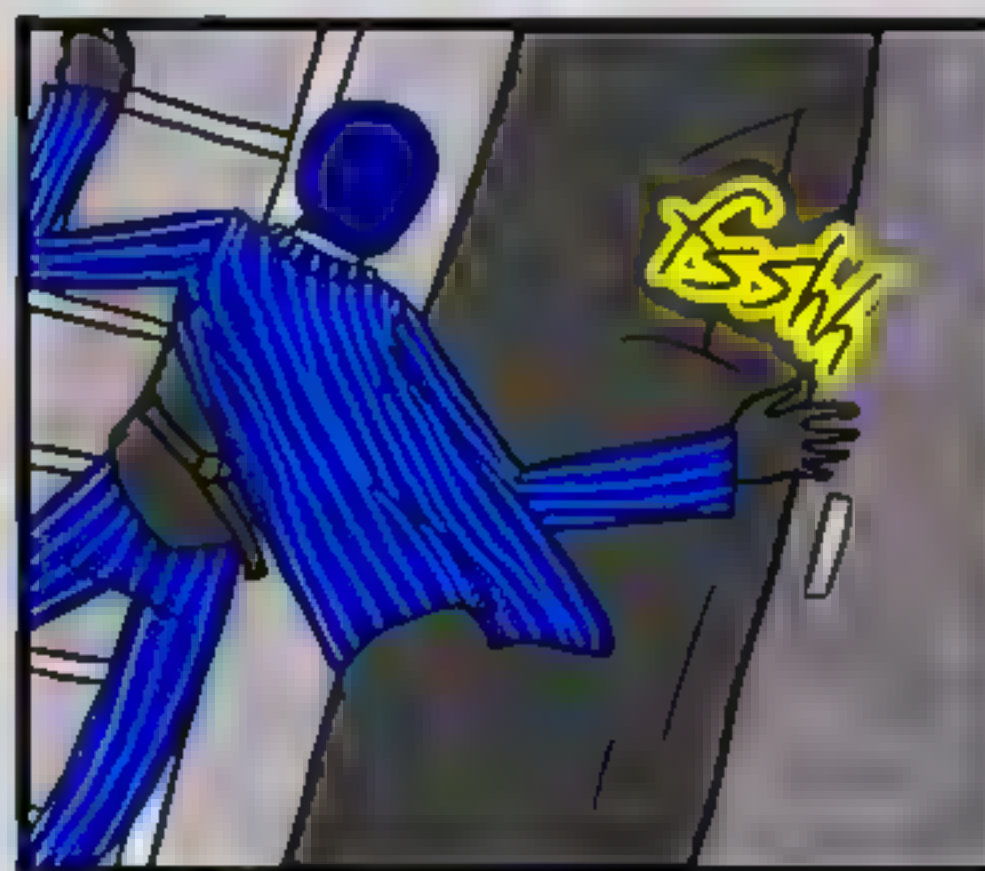
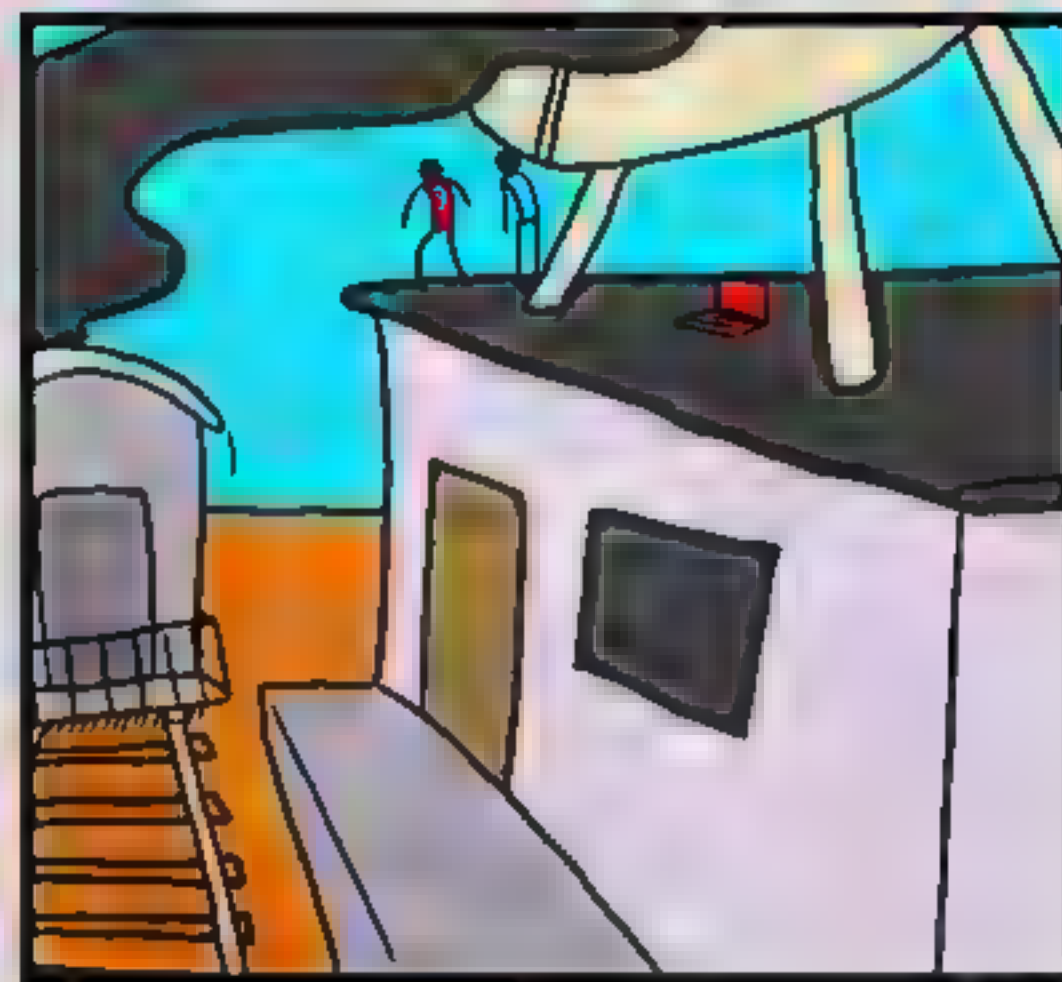
You always yell at him and stuff.

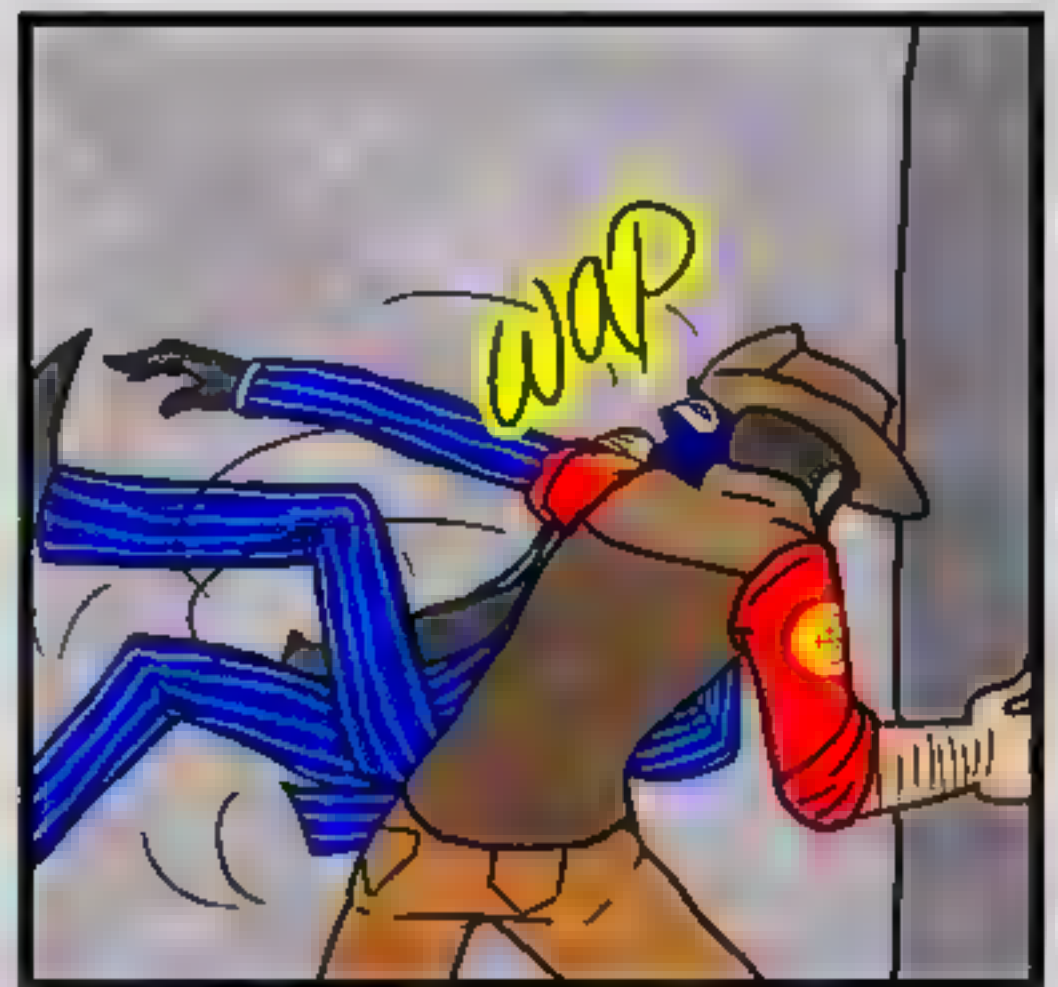
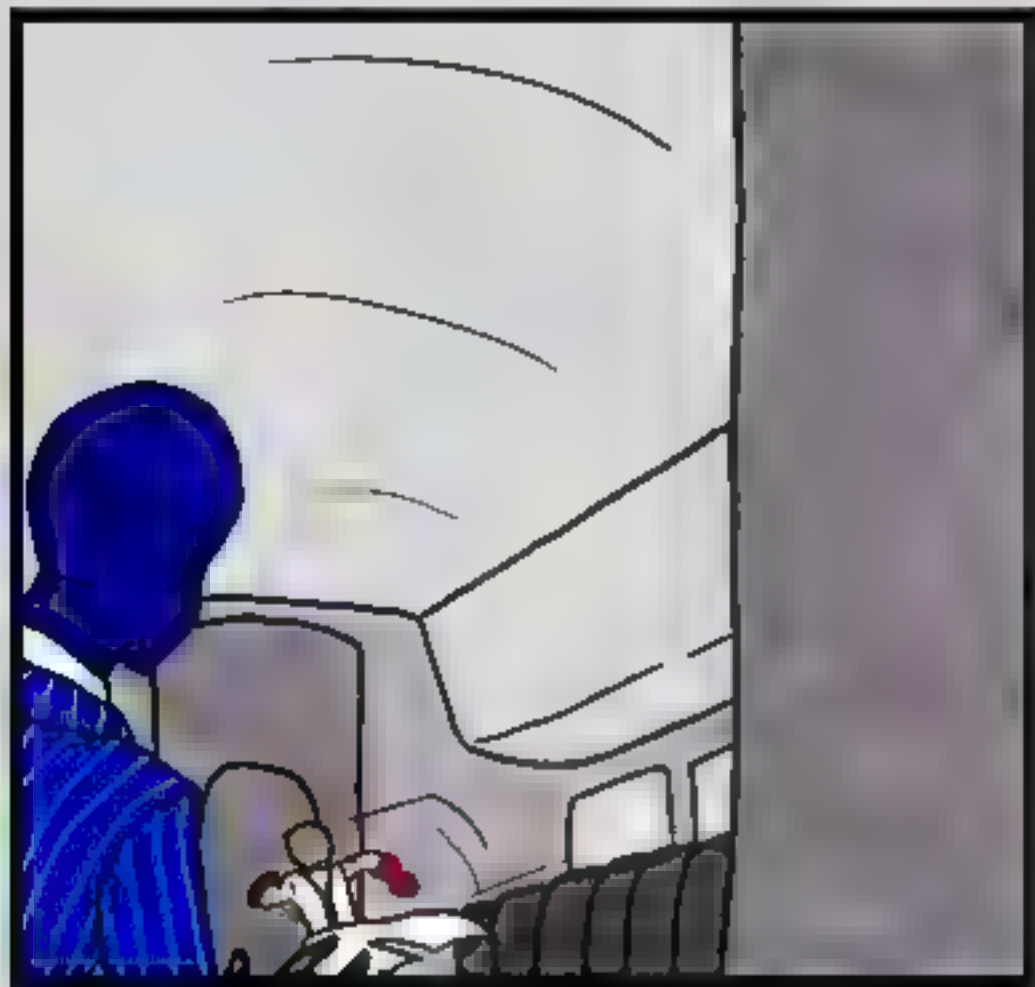
I can 'ear you, you kn-

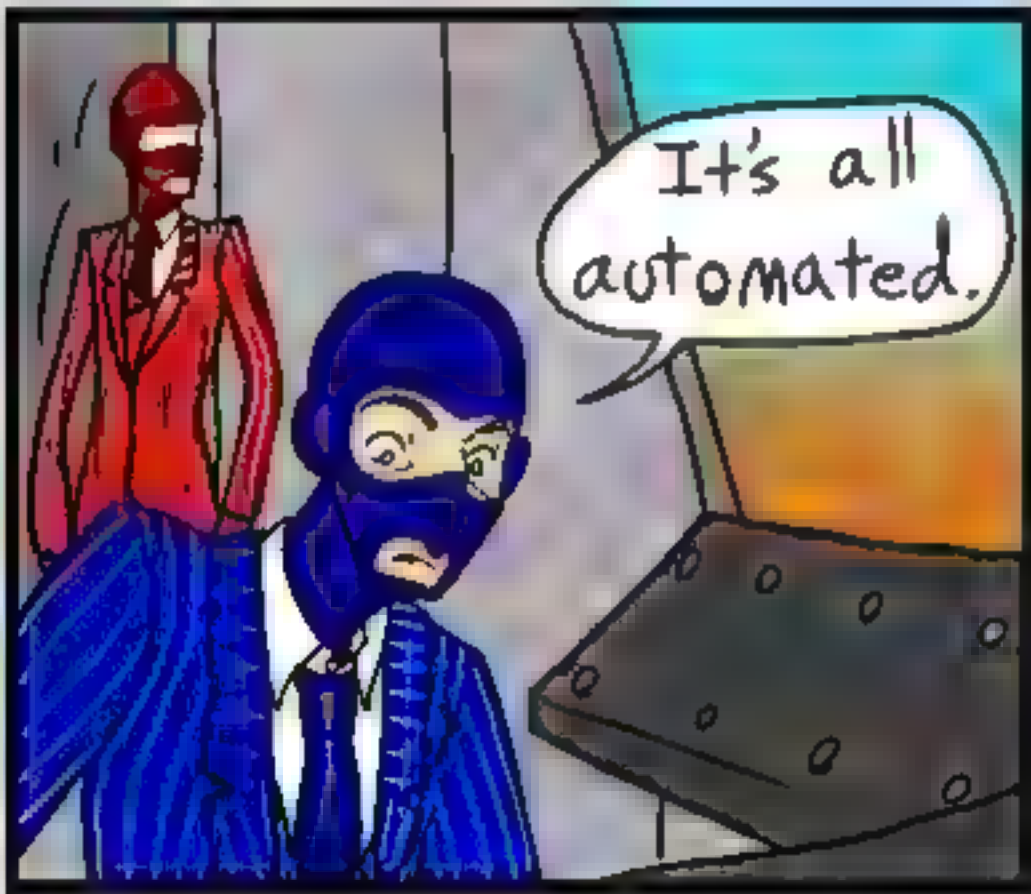
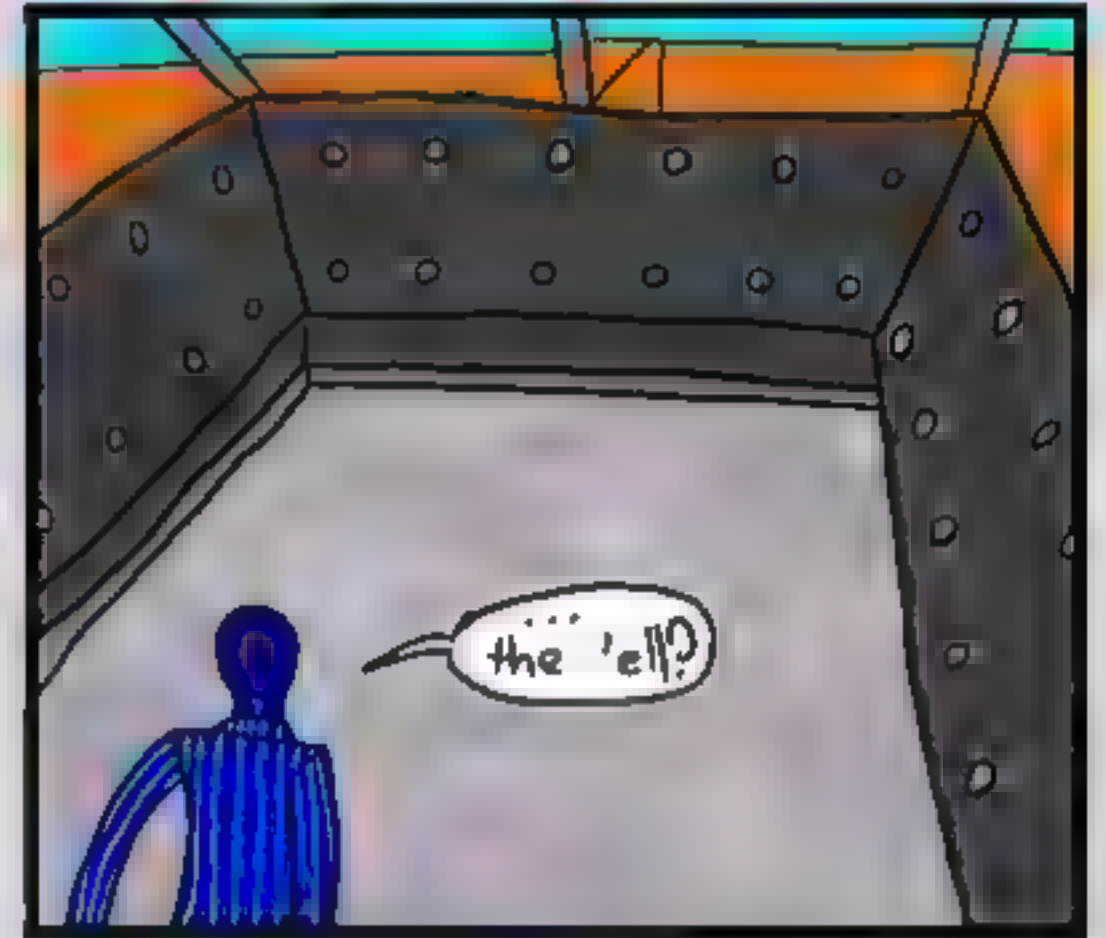
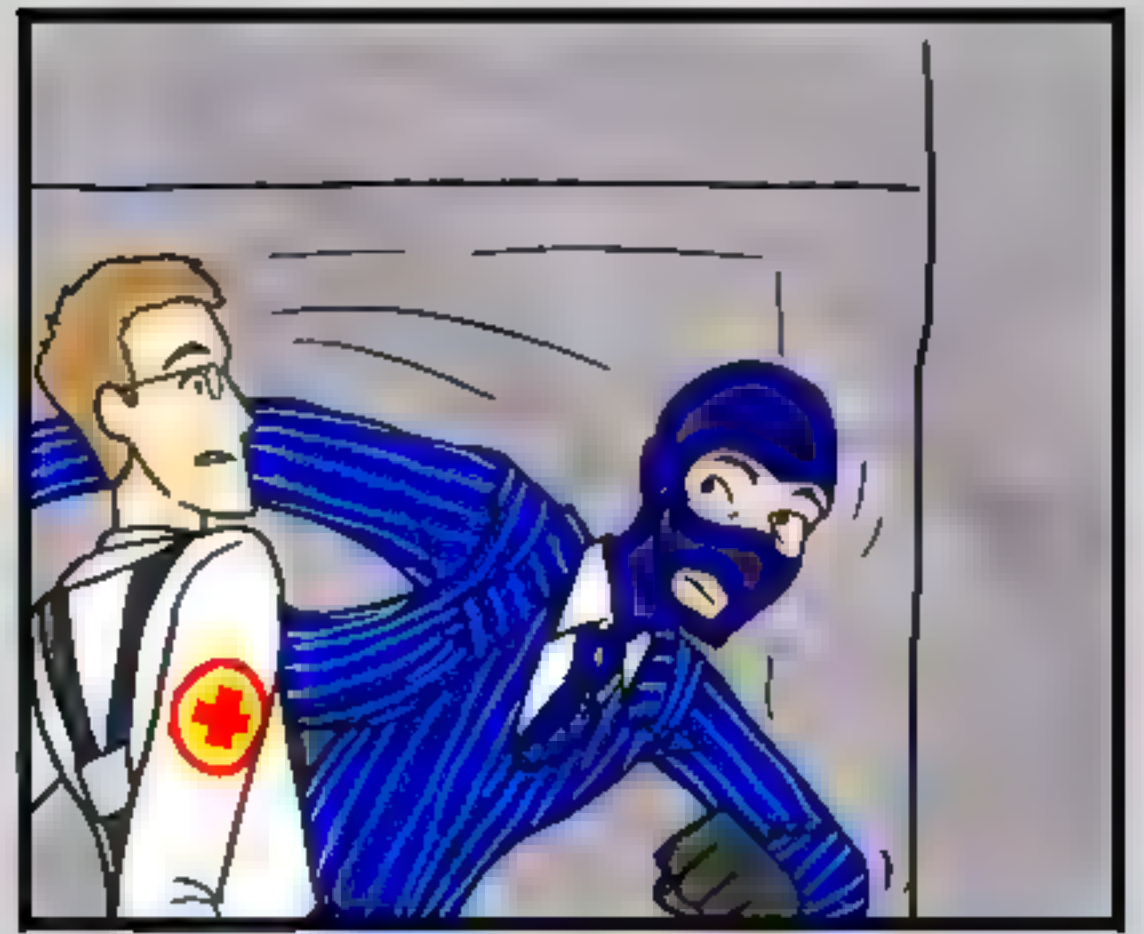


Merde.







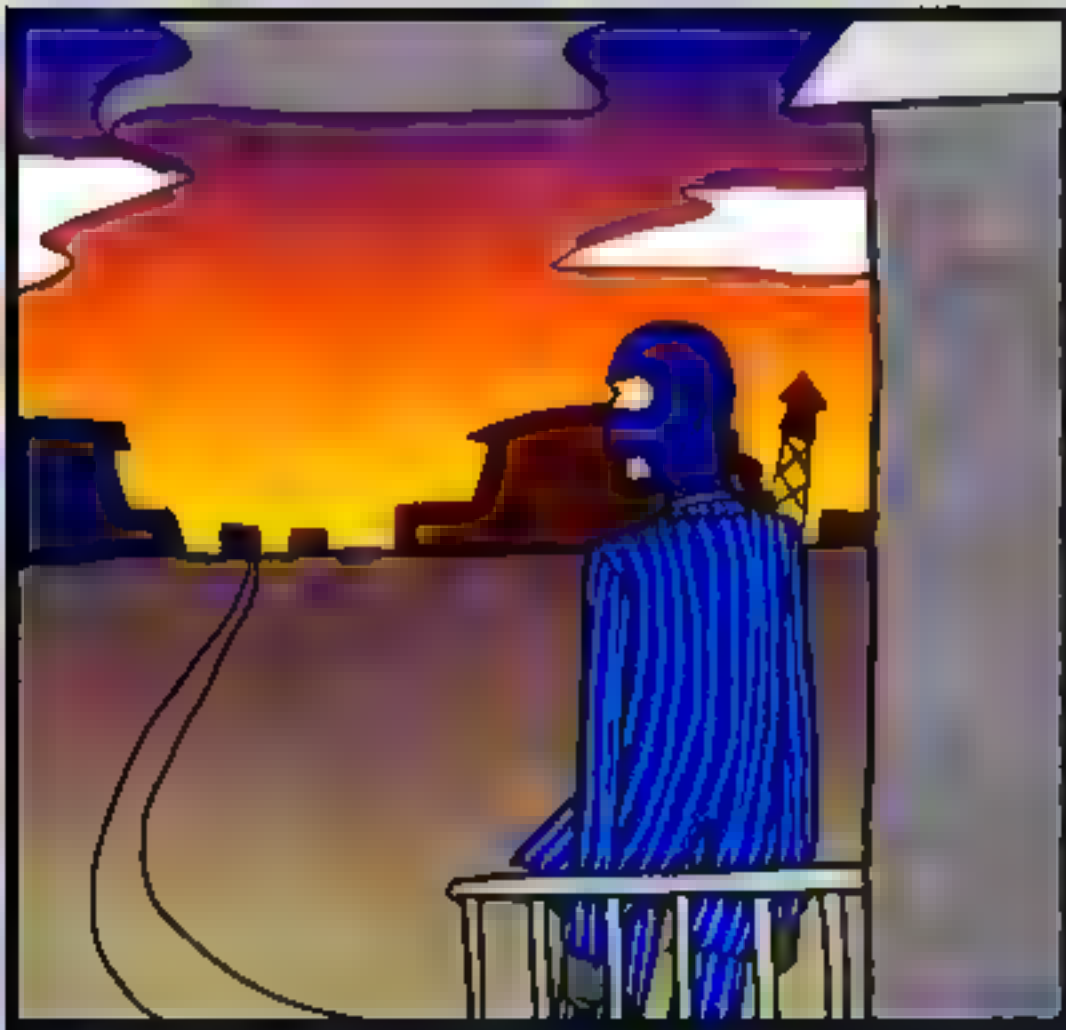




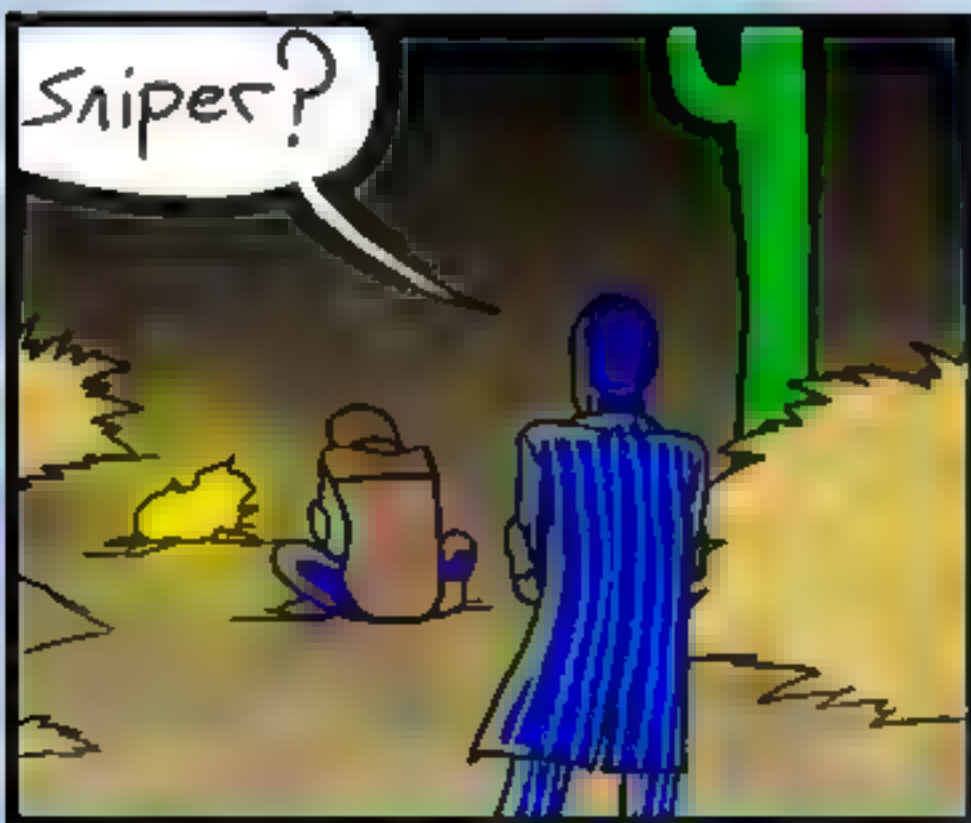
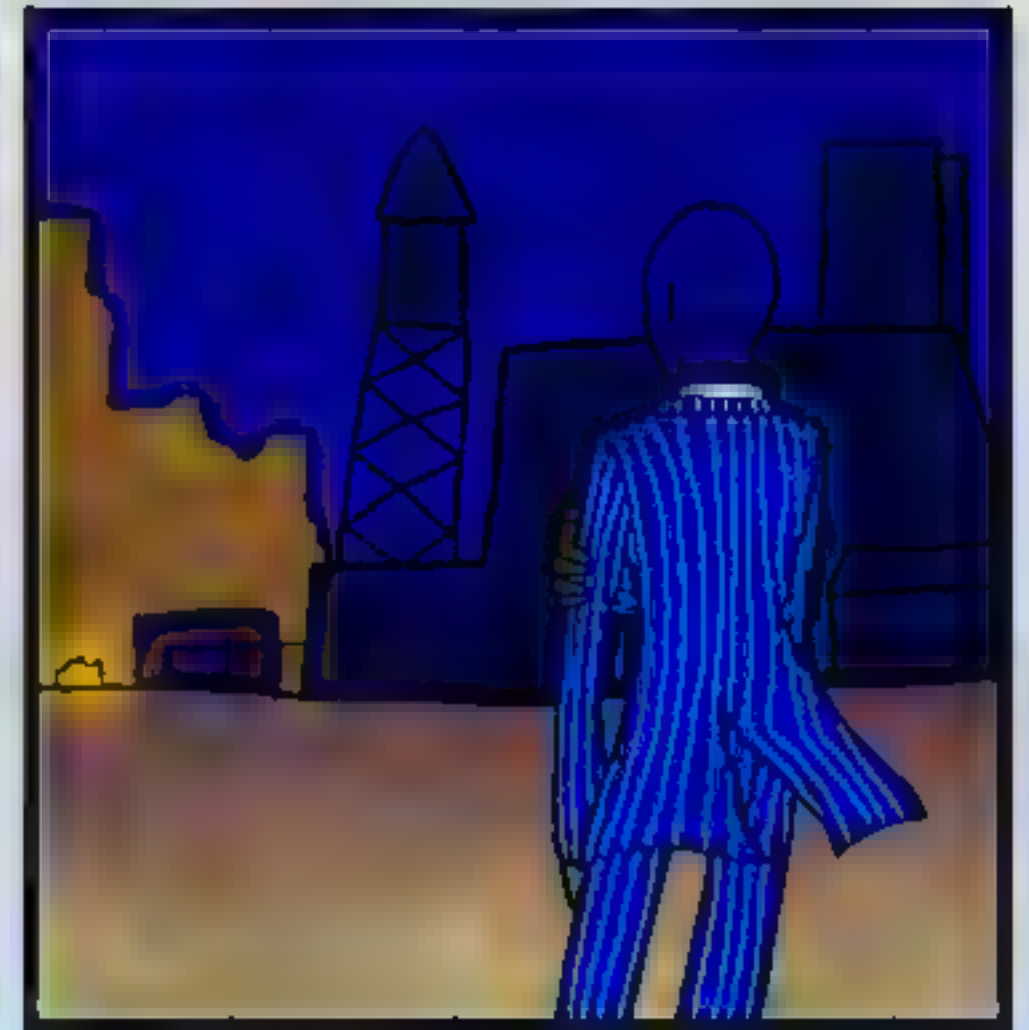
The train had begun to move again, by the time I escaped my bonds.



You know, I think I liked the previous Red Spy better.



It was dark by the time I got back.



Sniper?



I 'adn't seen you since... you know I was worried.



I don't think Red would want you to be so sad.



He didn't say anything to me.

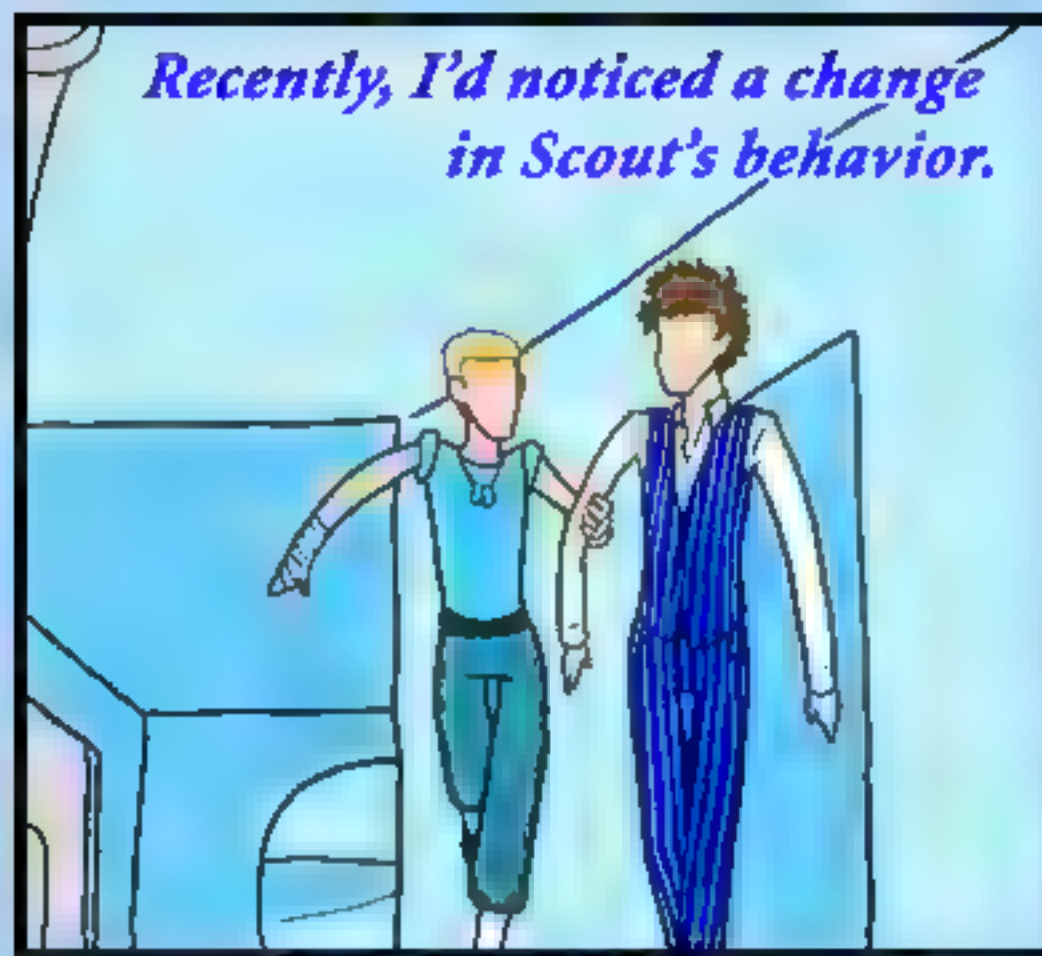


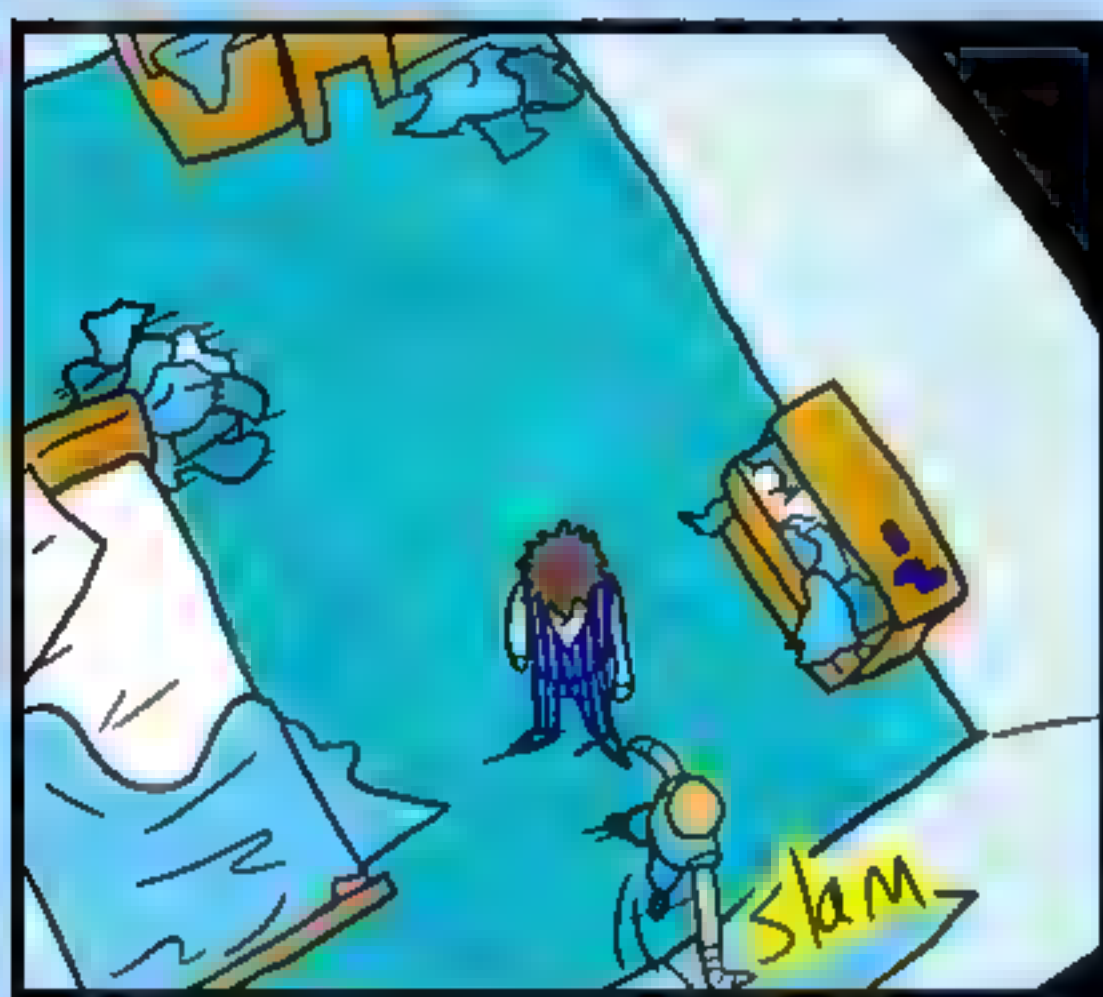
That new spy sounds like a dick.

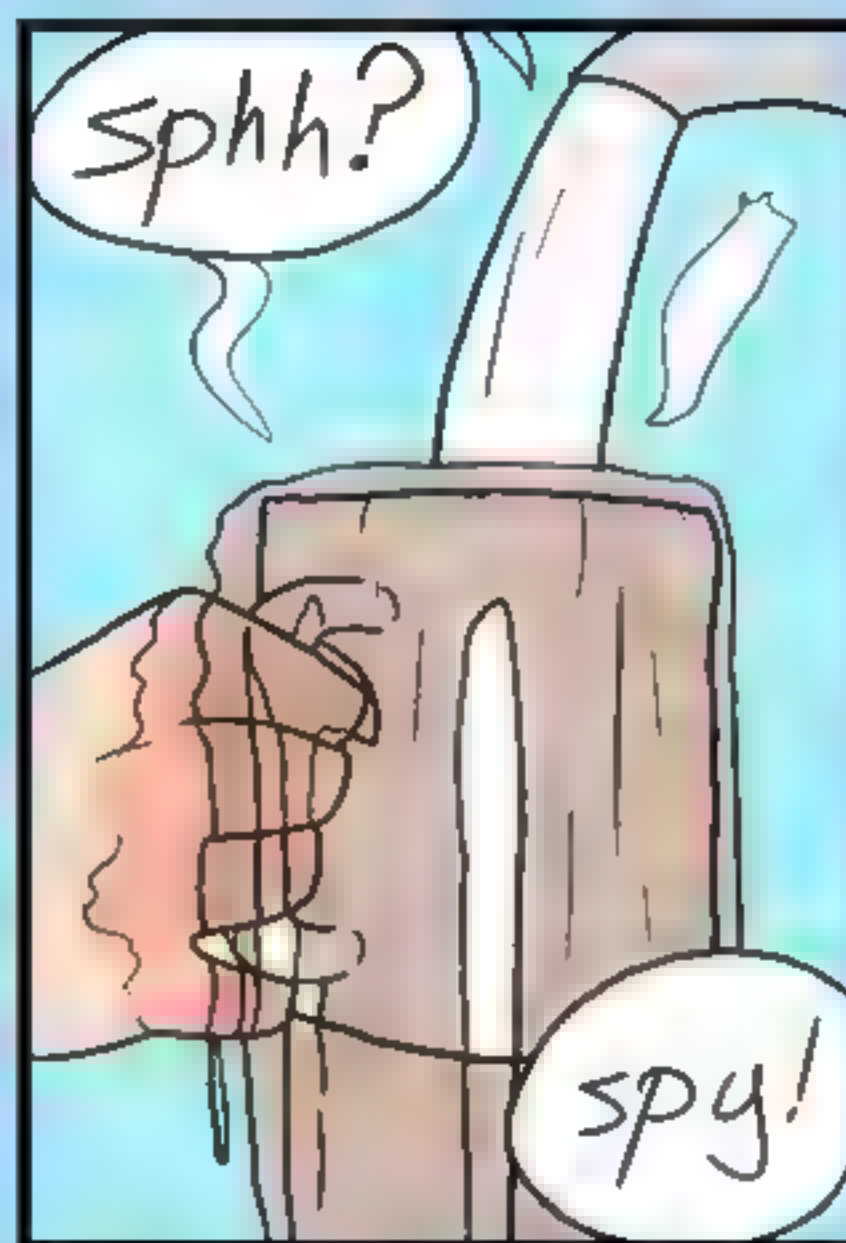
'E did put a cigarette out on my face.

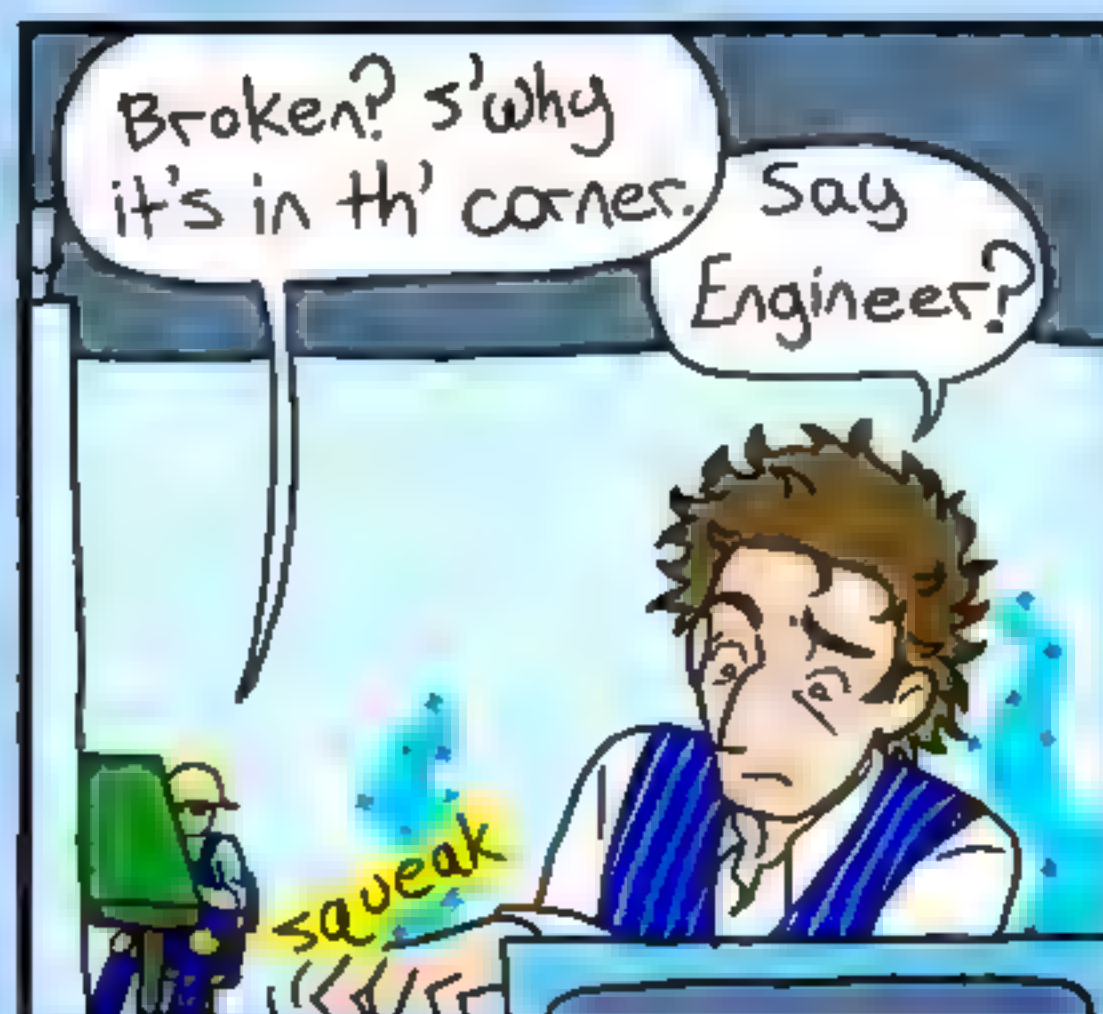
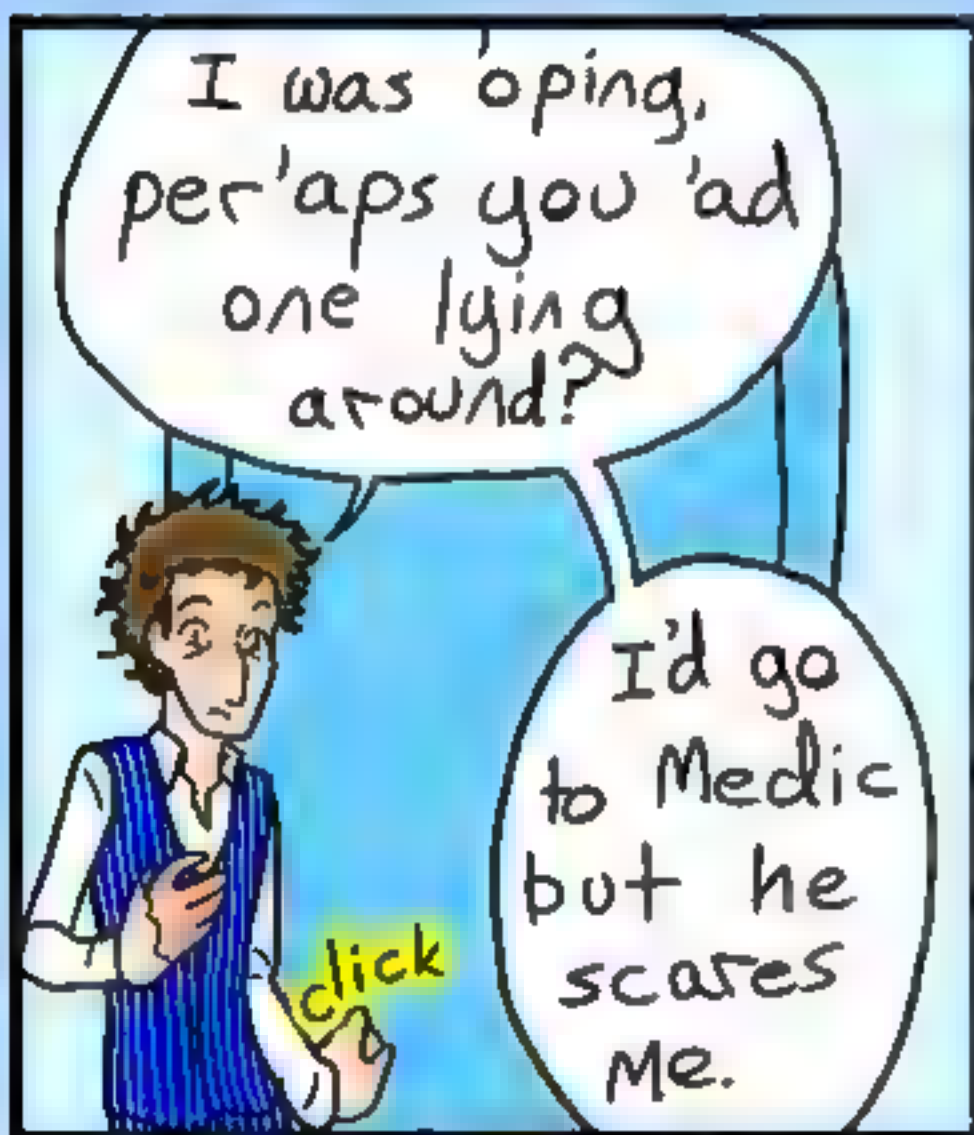
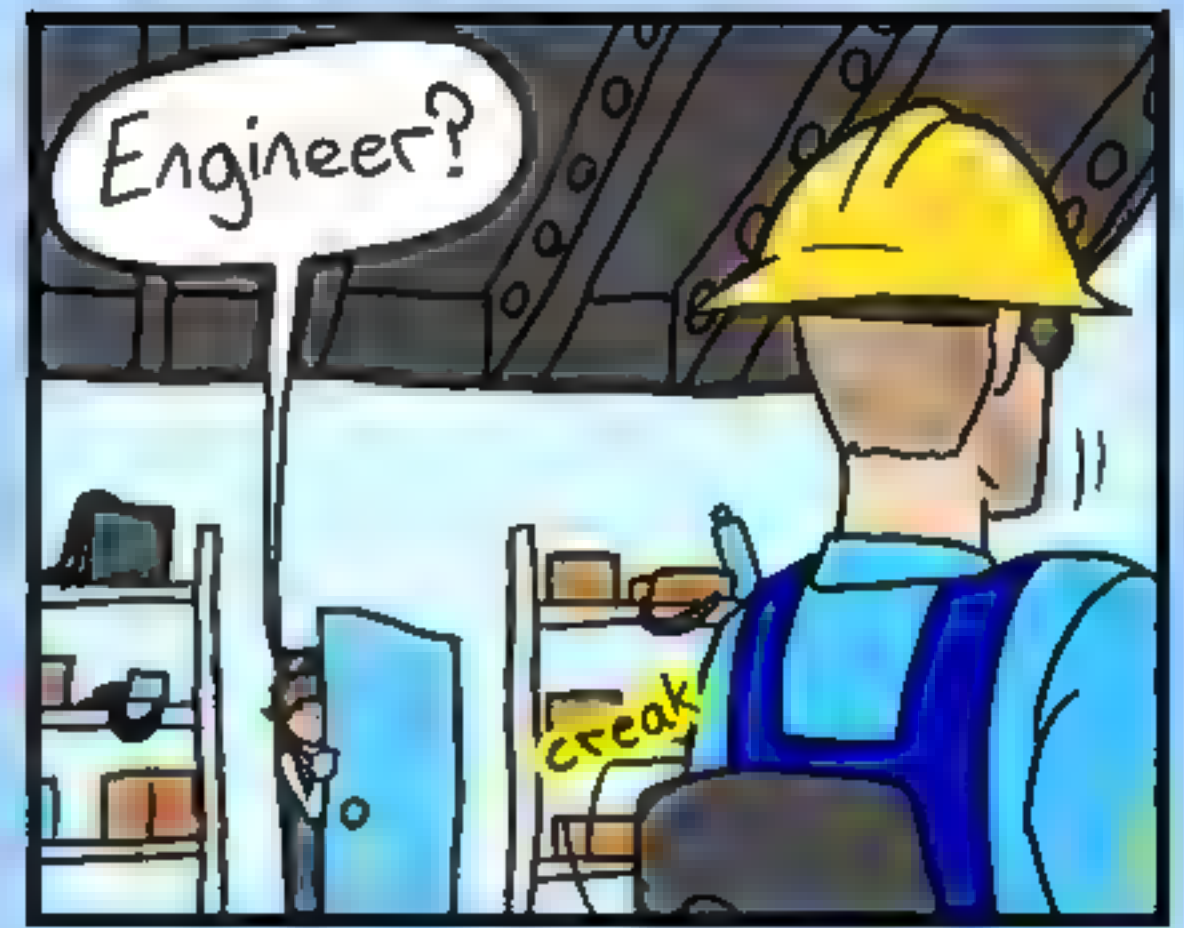


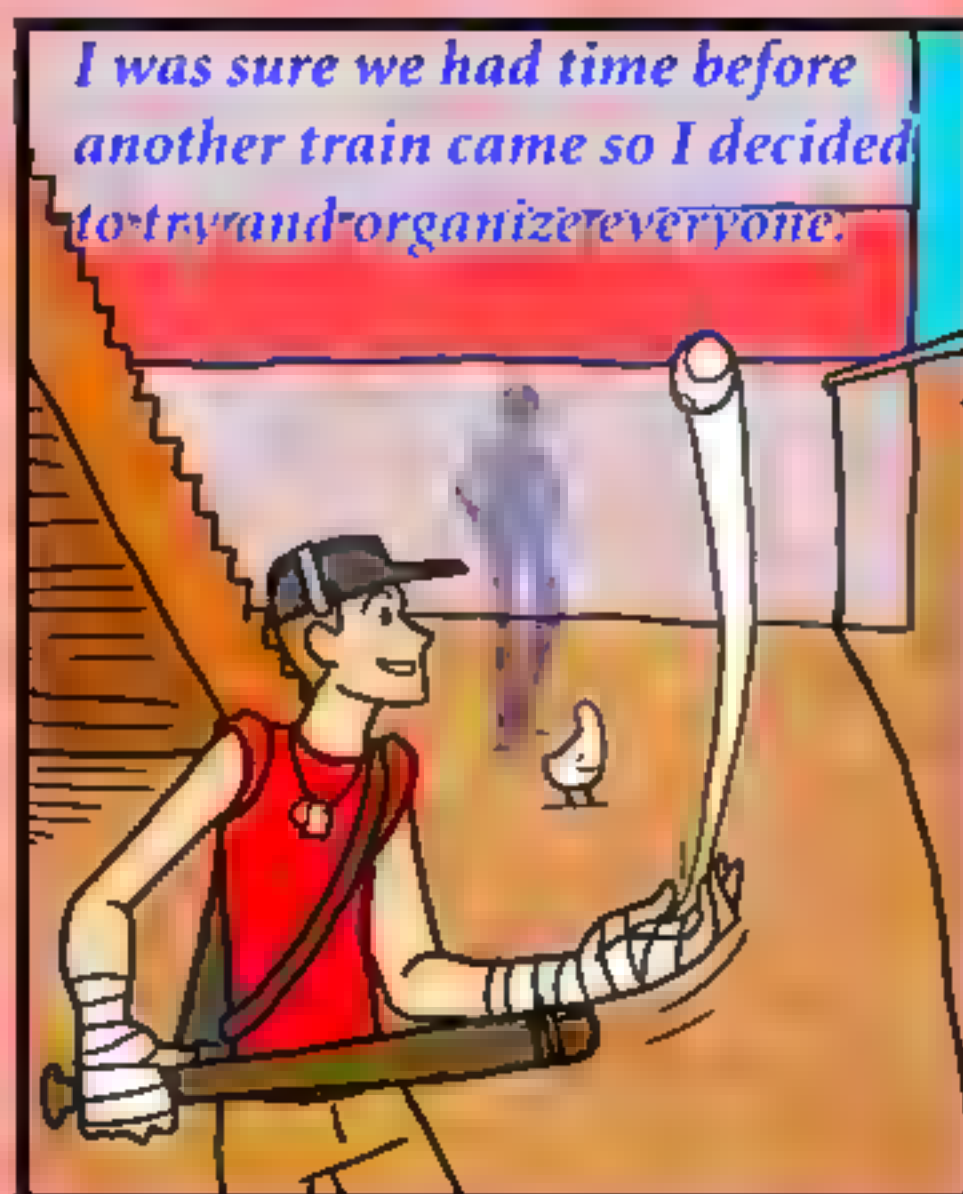
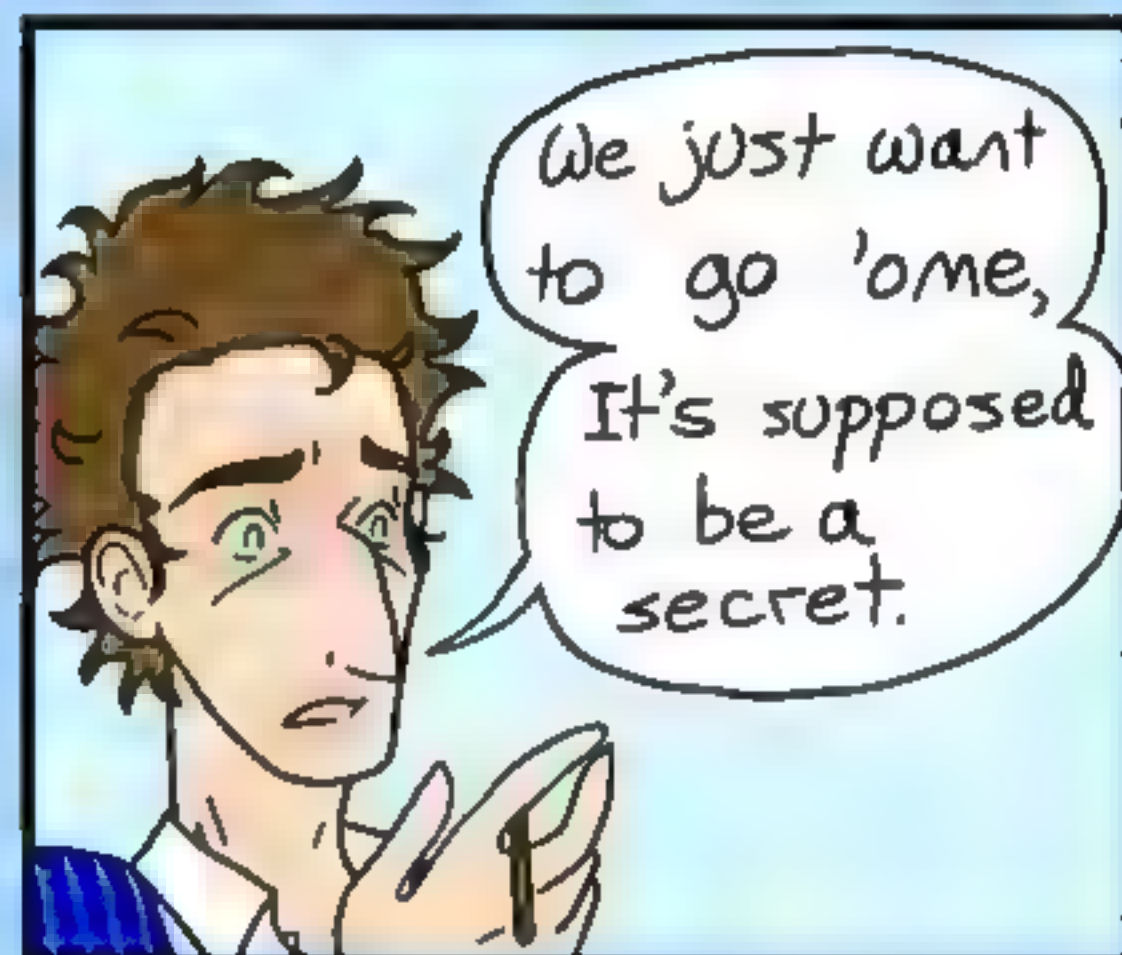
(The Medic and Sniper I'm not sure about, but stay away from the spy.

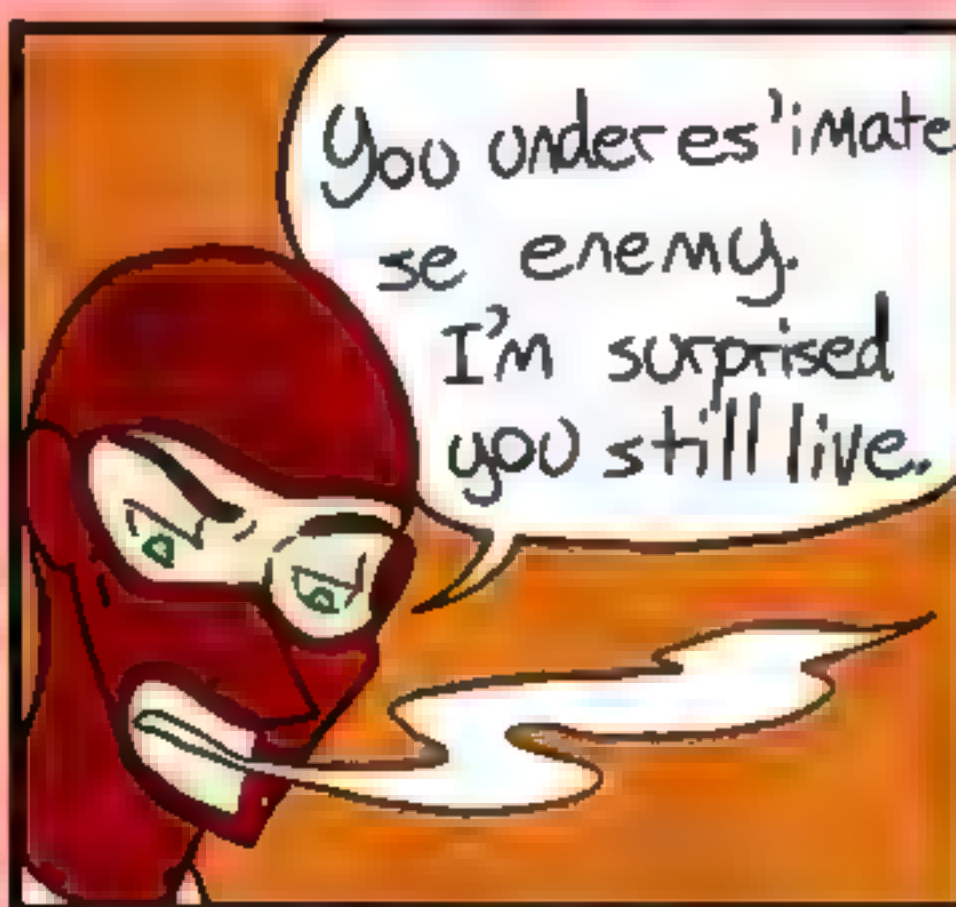
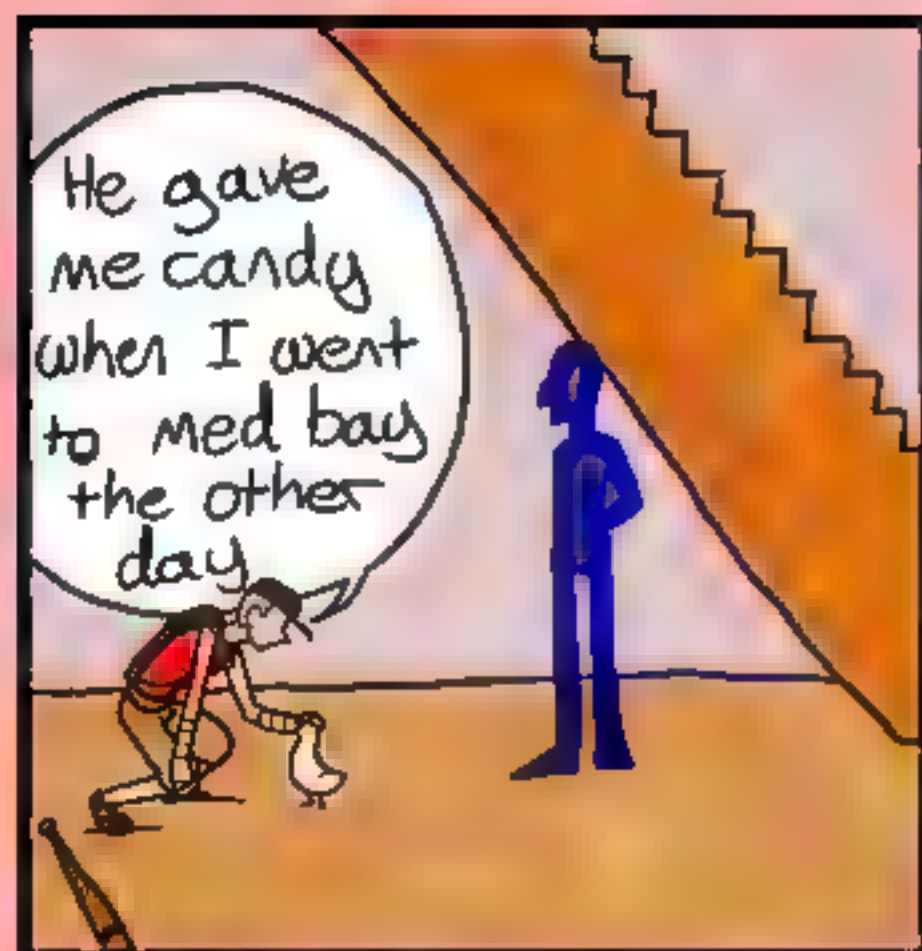


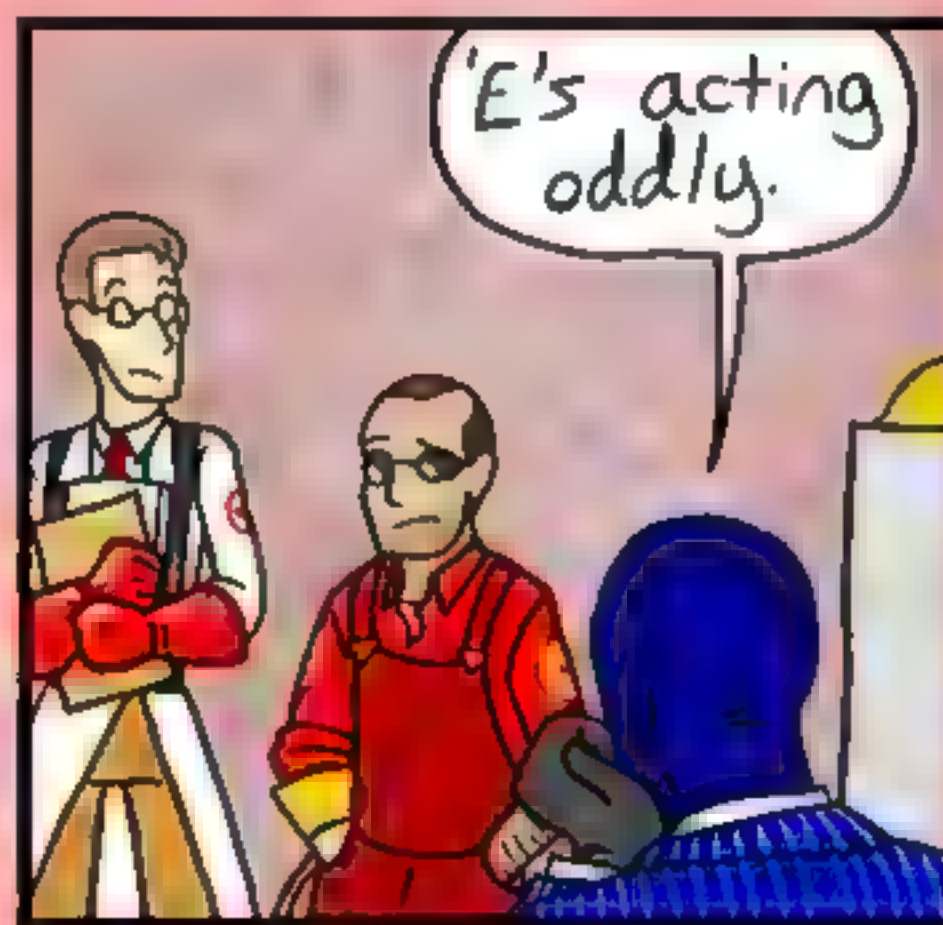
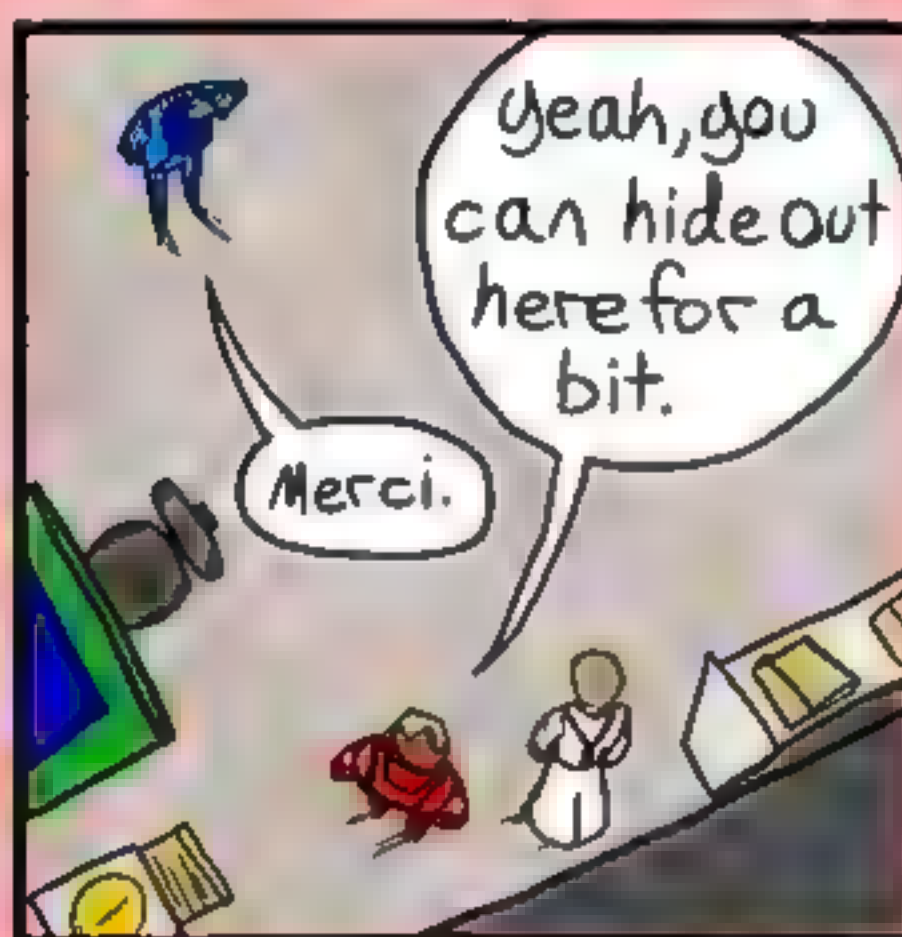




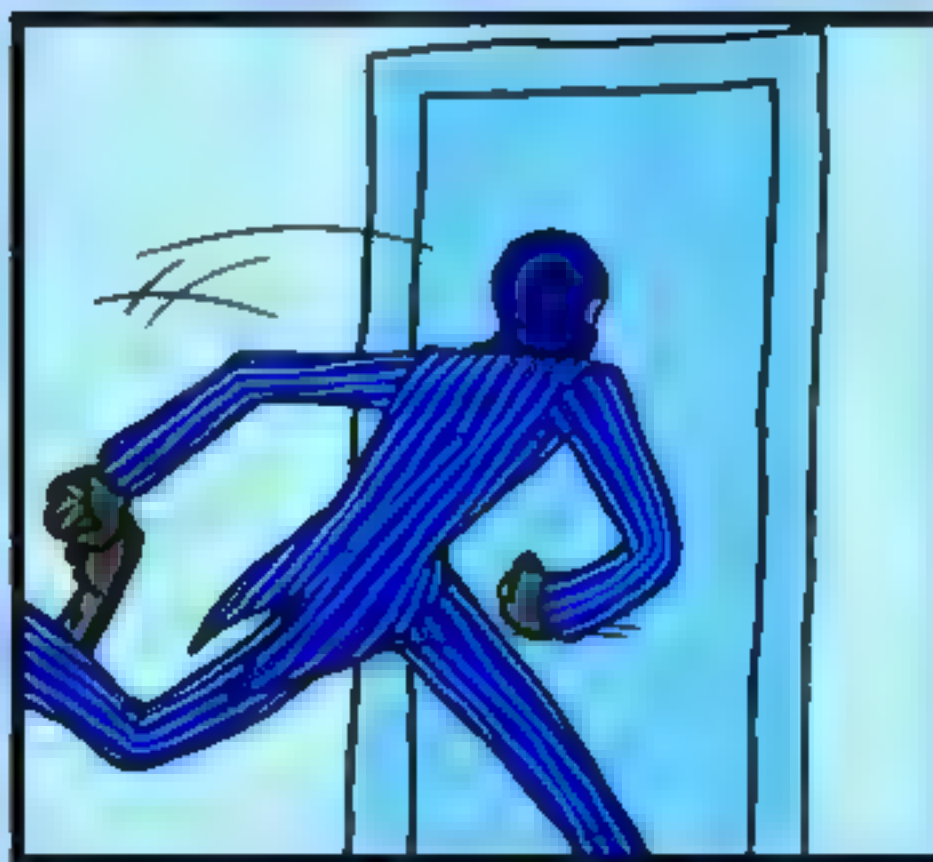


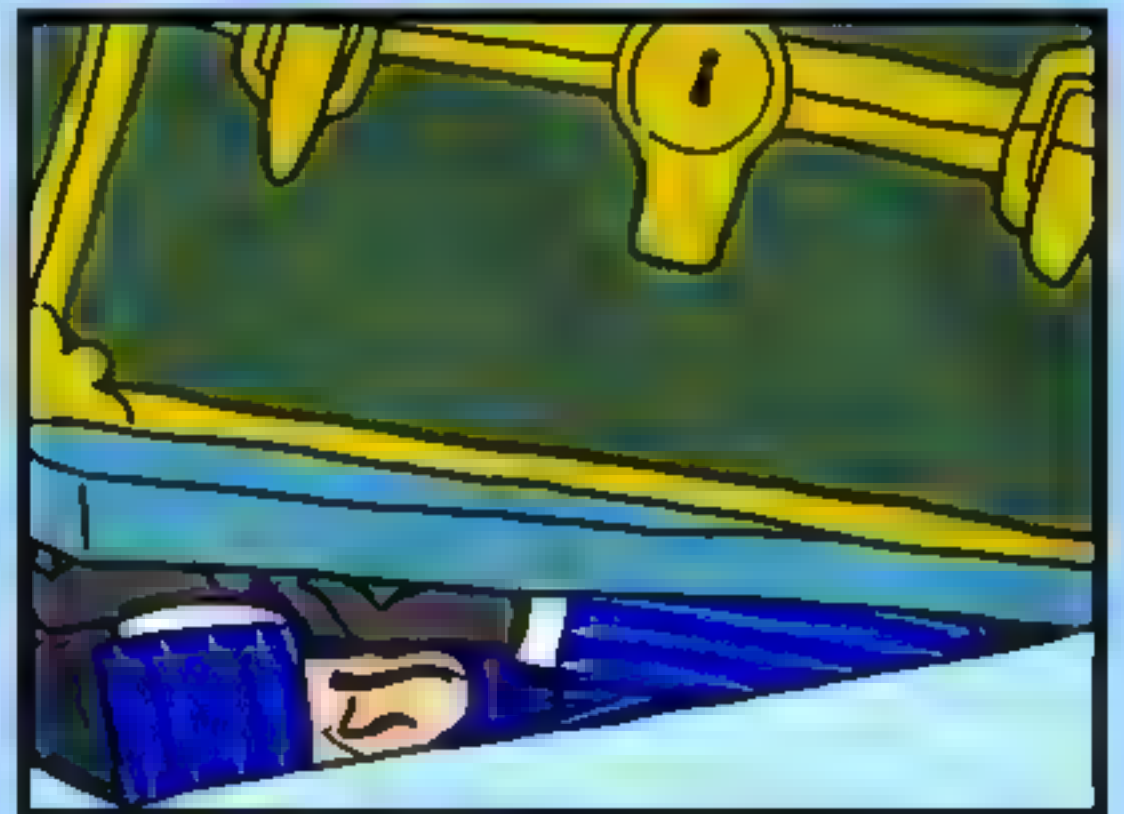
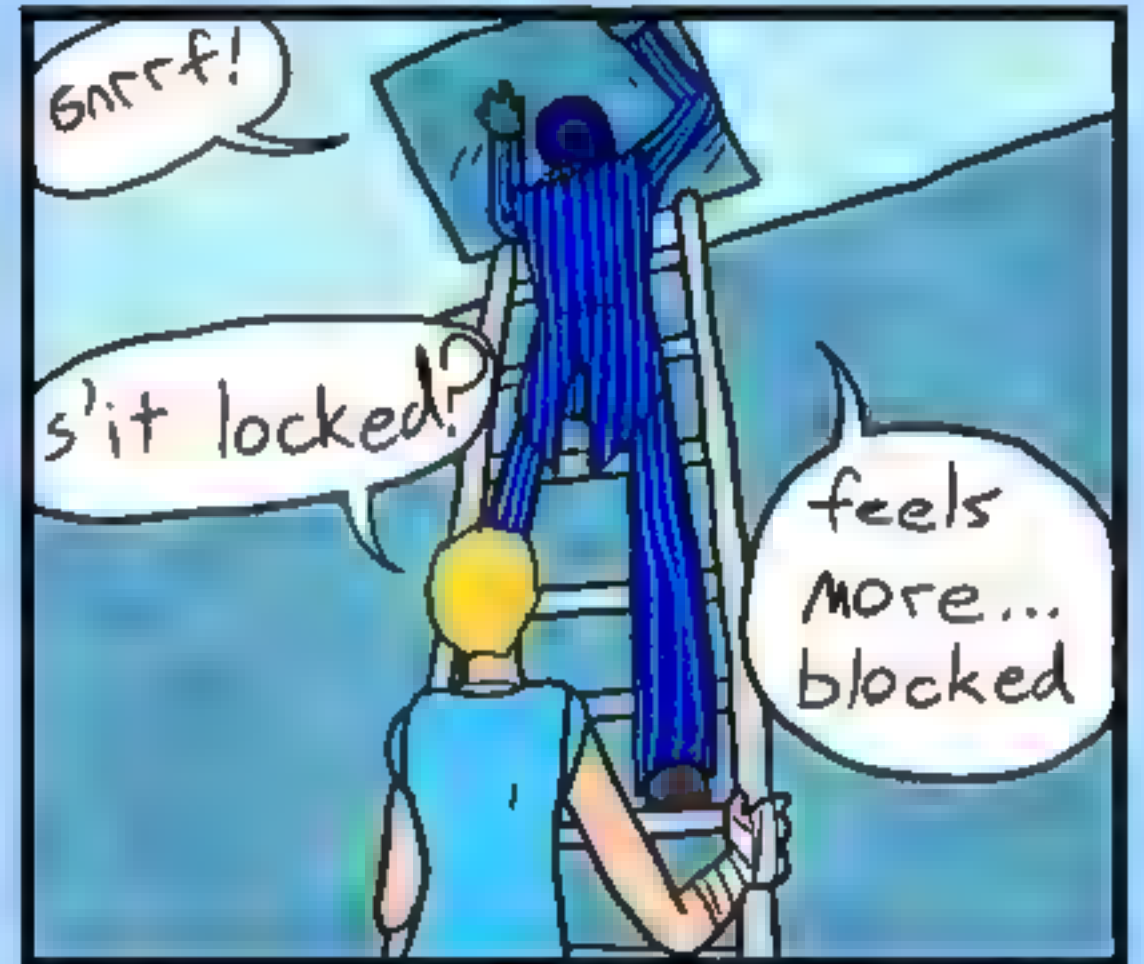
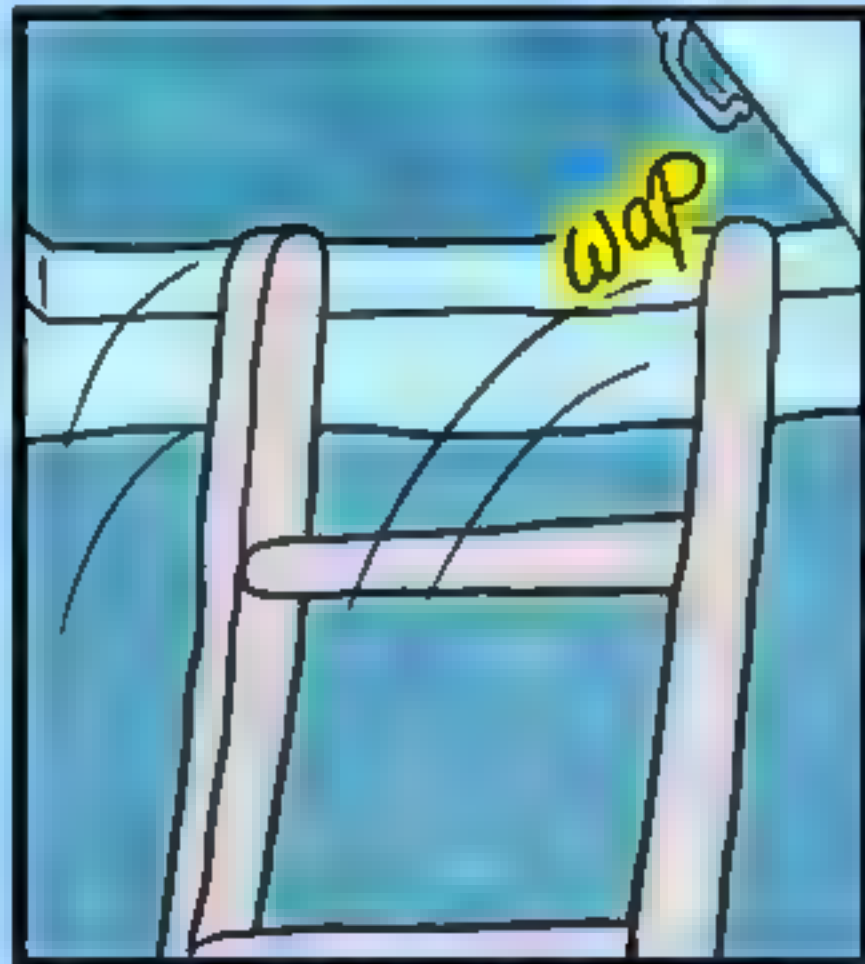


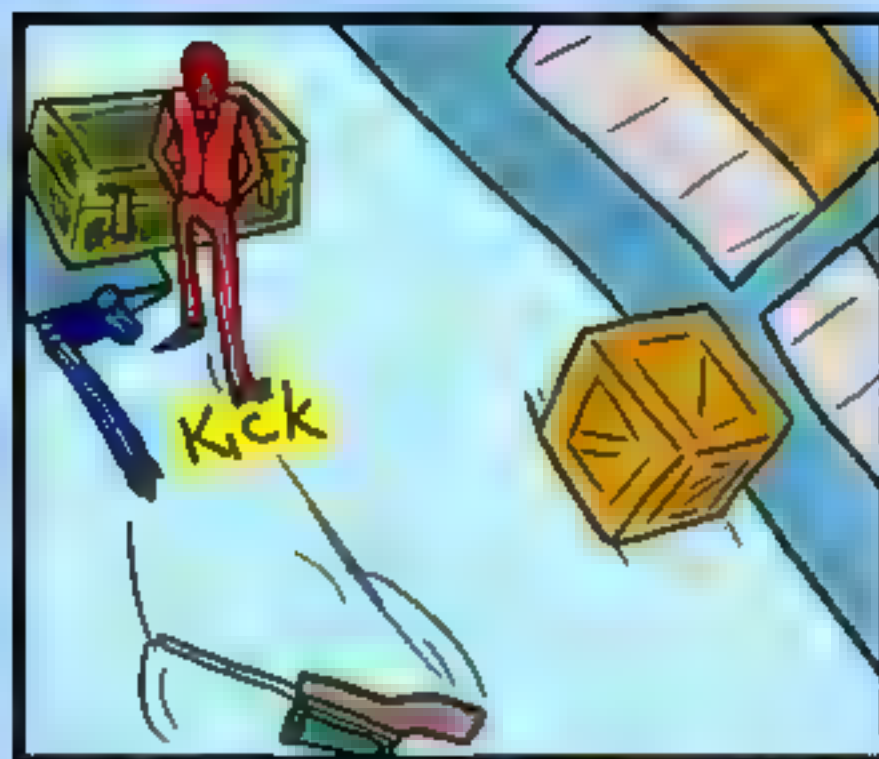
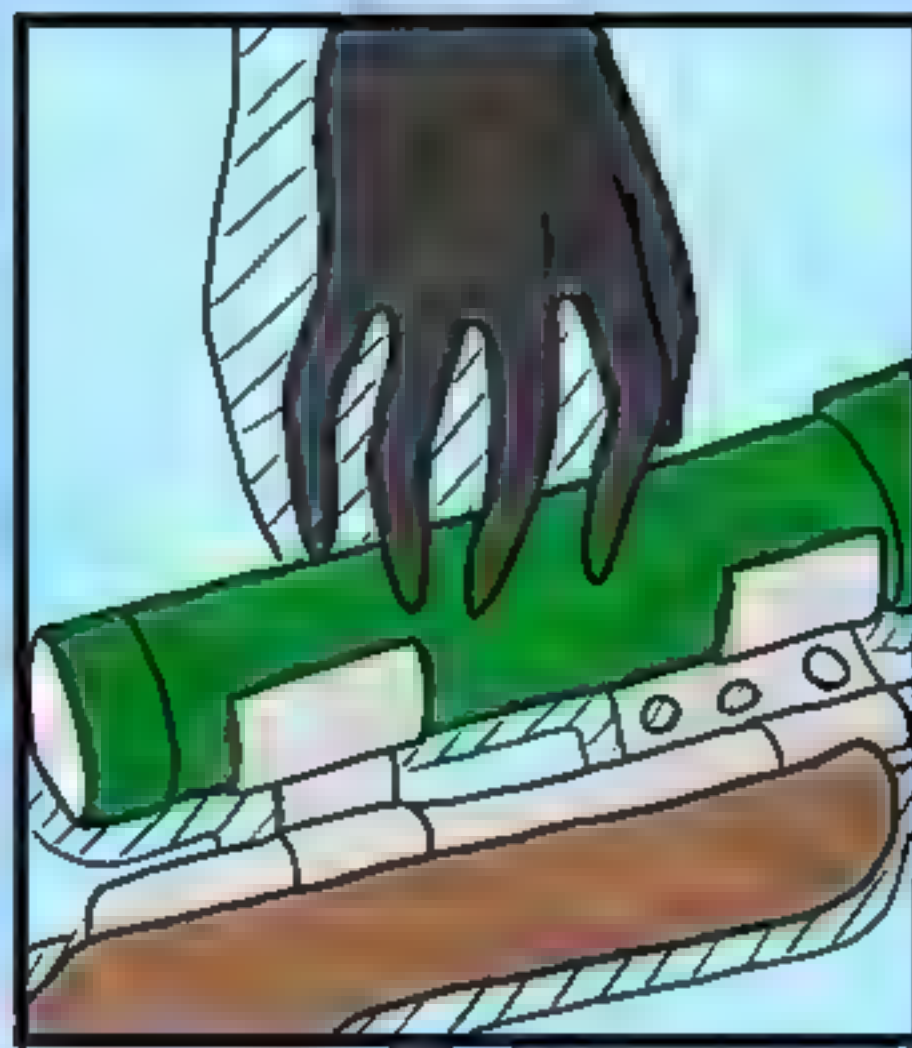


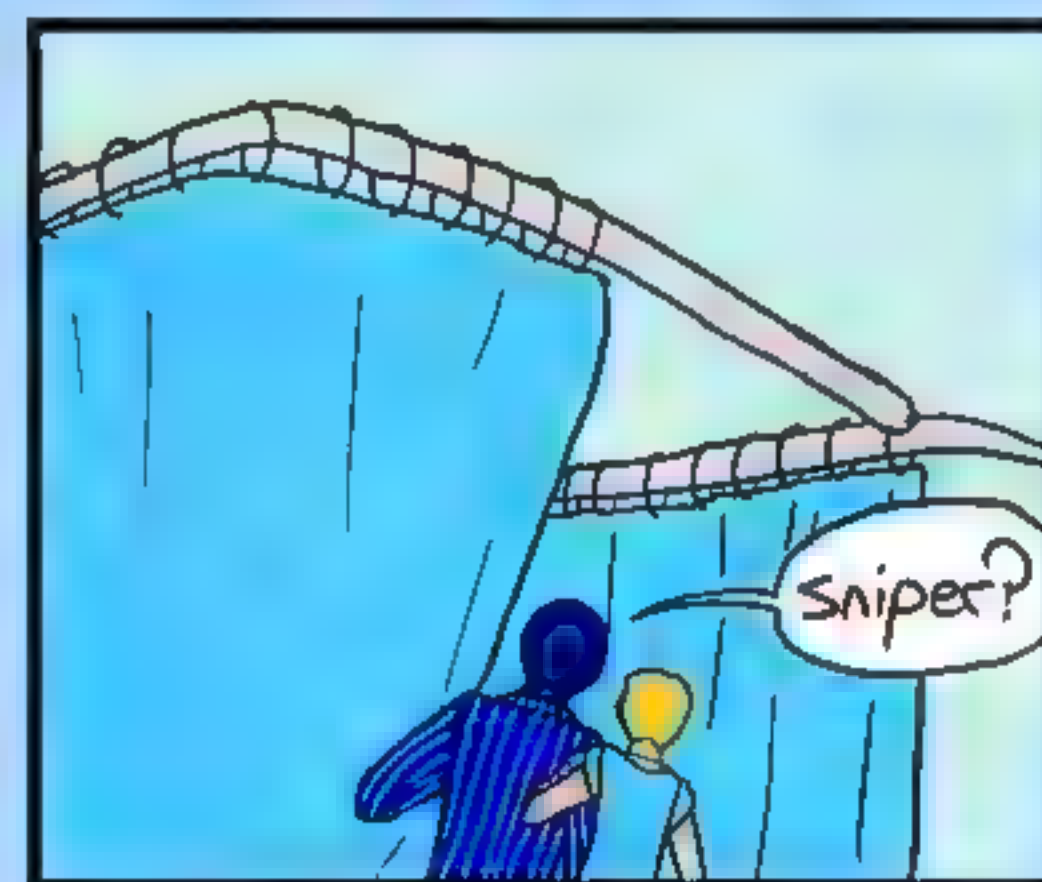












I didn't want to leave Sniper alone, particularly with Medic, but he insisted.



I regret not trying harder to stay.



So what are we going to do if that guy comes back?



I expect he will come back, but if he wanted Sniper dead 'e would 've killed 'im already.



We'll check on 'im in the morning. In the mean time try not to go anywhere alone.



Okay. I'll just, uh, stay with you then.

Someone's gotta protect you.



Scout and I went to check up on Sniper first thing in the morning.



Where is 'e?



Oh, I'm afraid he didn't make it through the night.



Bullshit! 'E was blind, but 'e was going to live!



He asked me to do it. It was the most humane thing given the situation.

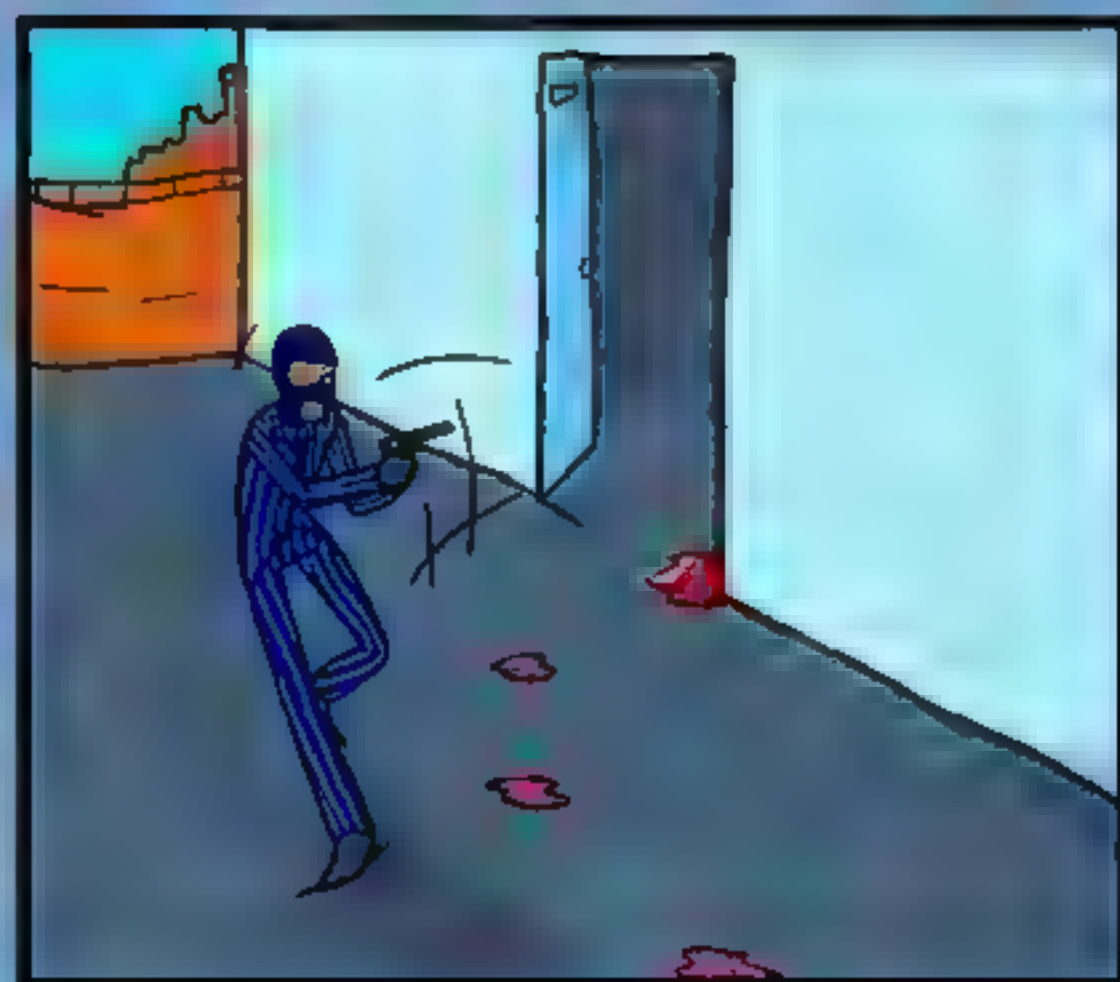
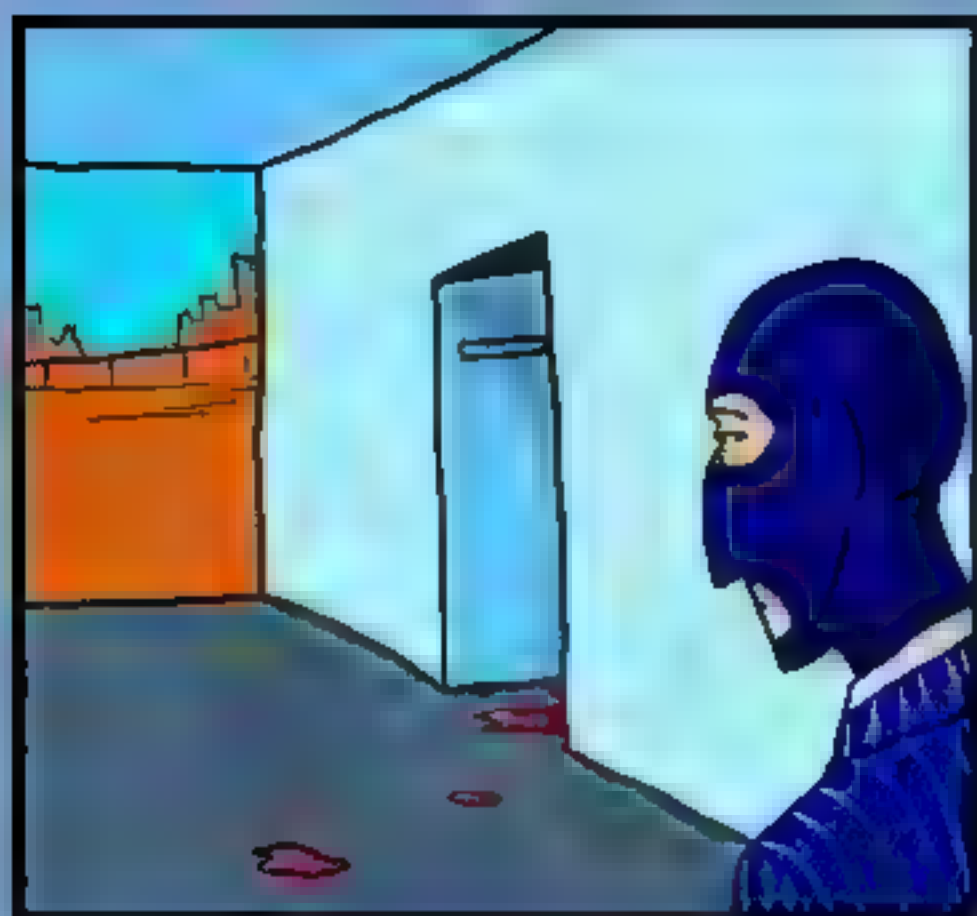
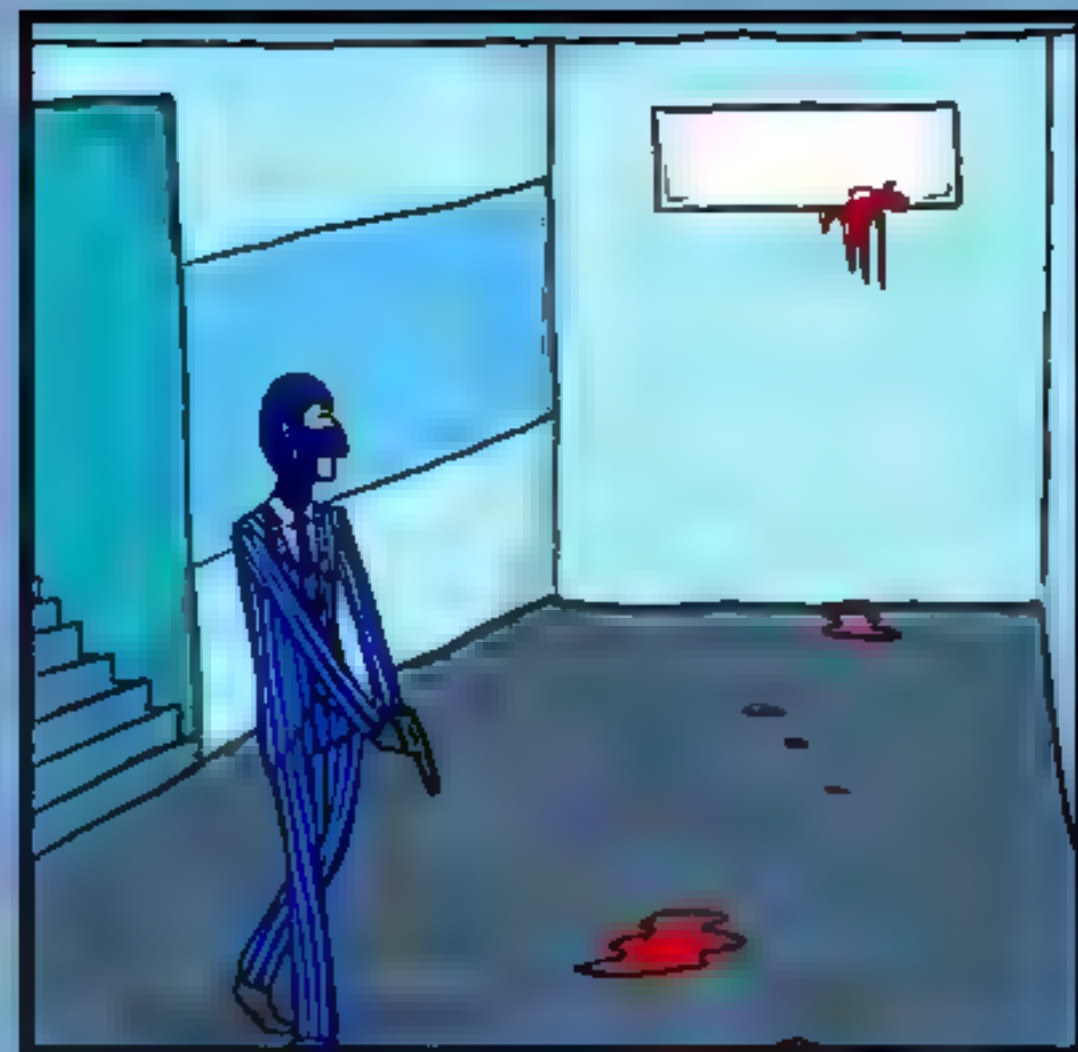


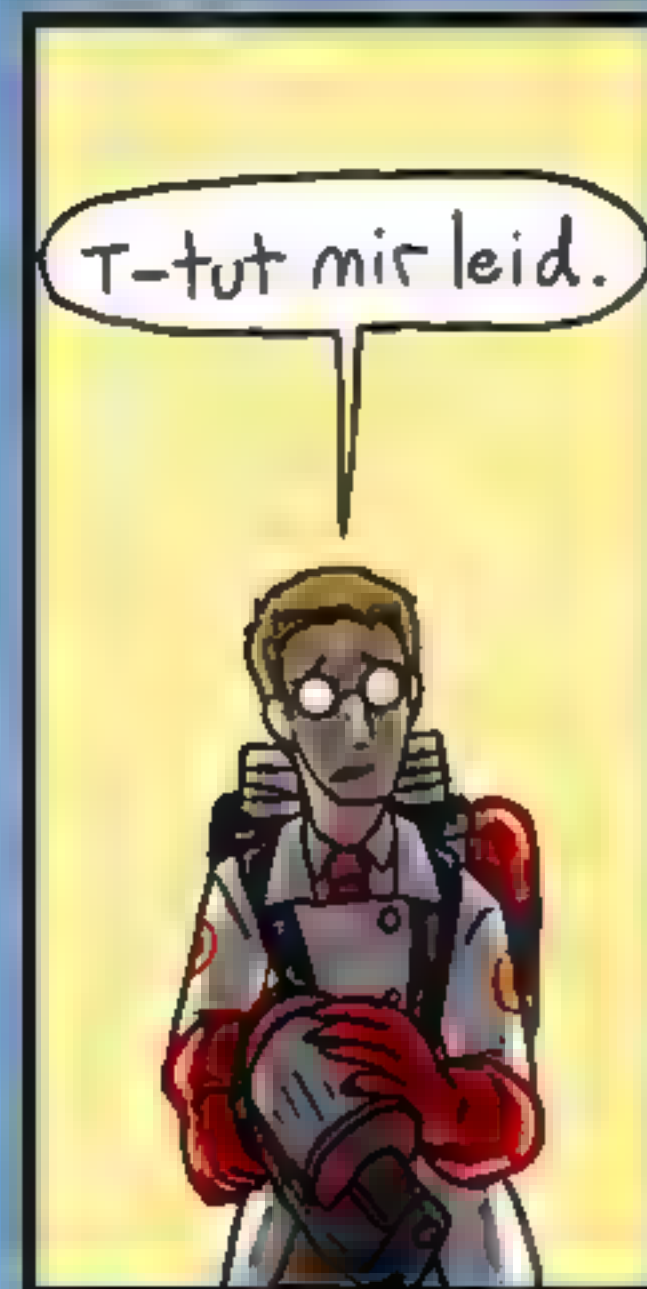
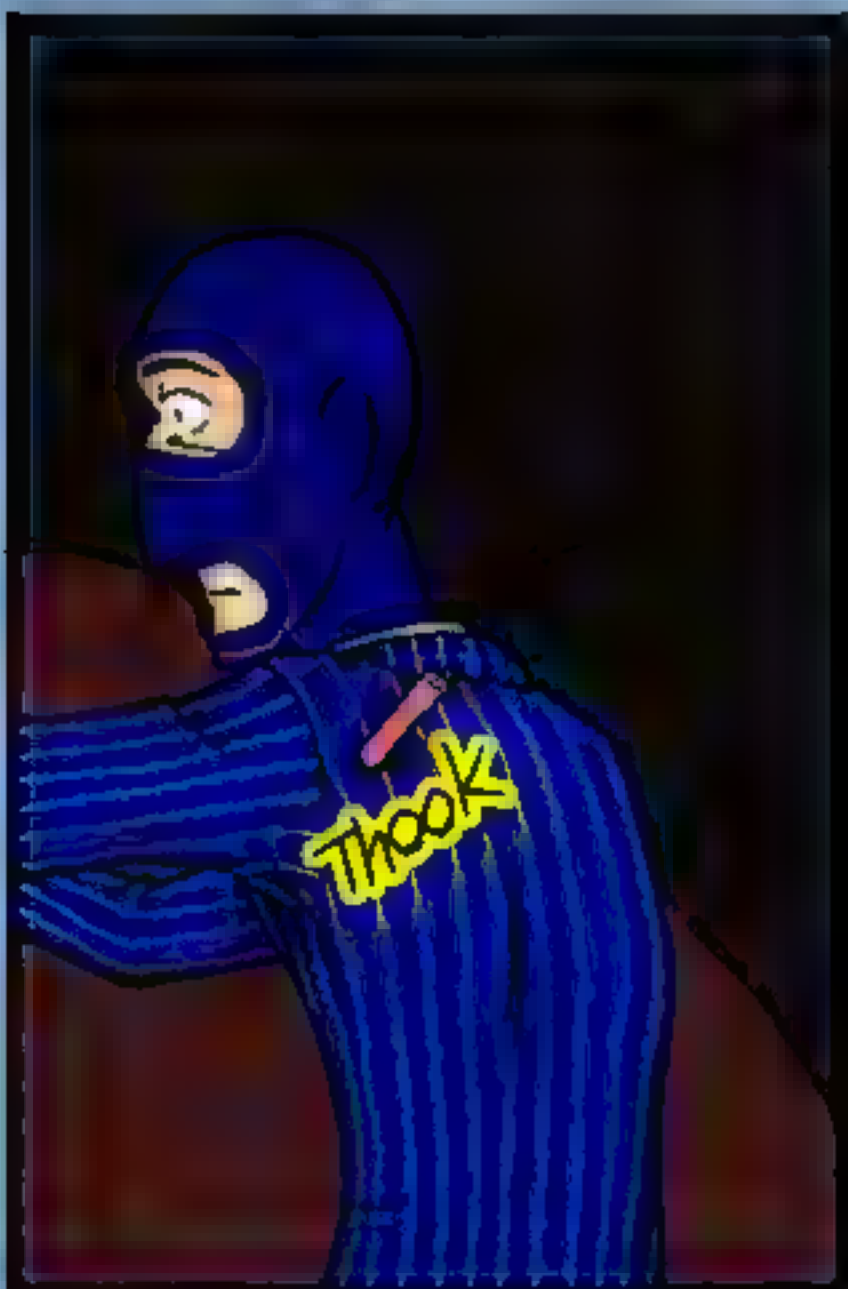
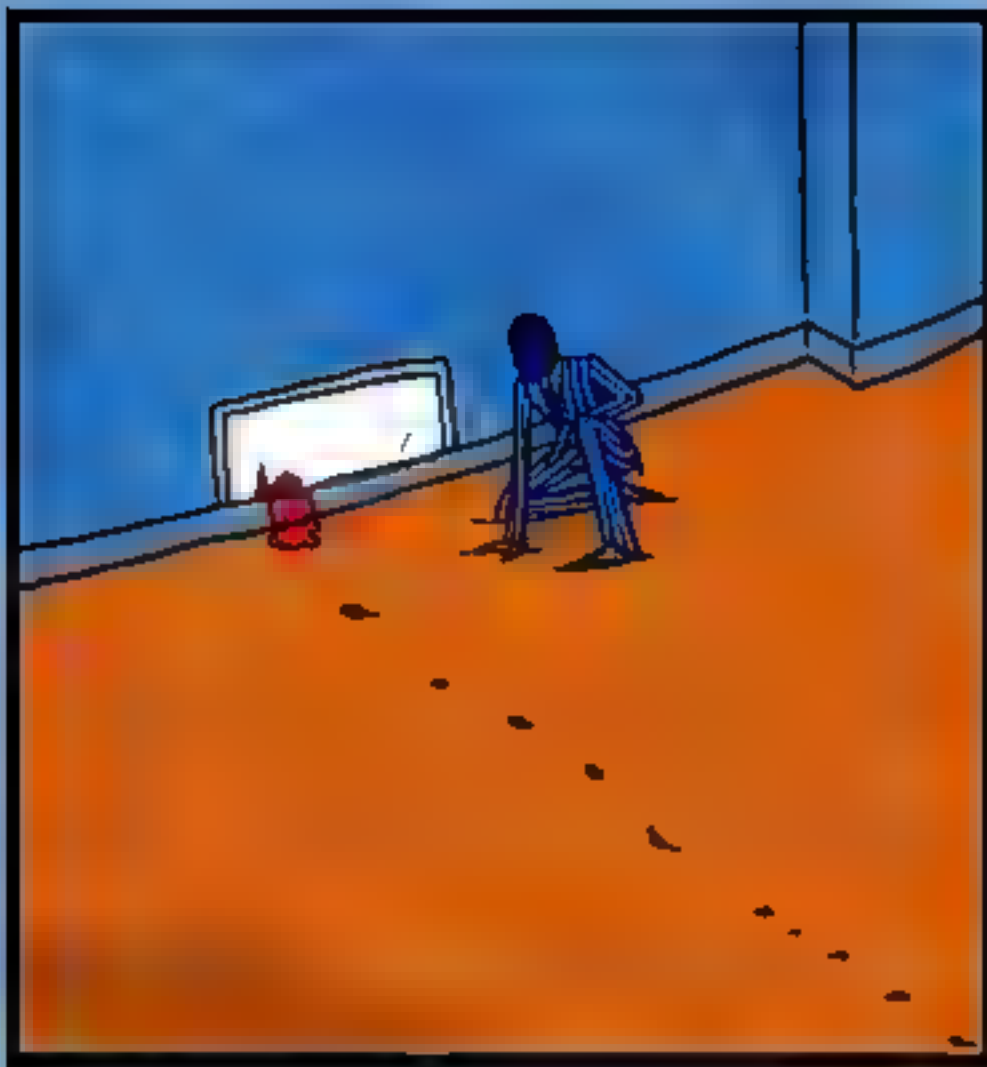
That doesn't make it okay!

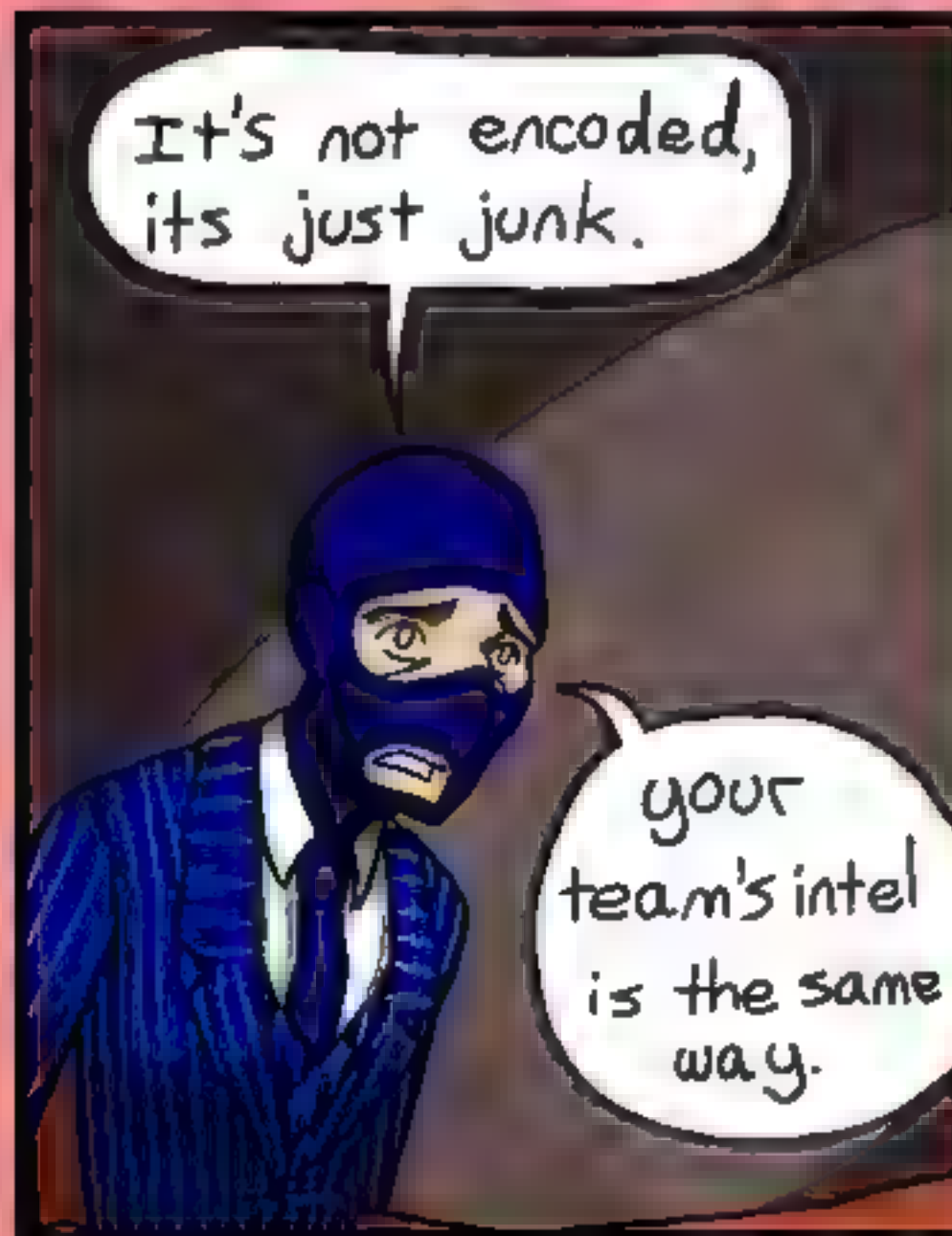
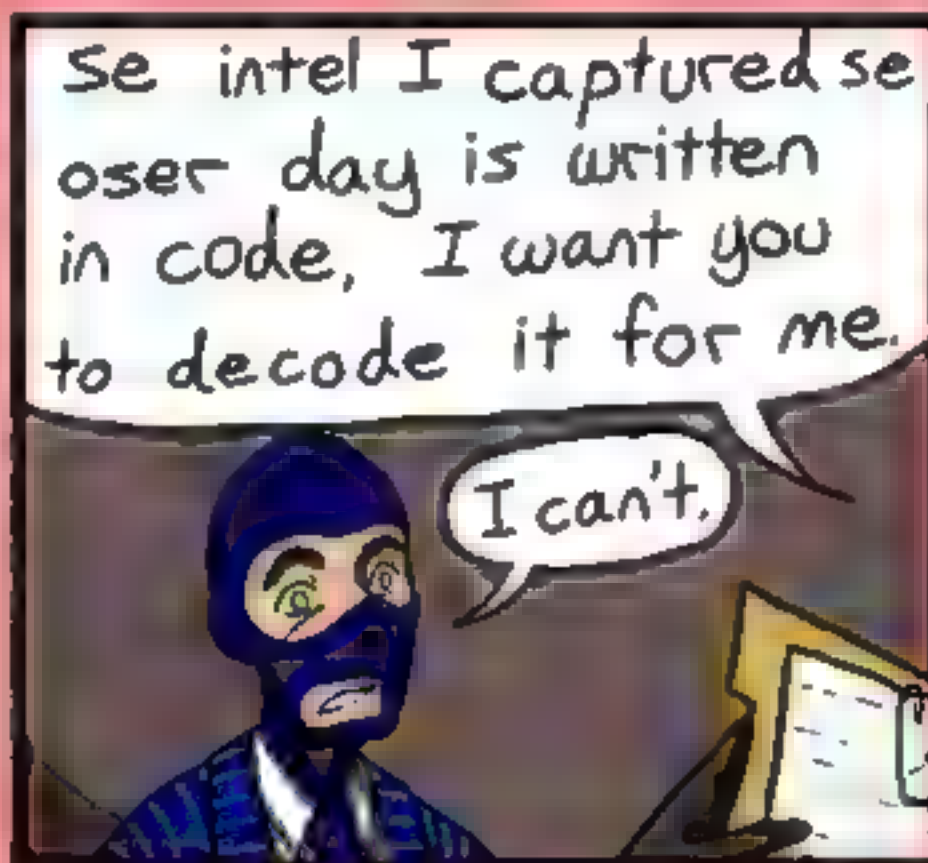
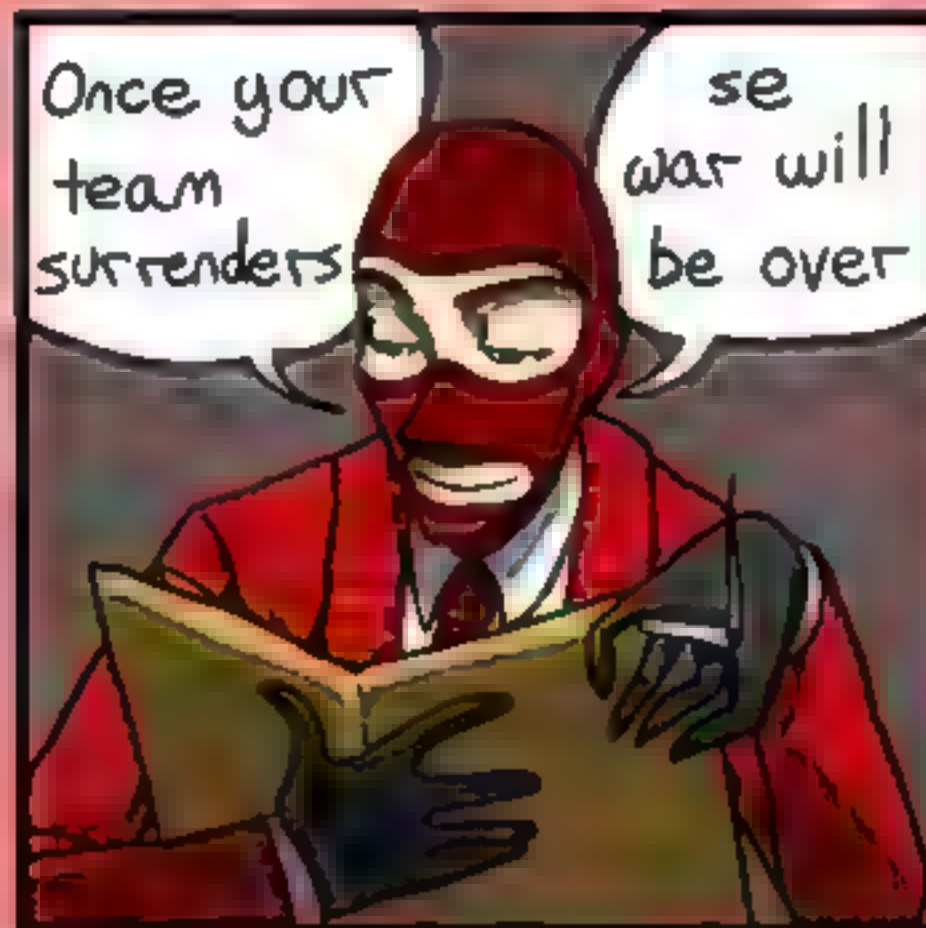


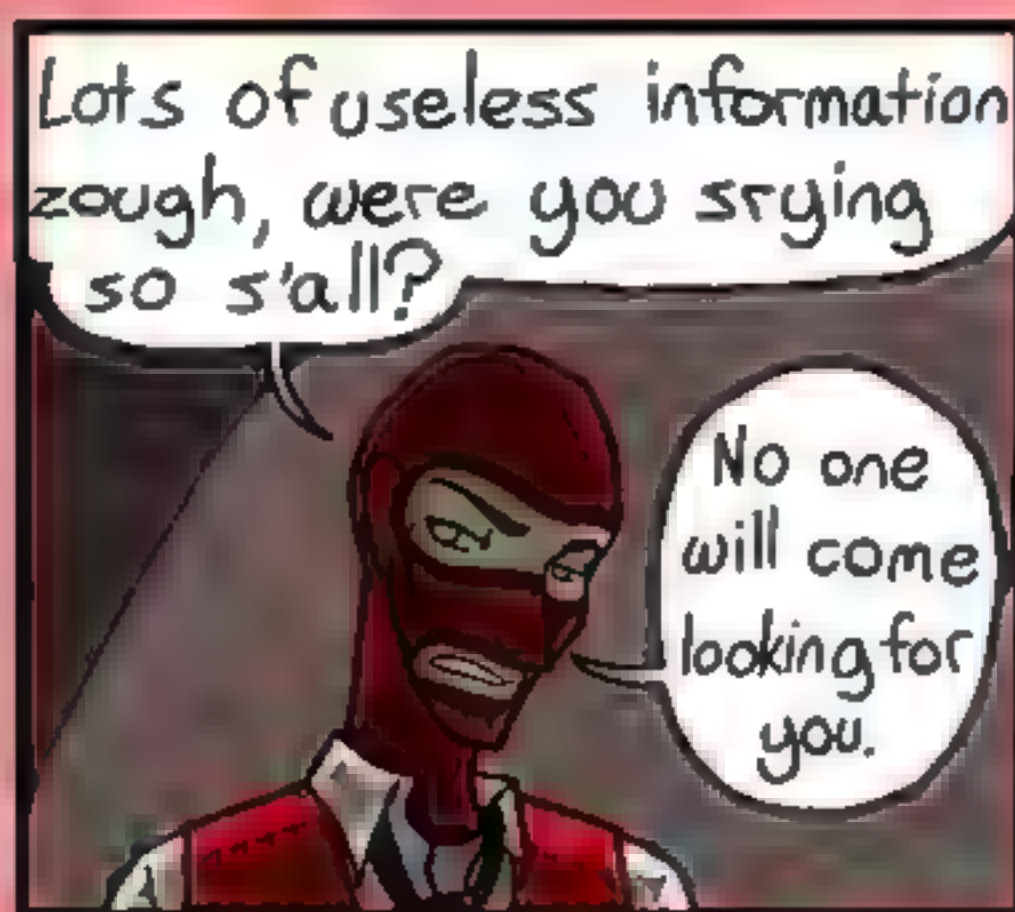
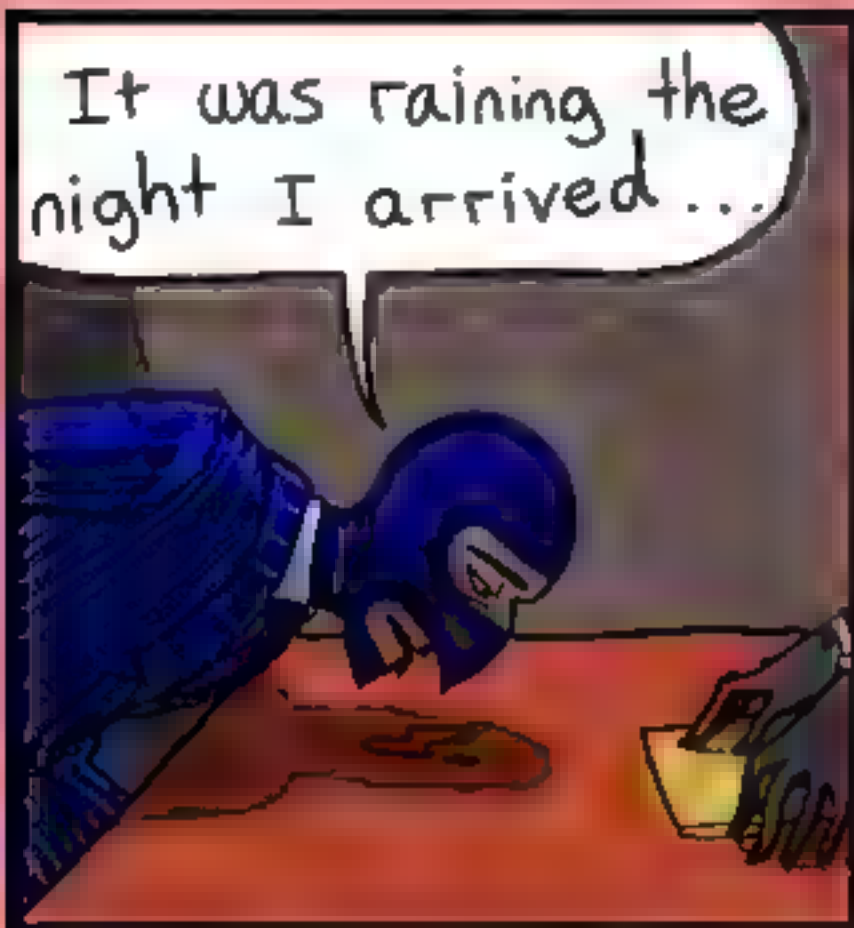


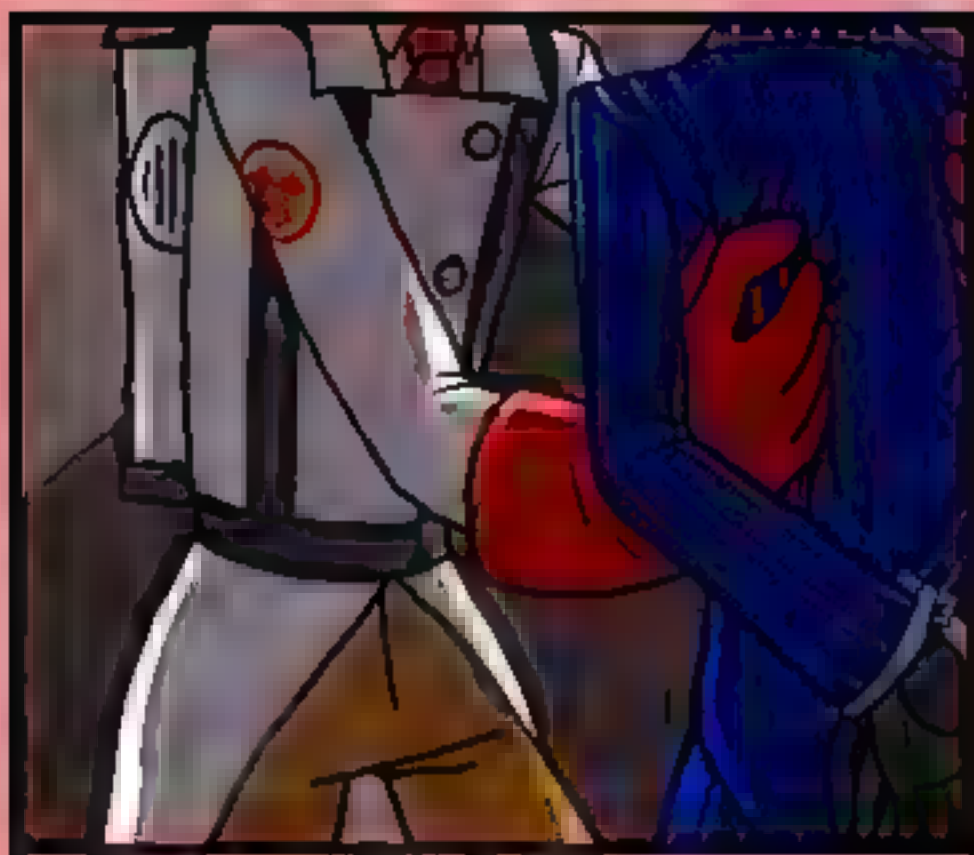


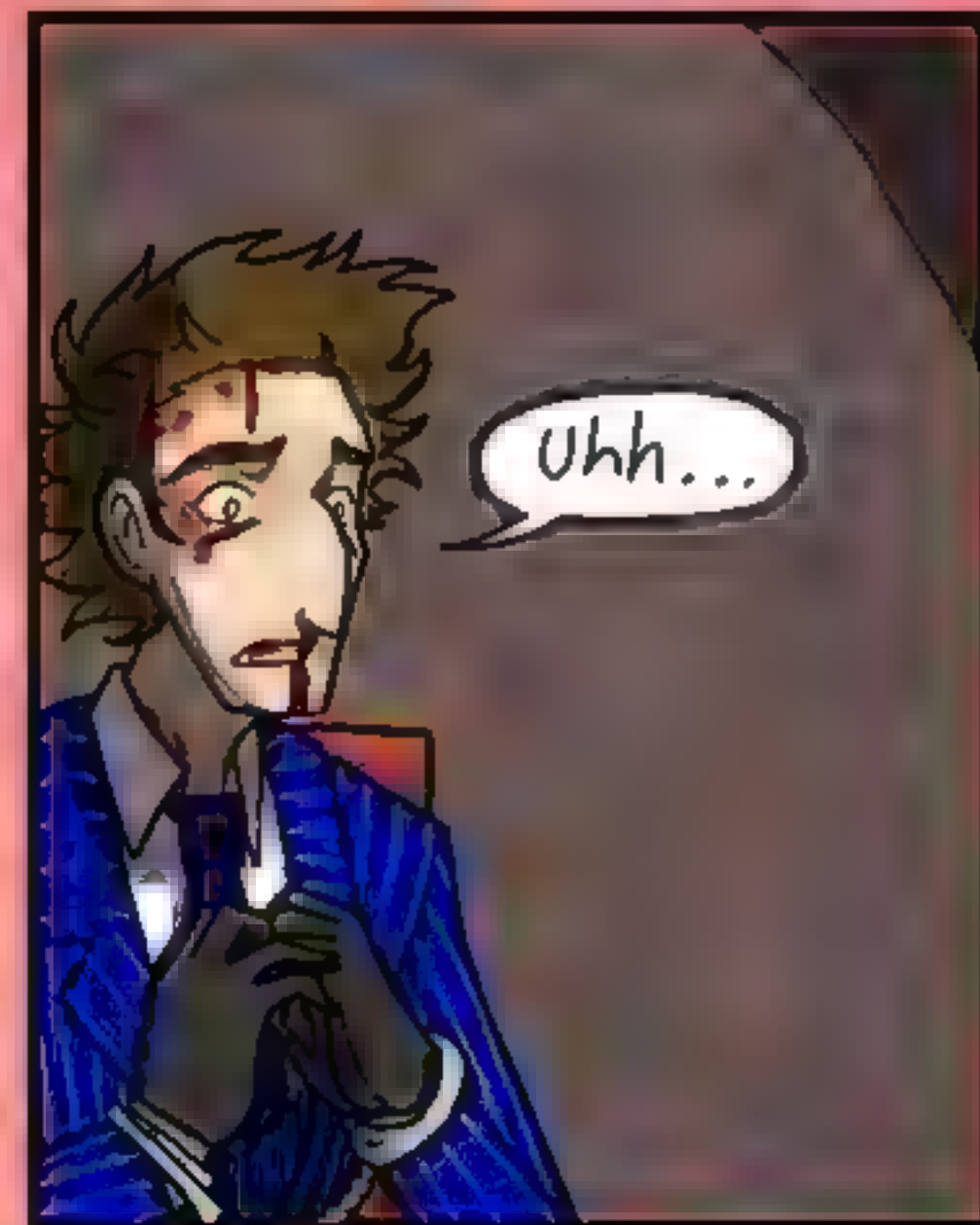
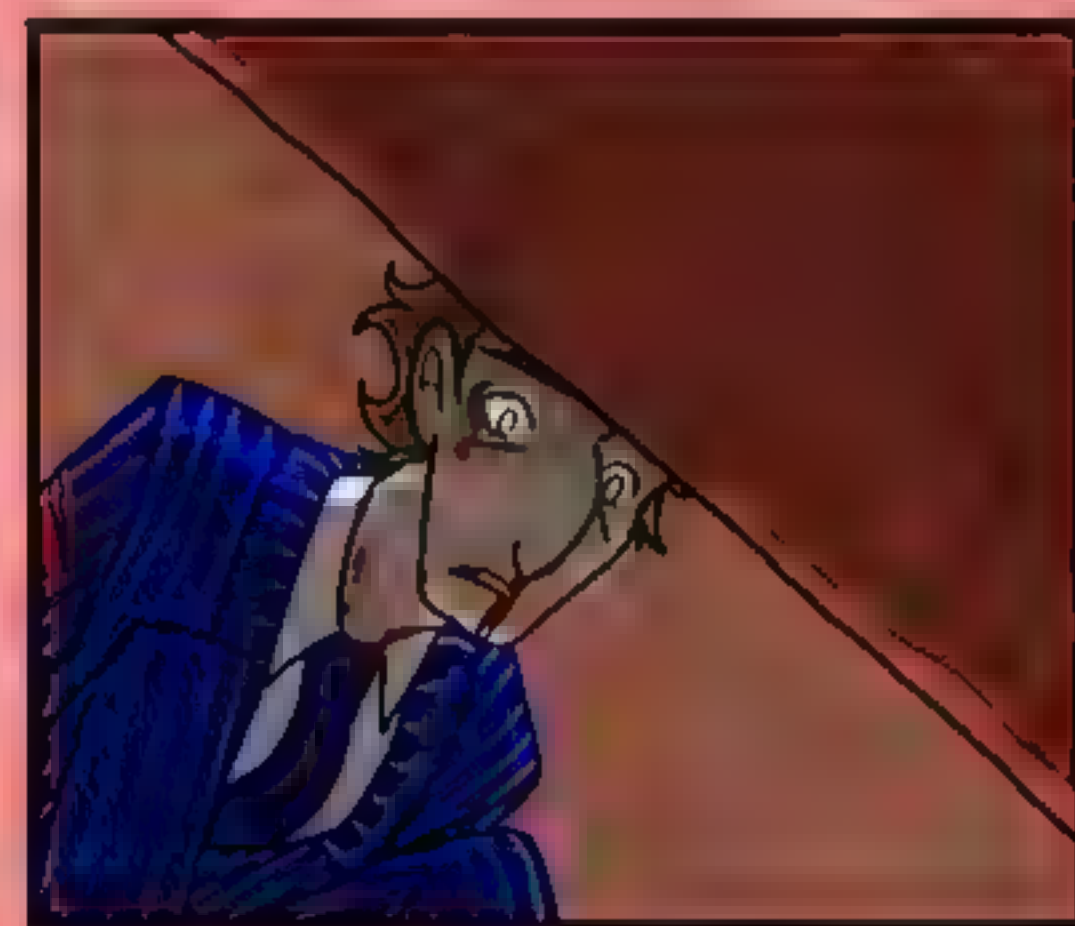
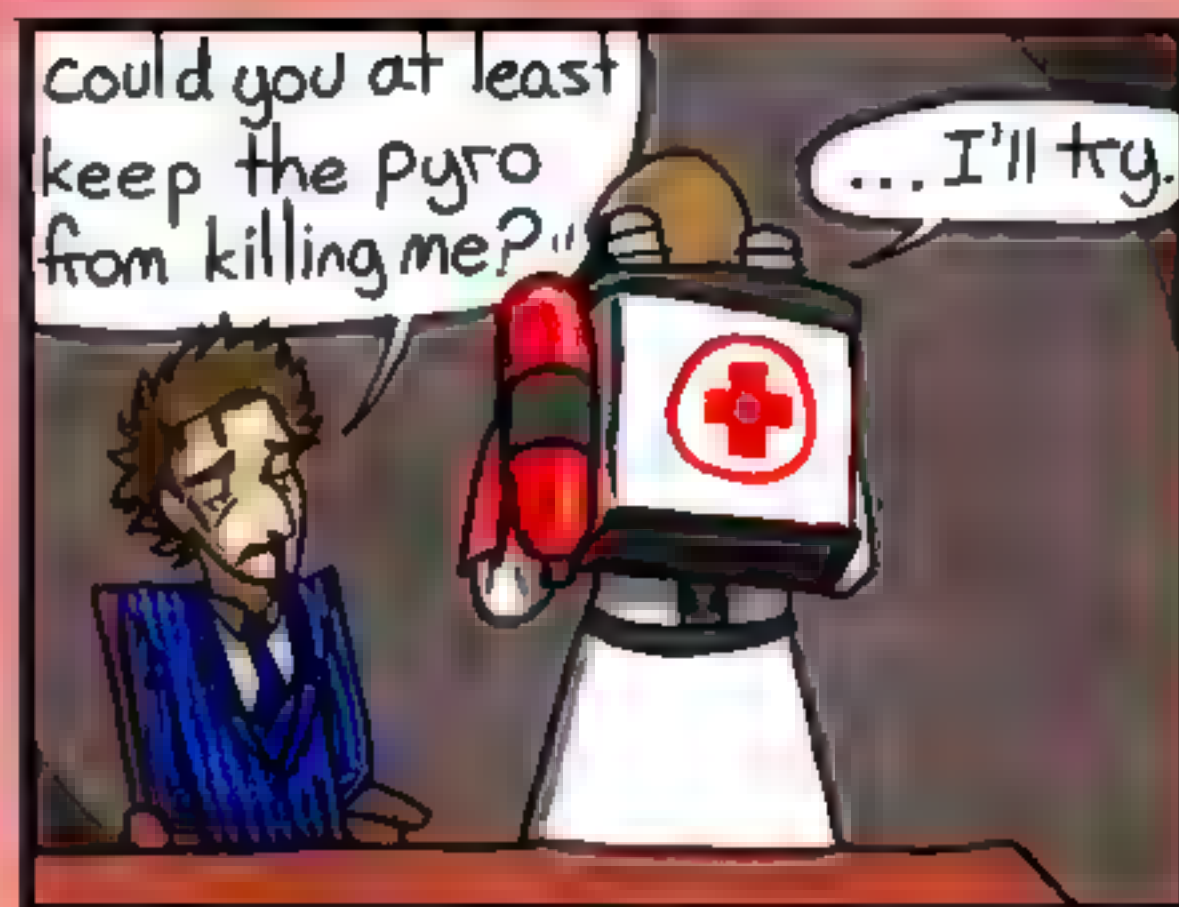
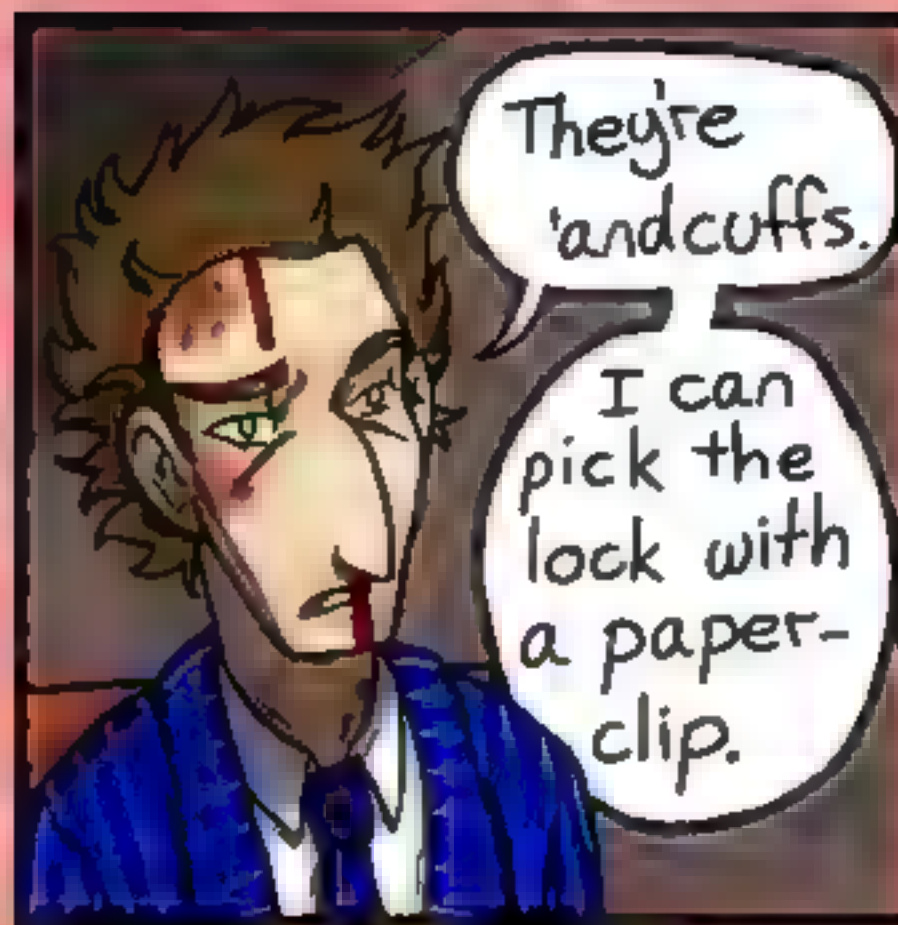


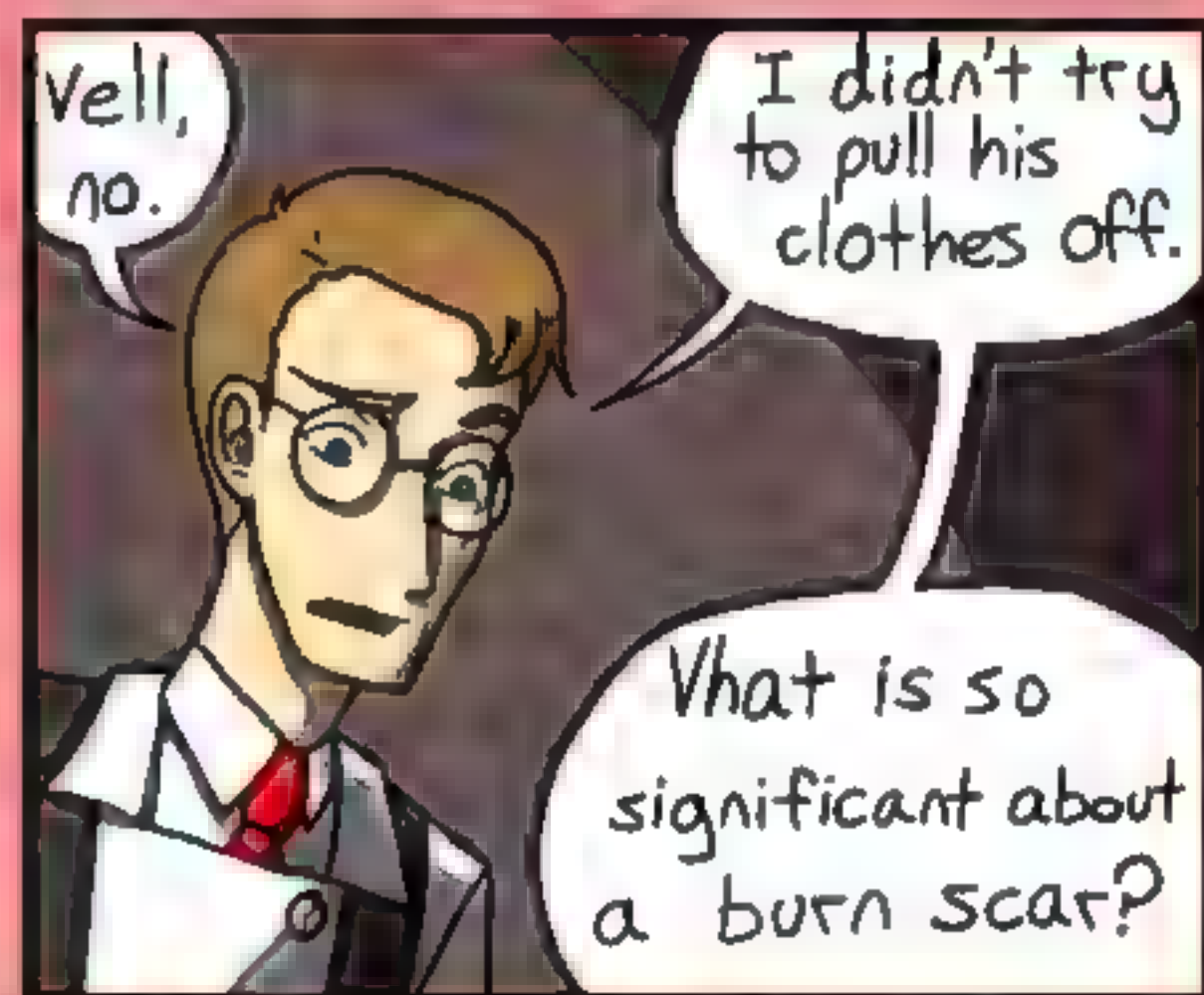
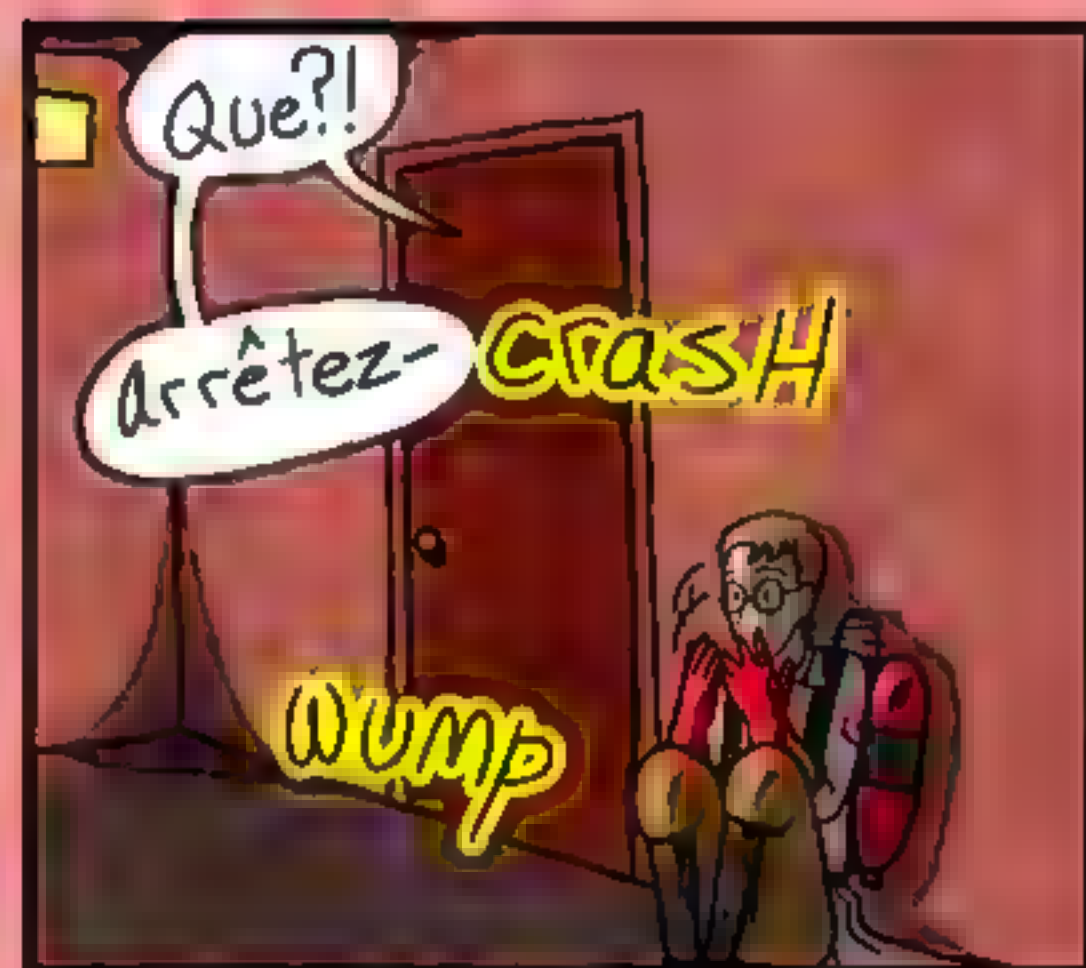
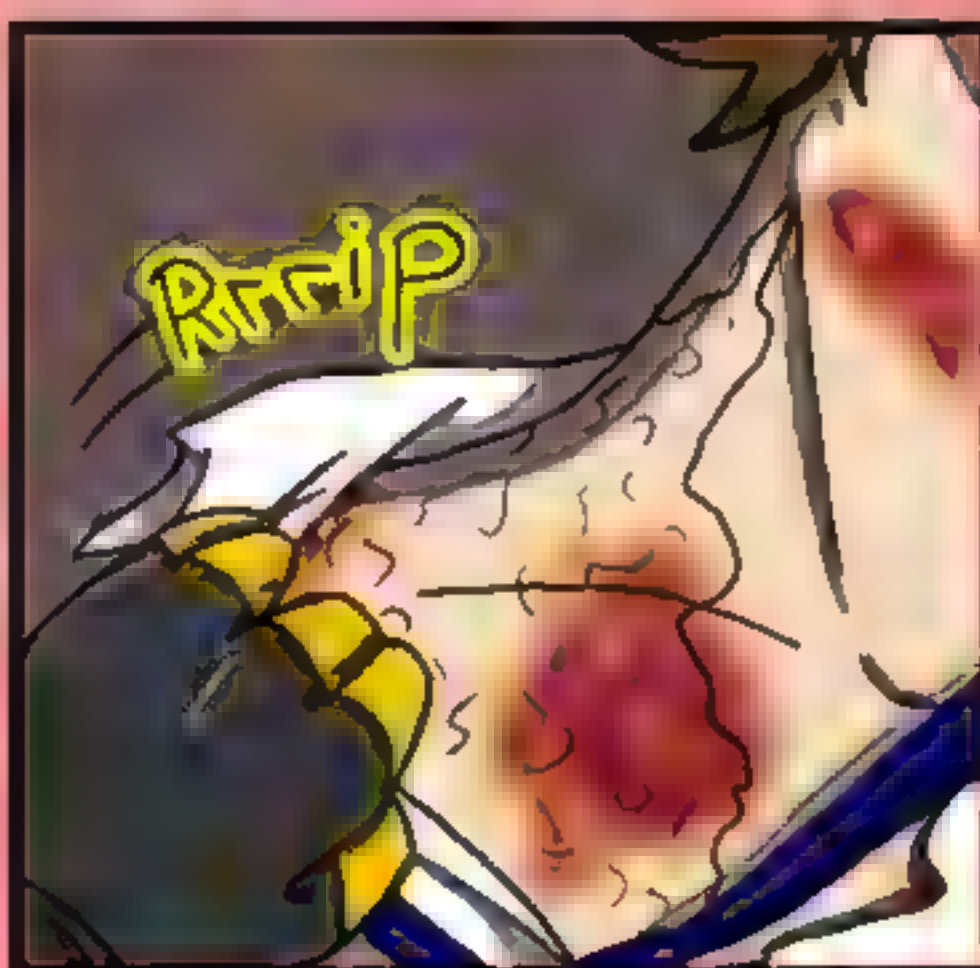
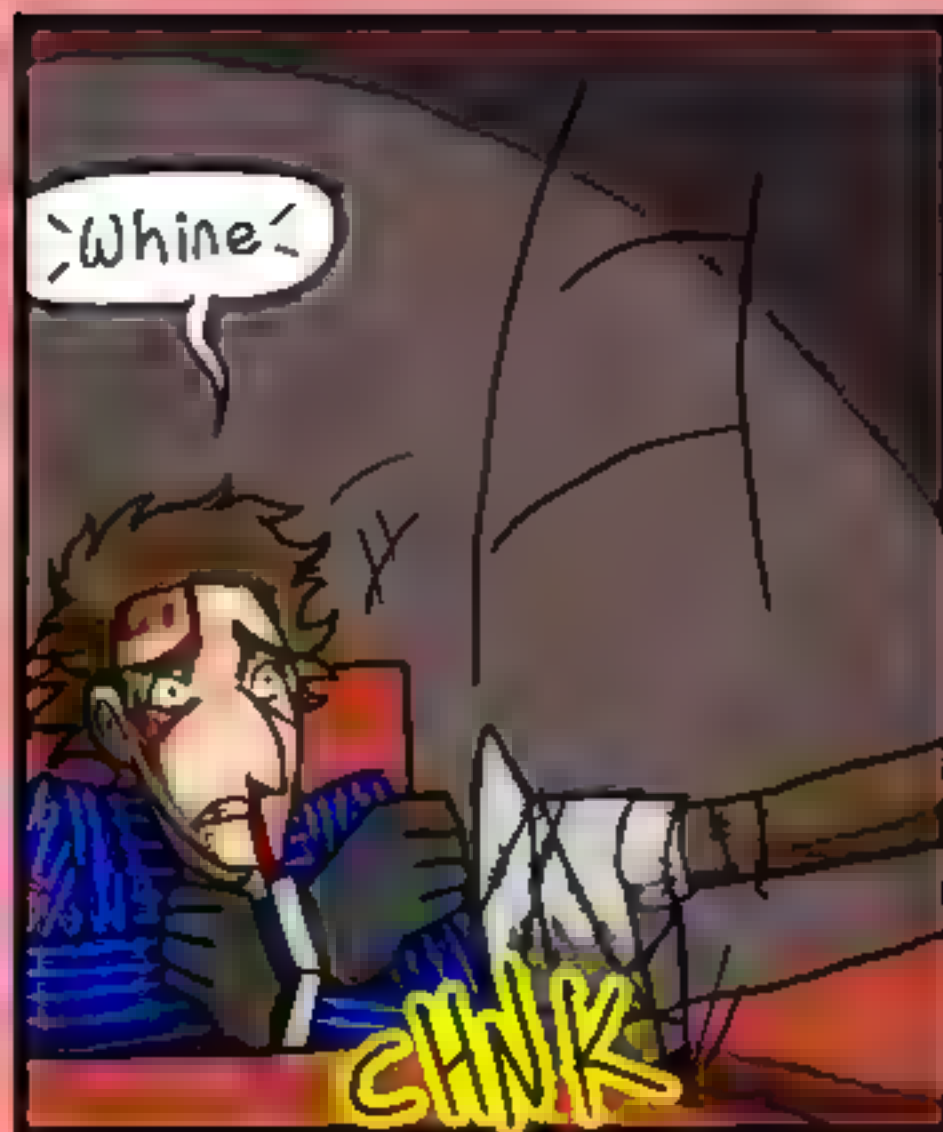


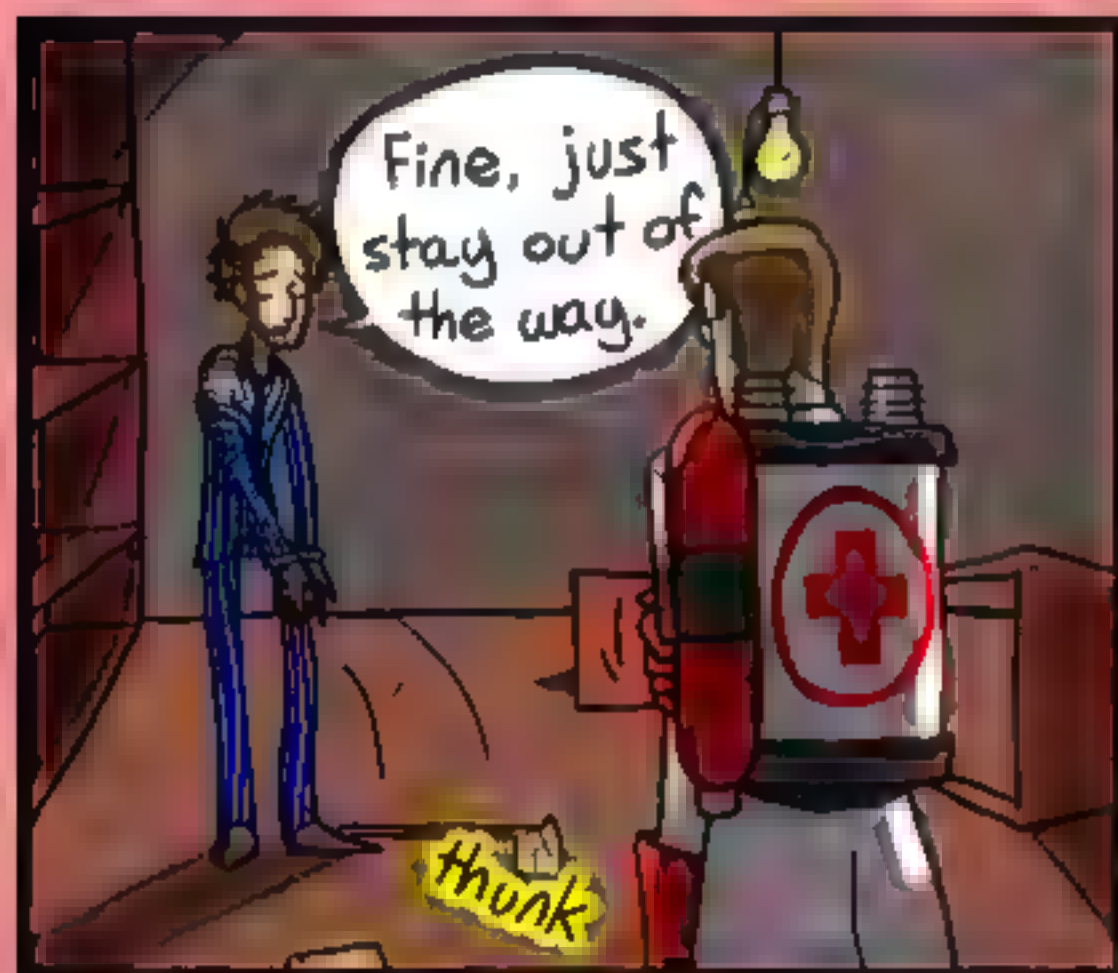
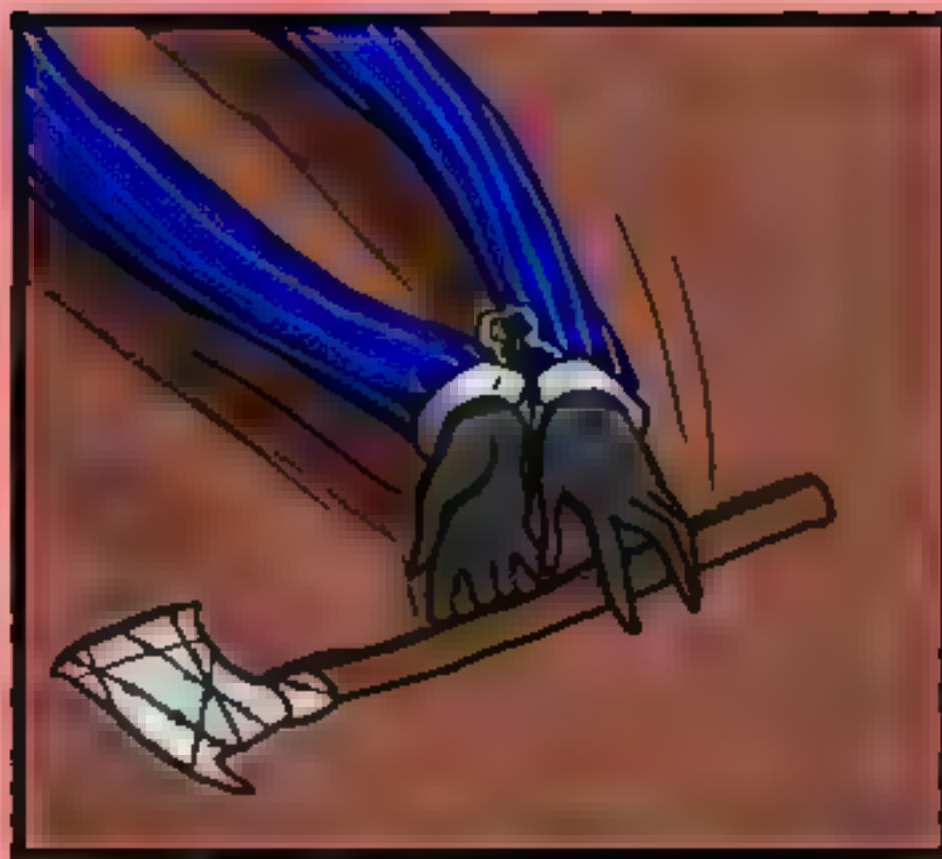


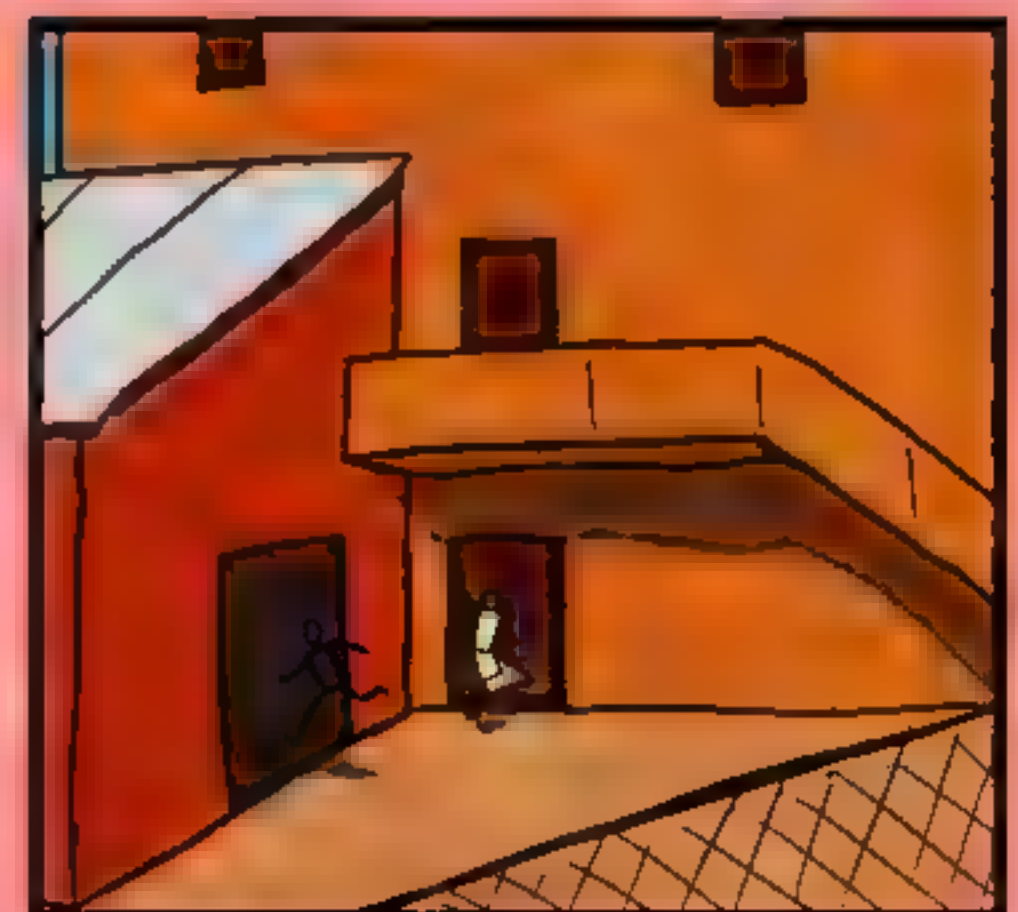


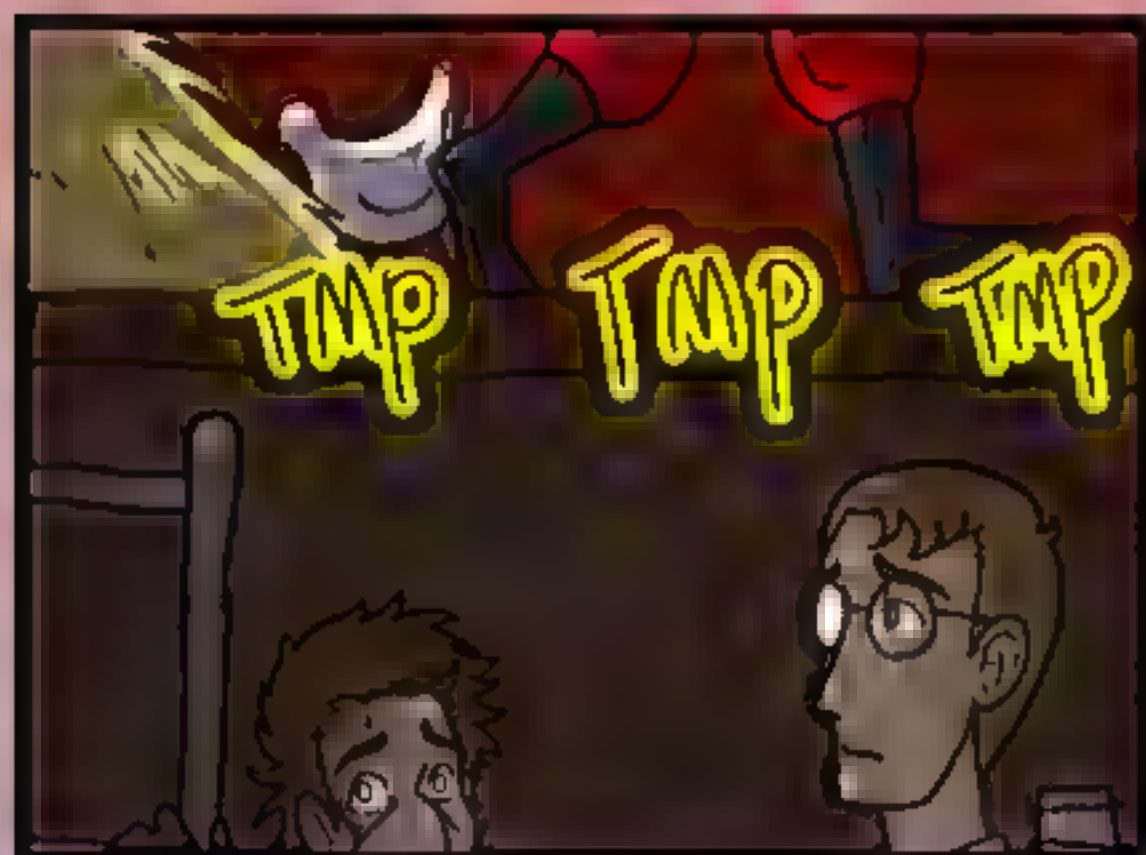




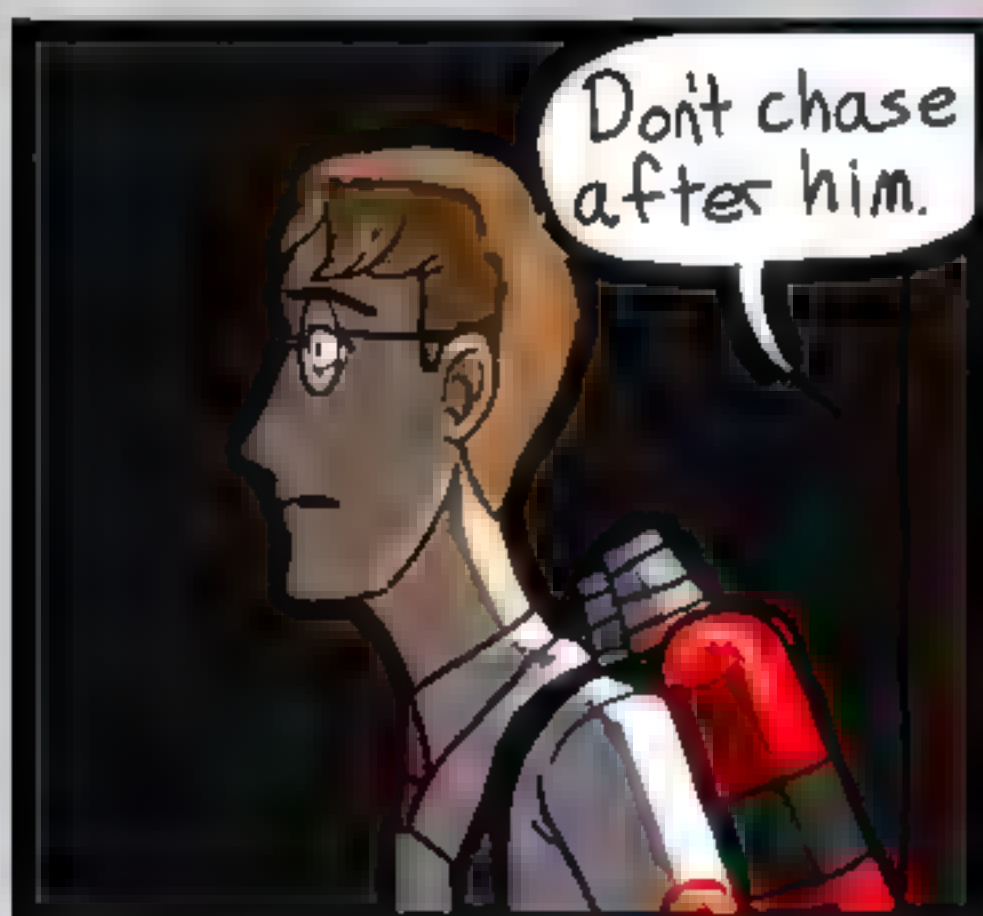


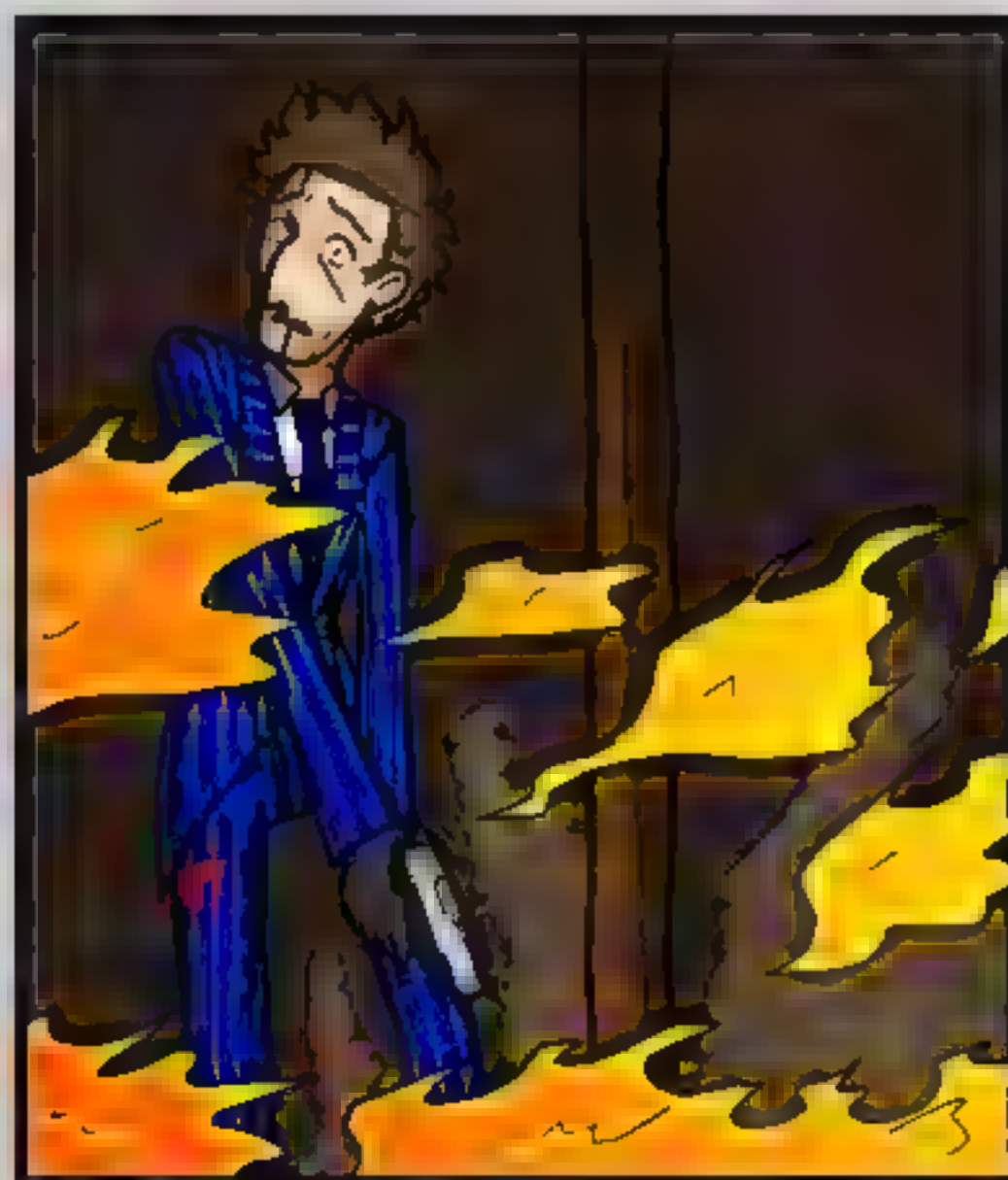
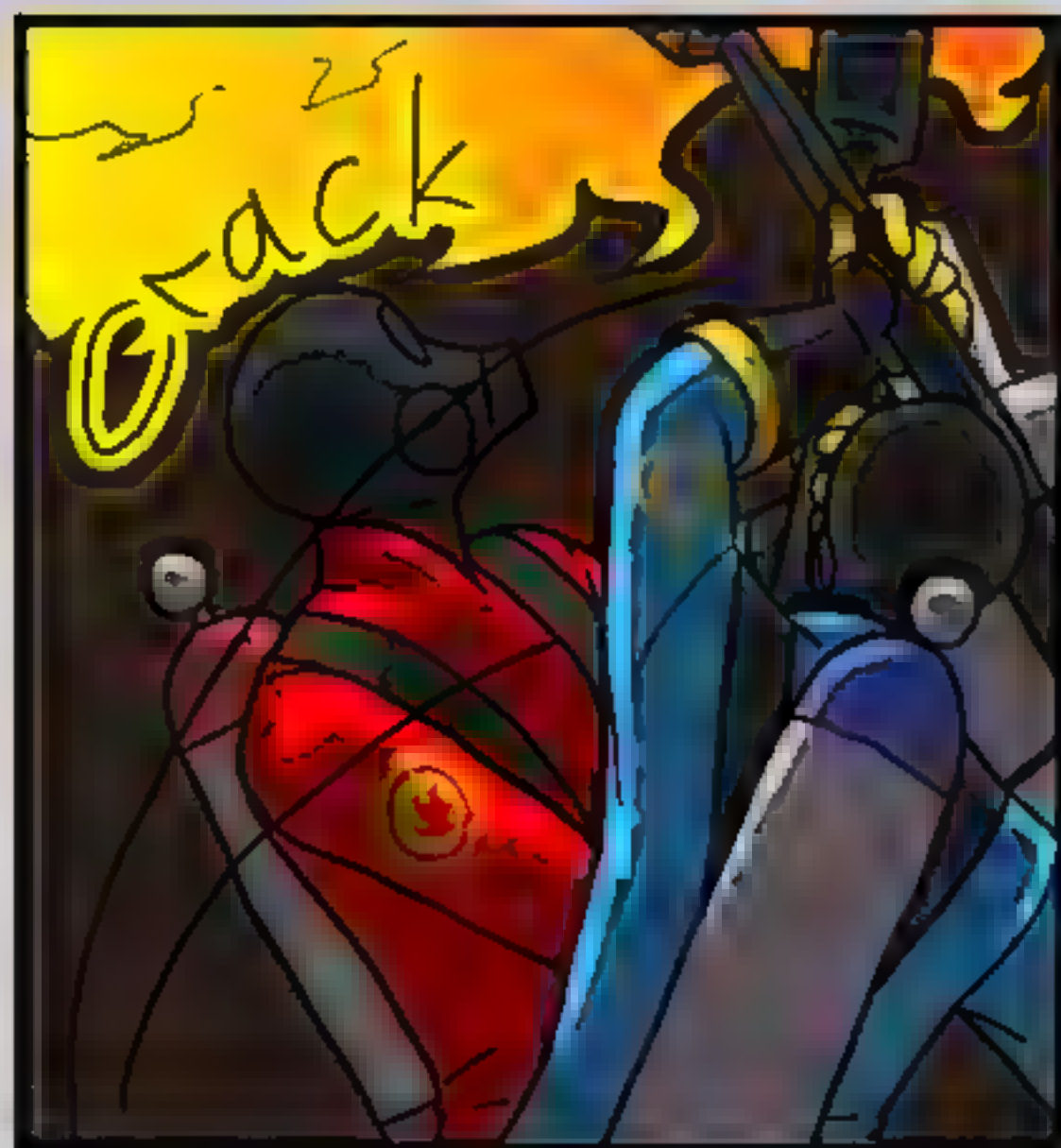
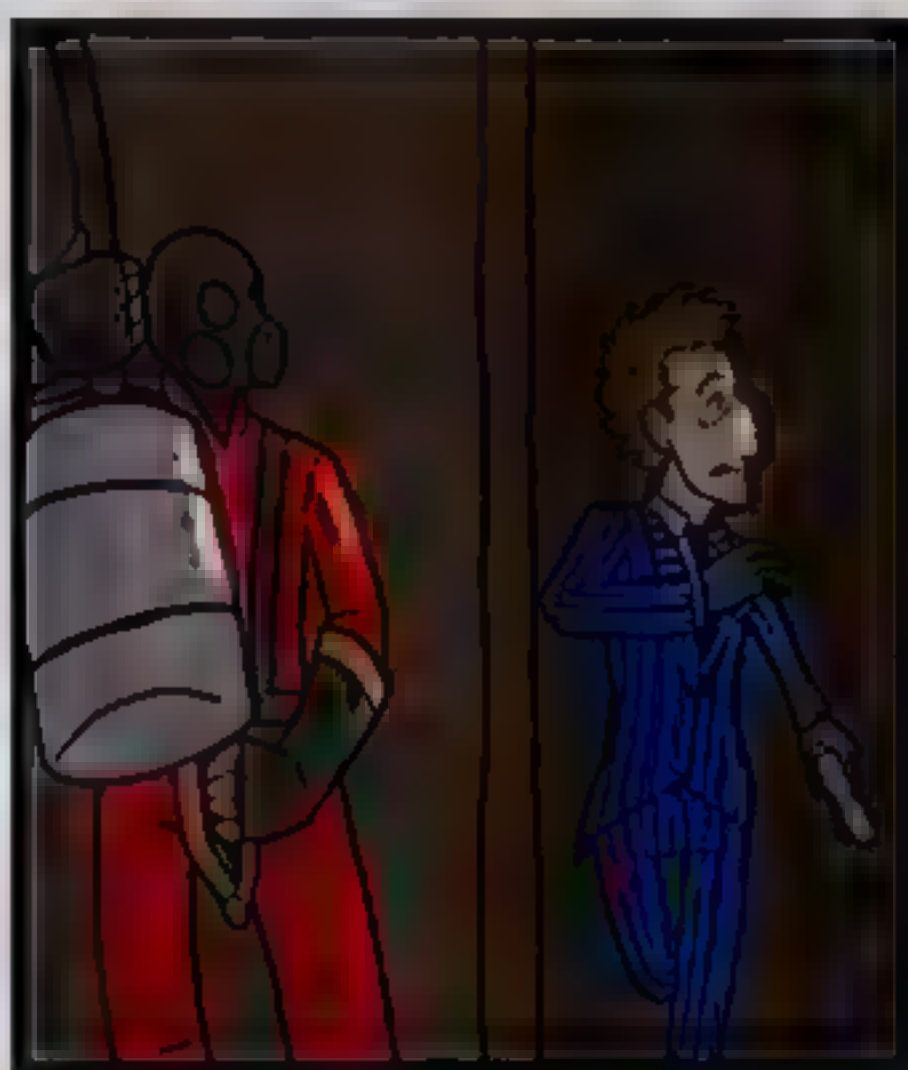
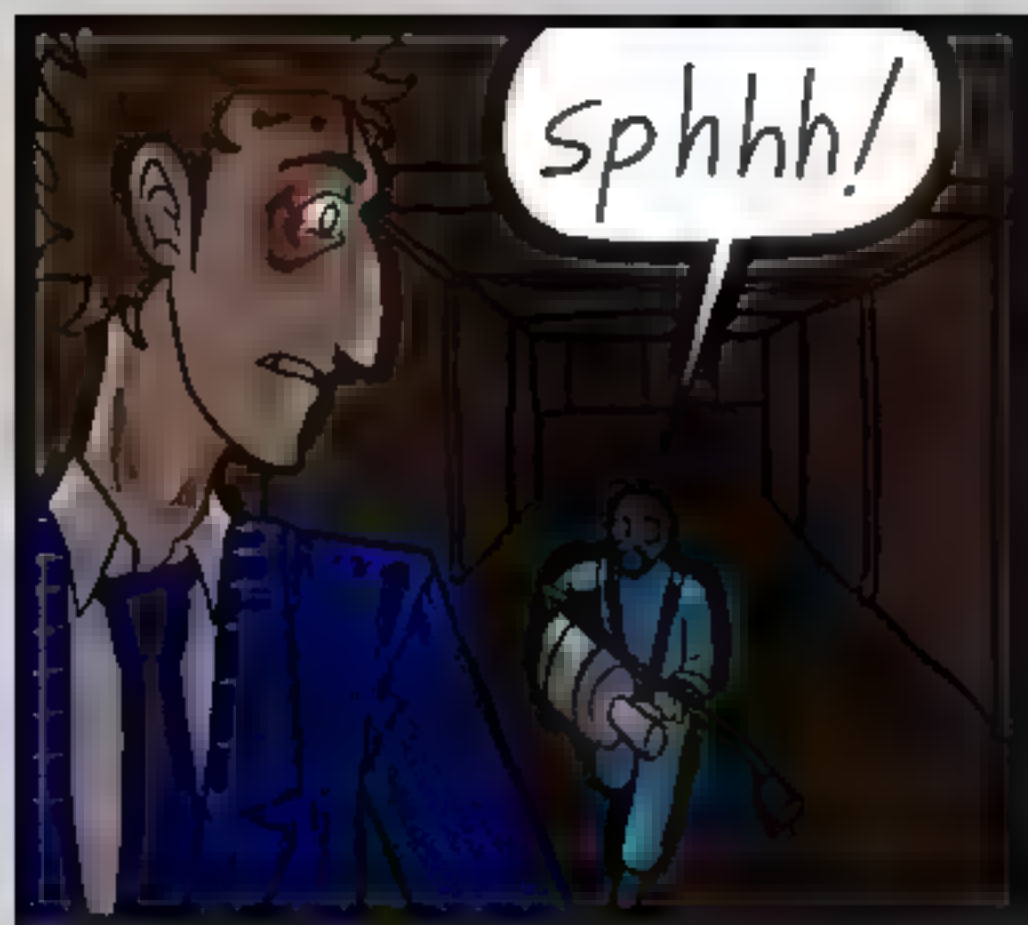




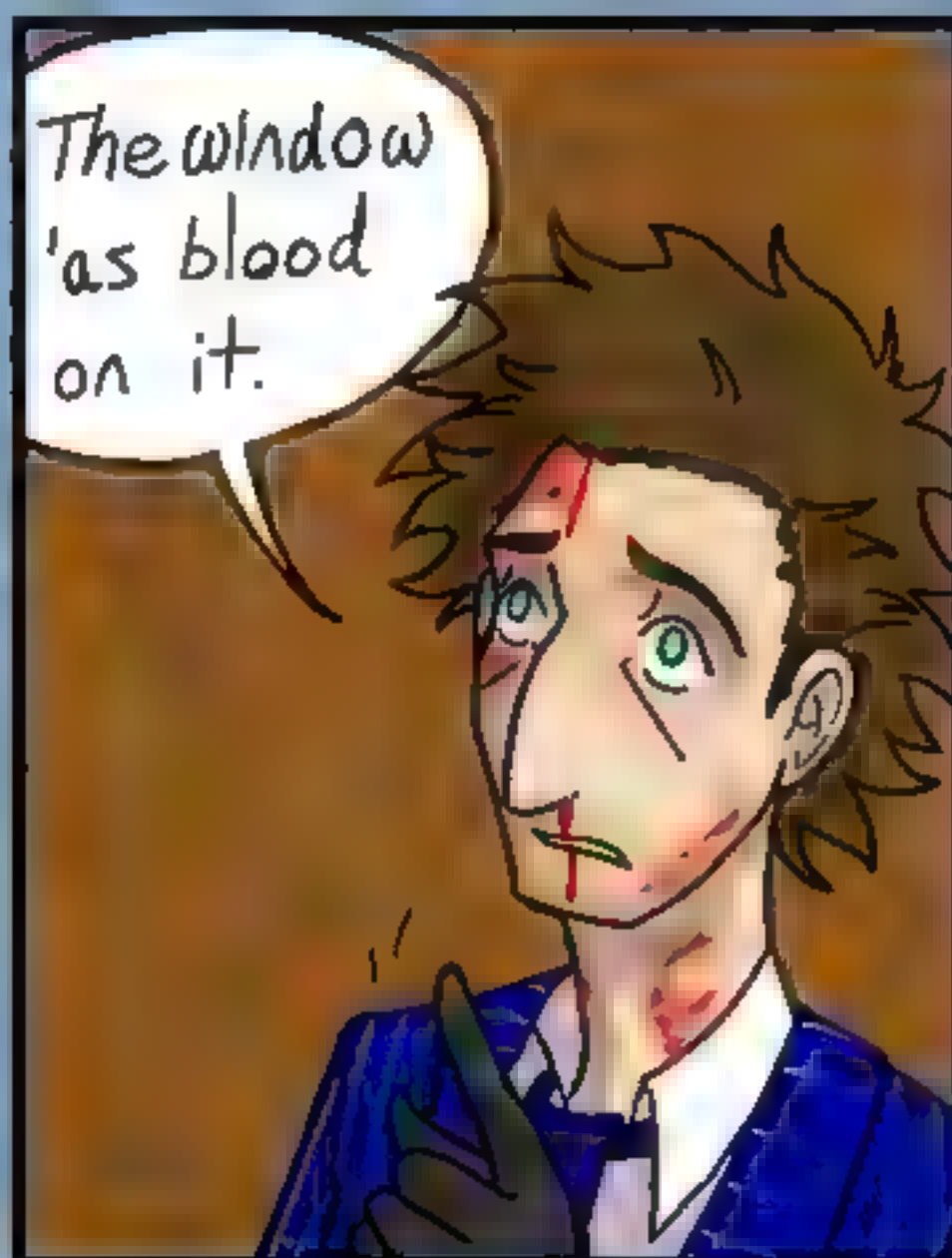
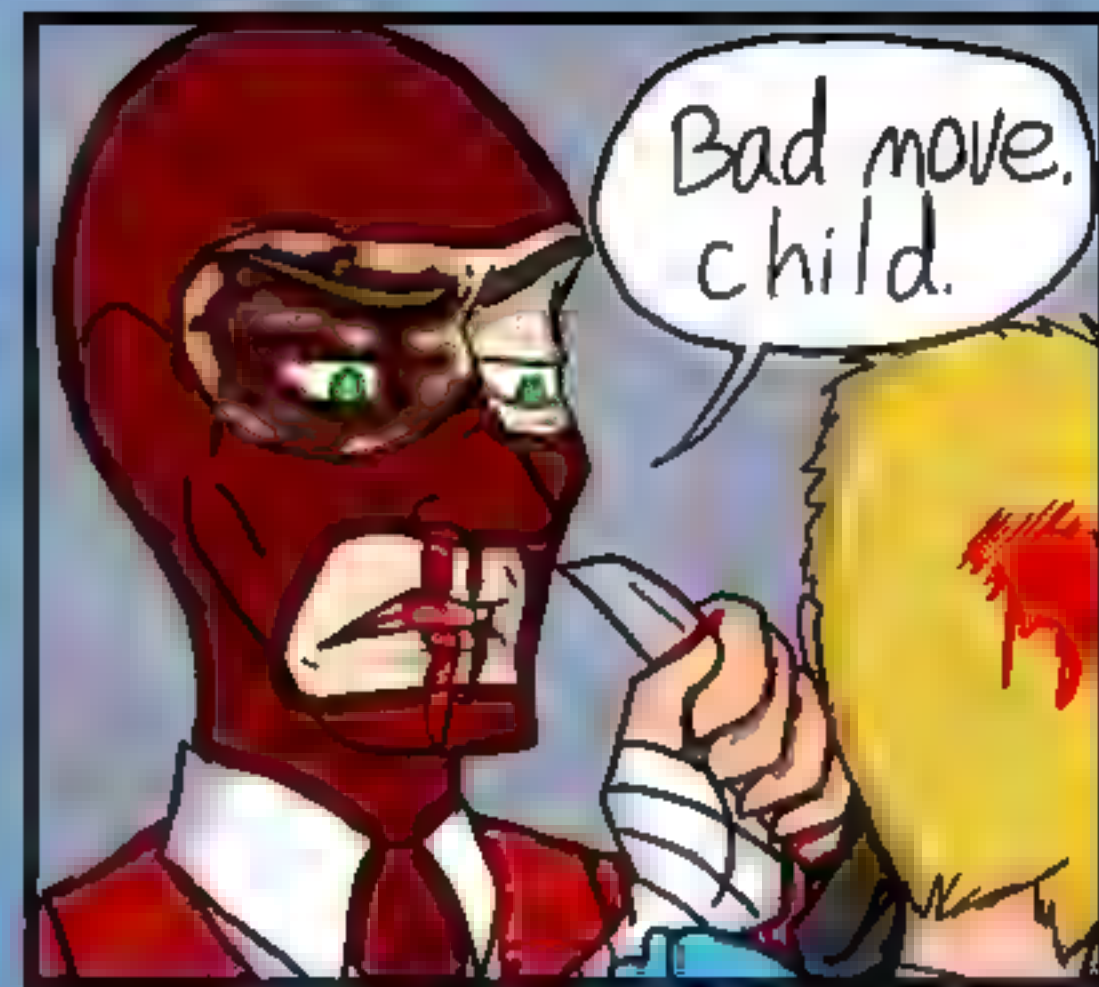
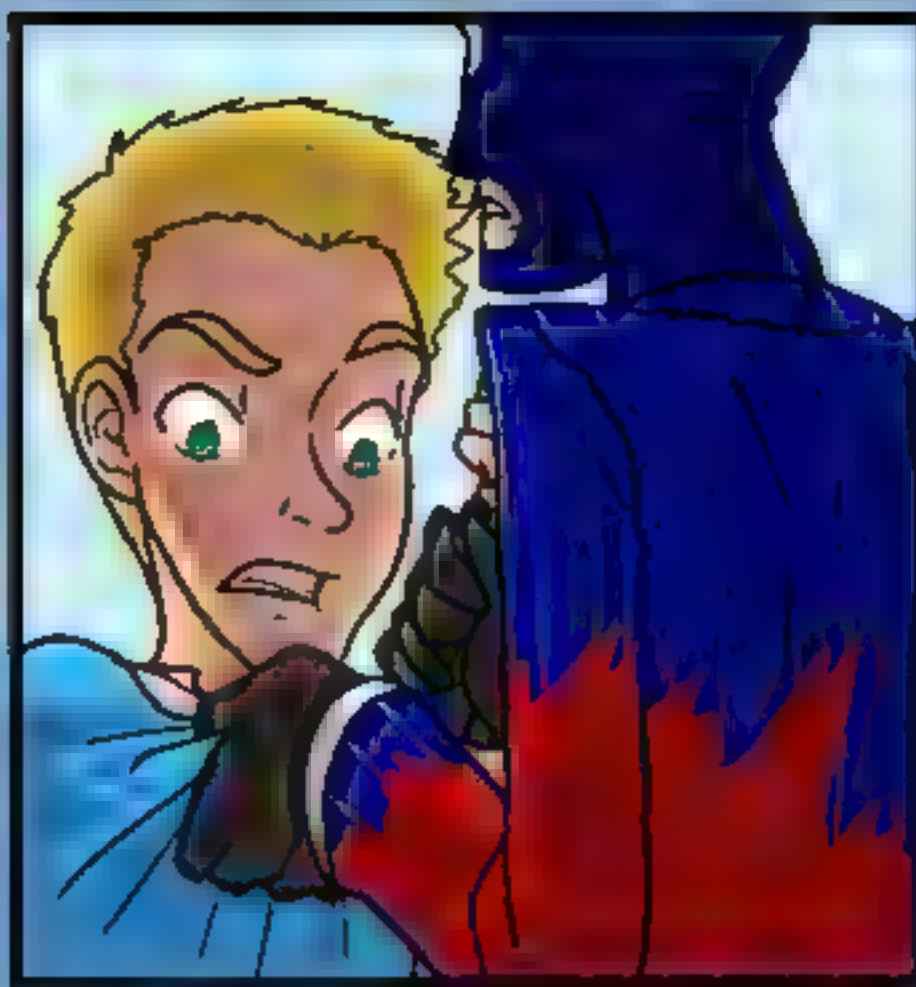
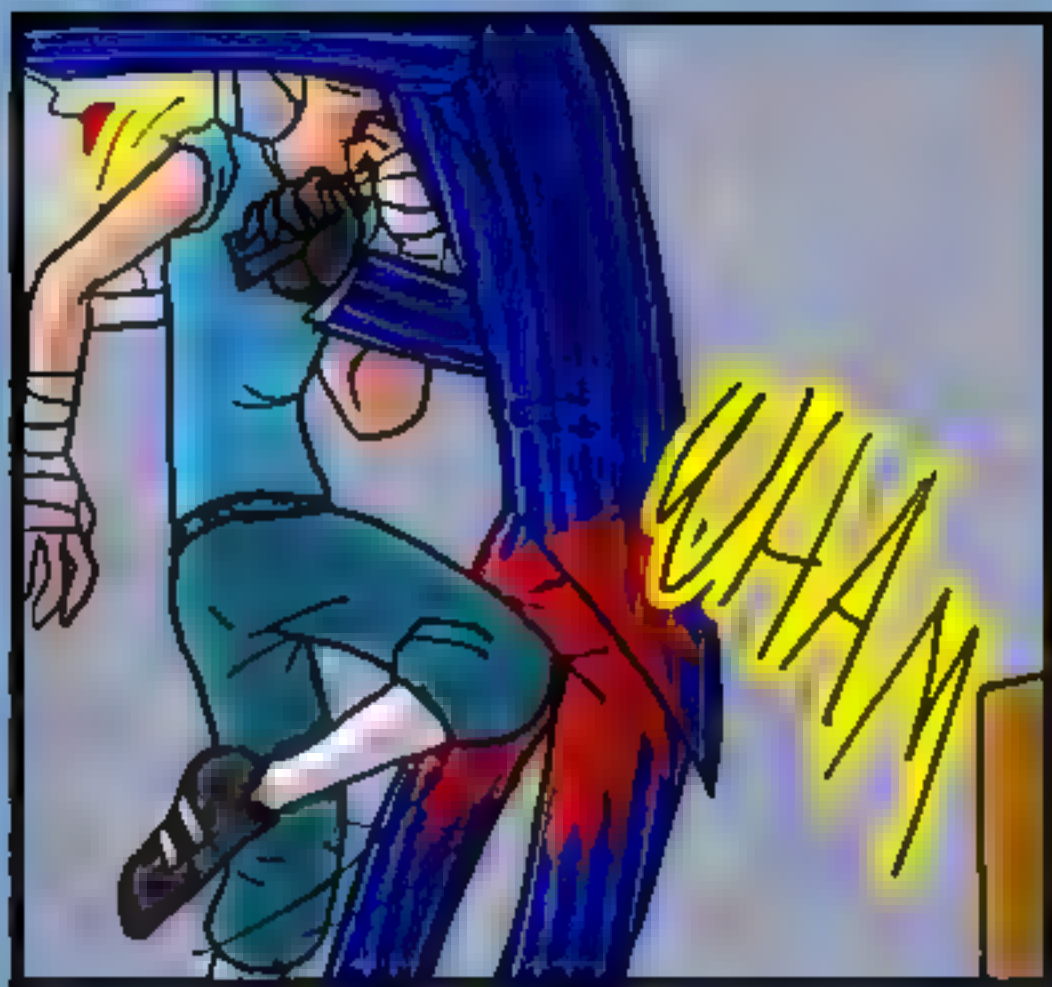


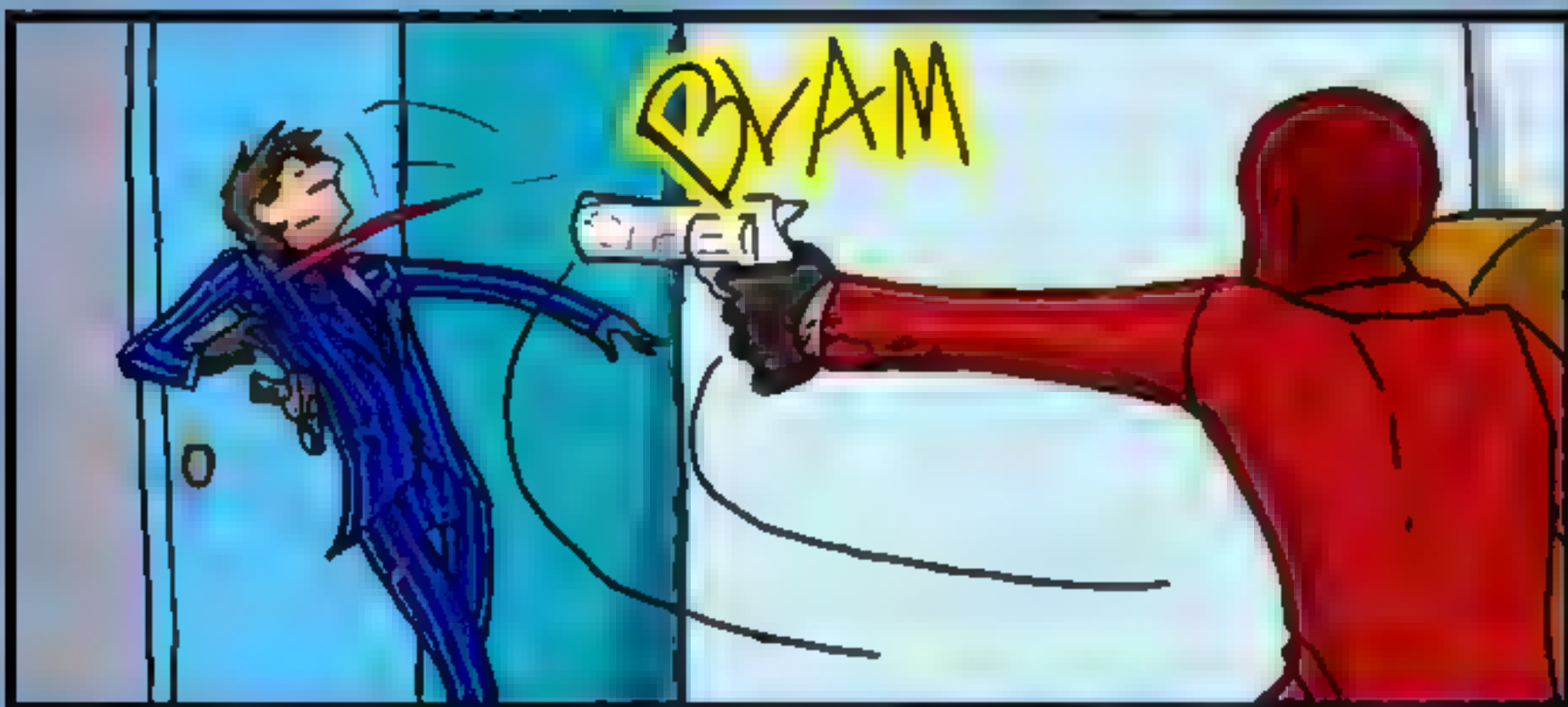
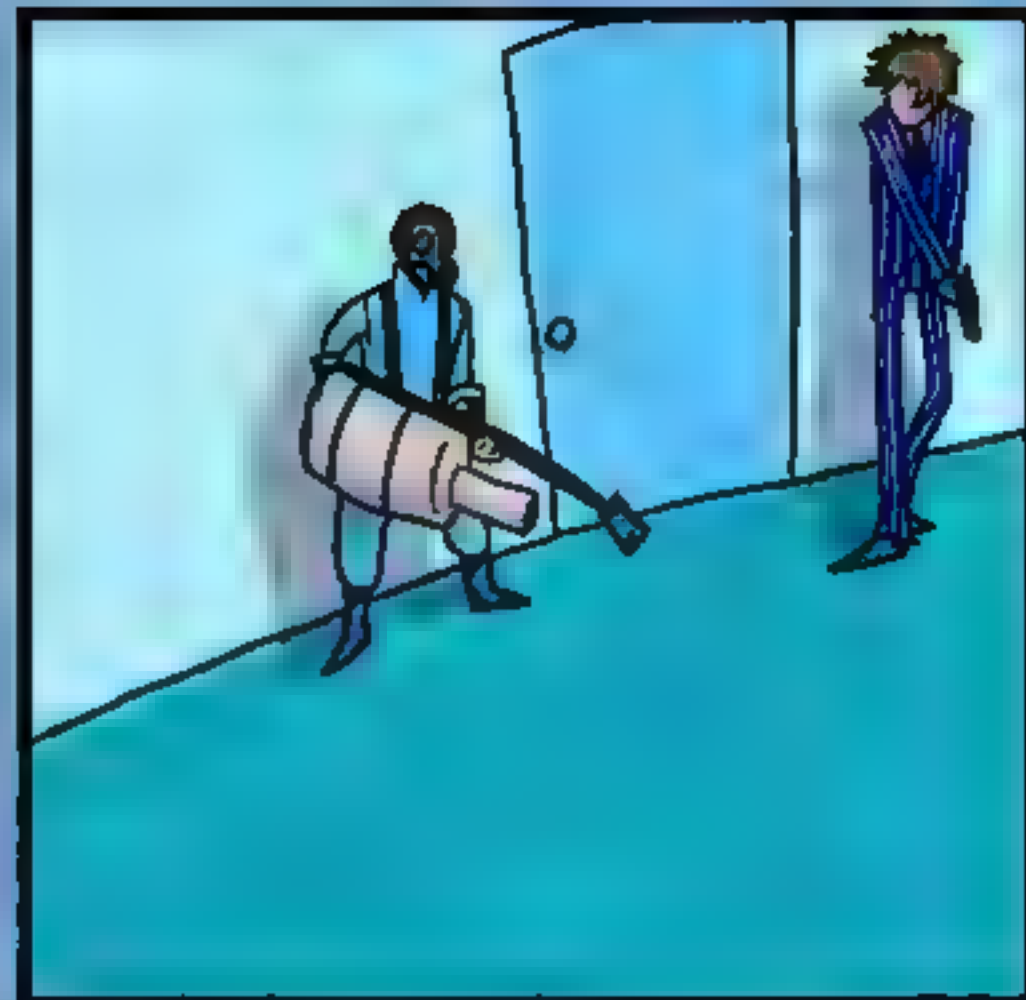
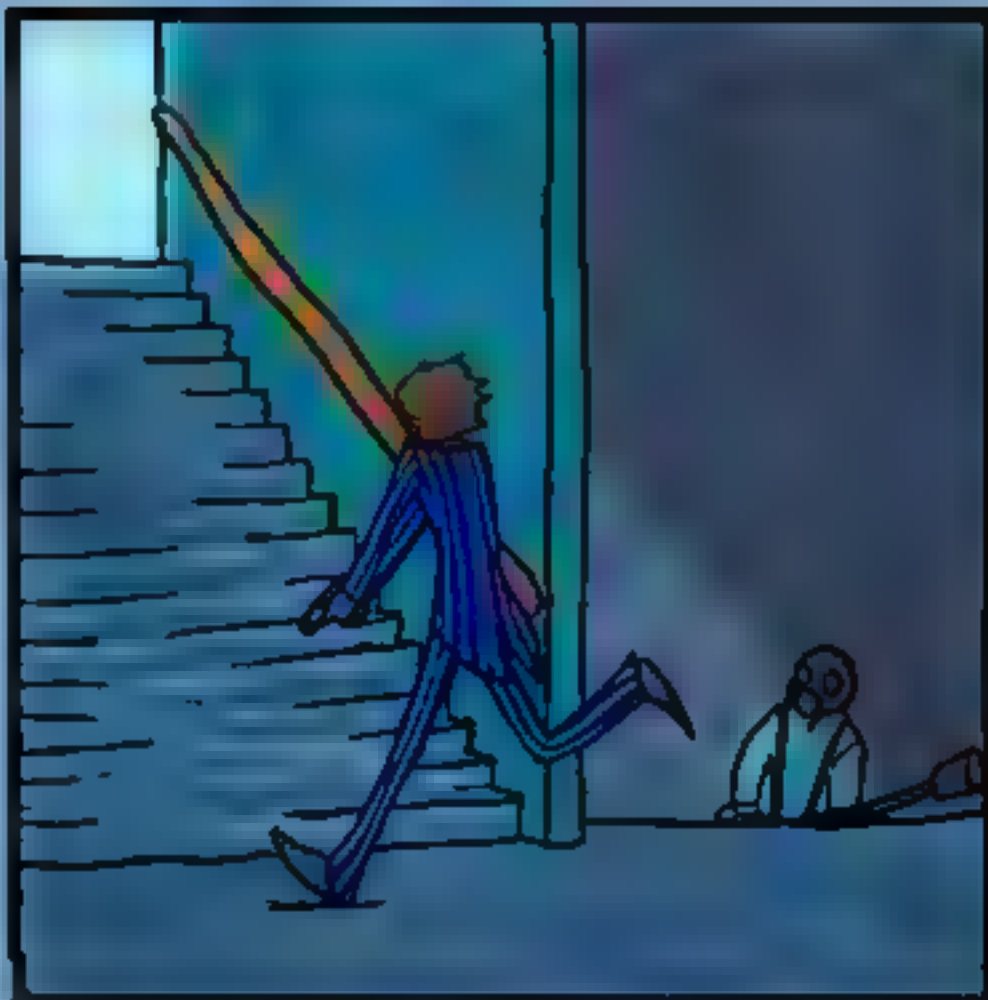


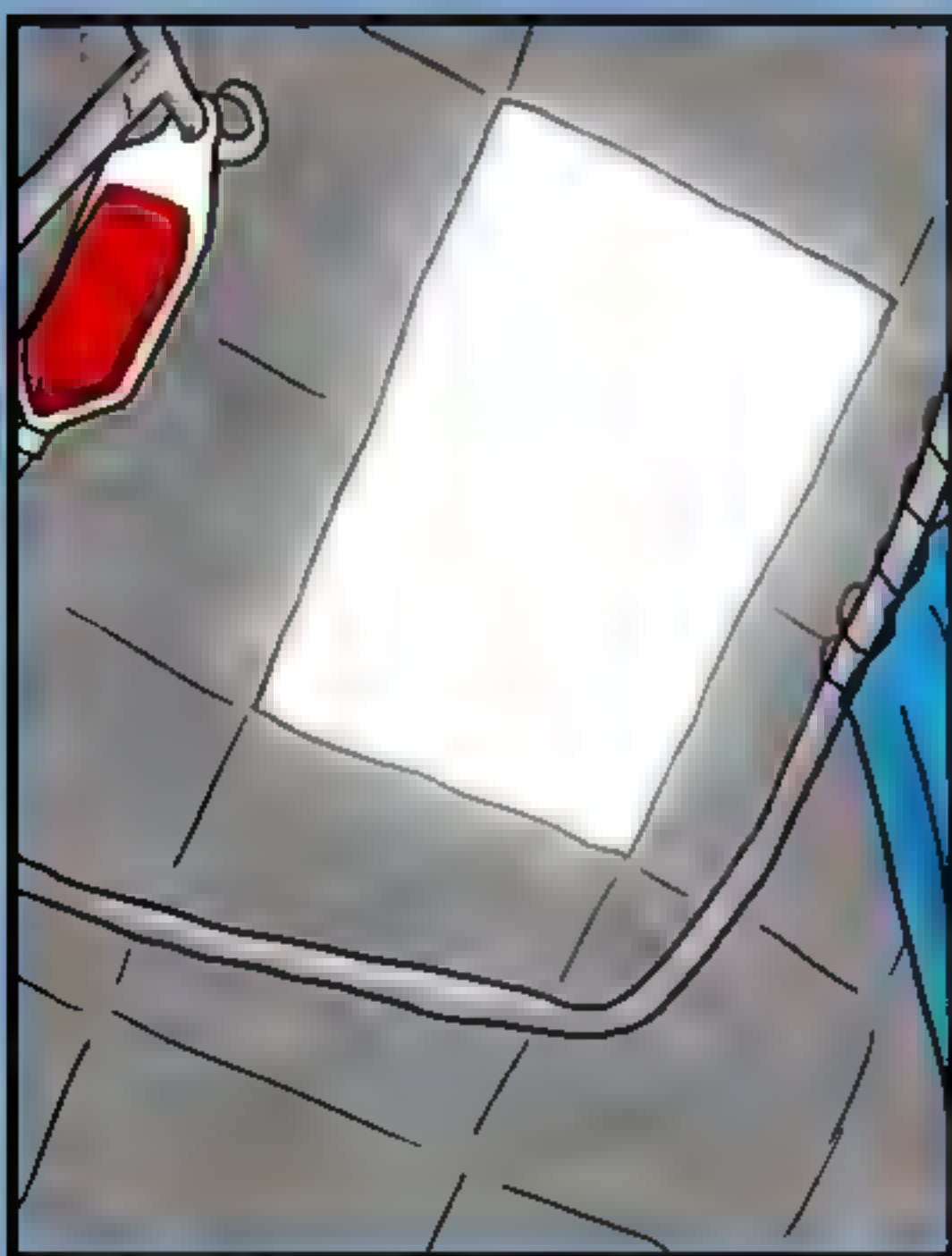
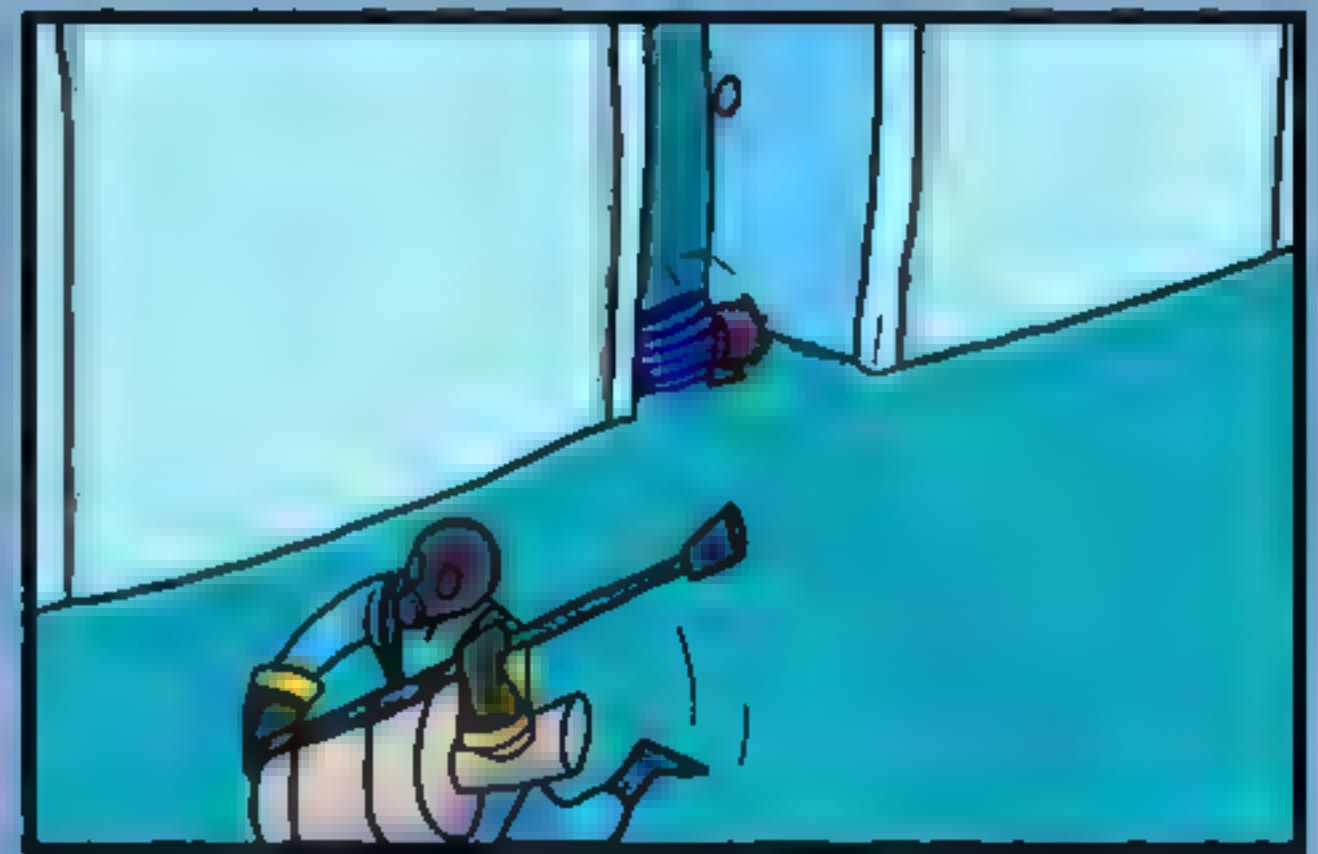
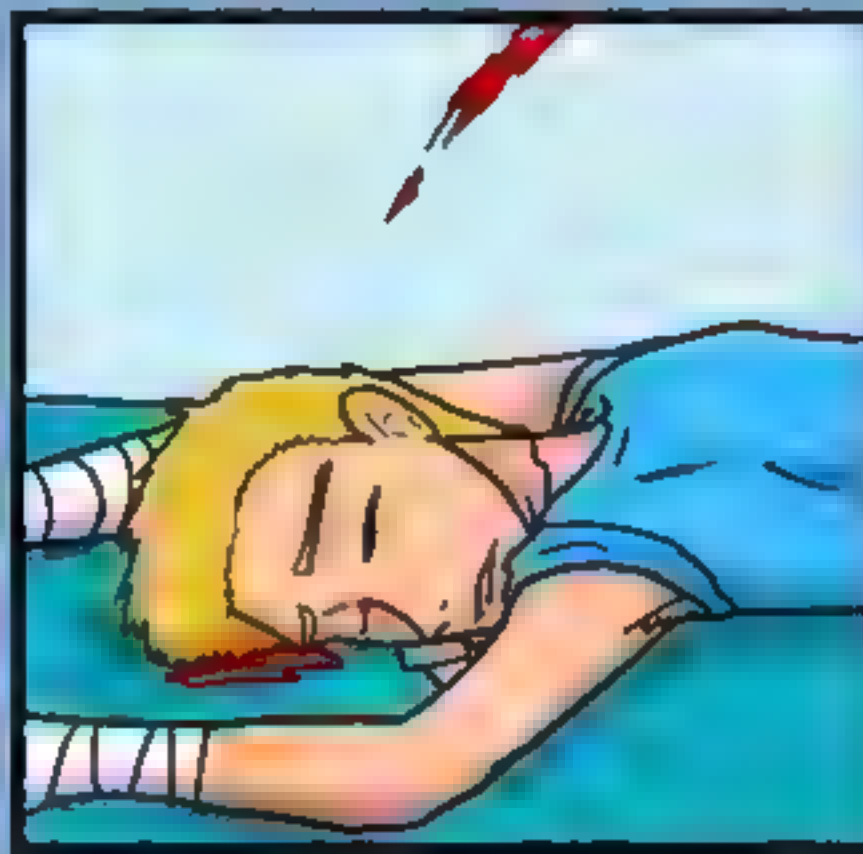
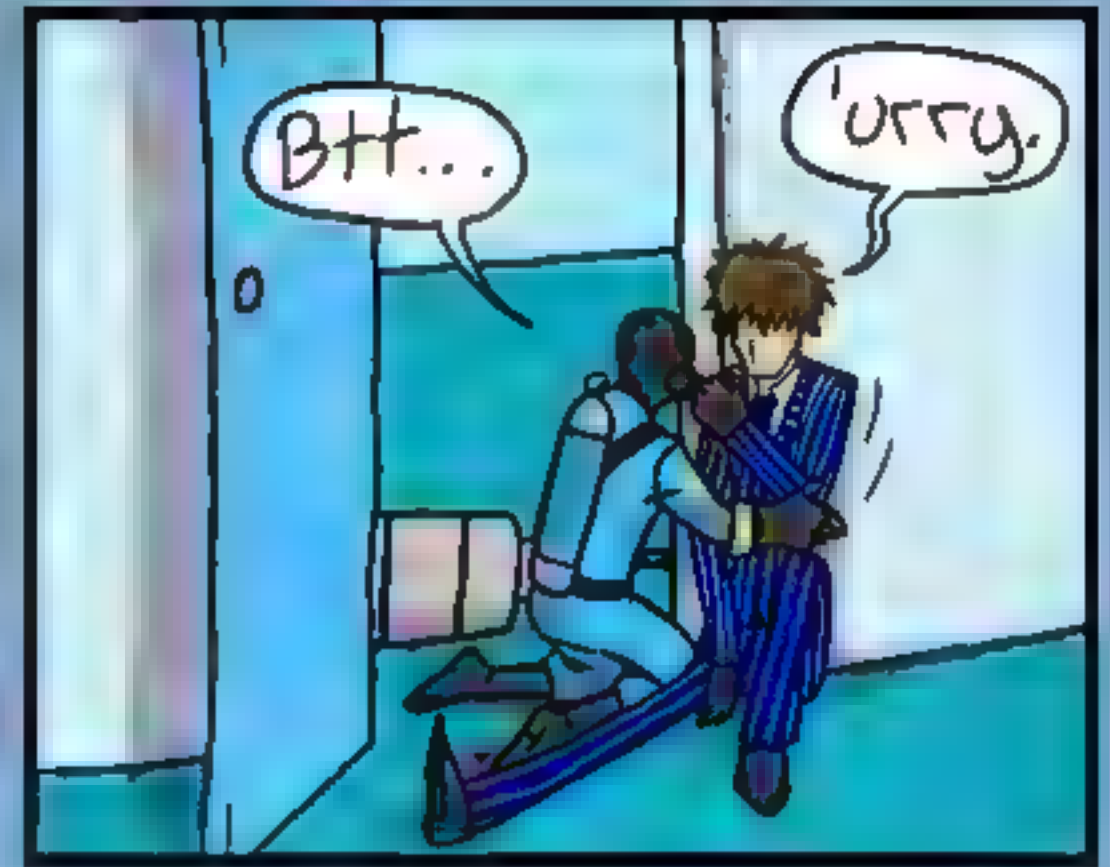
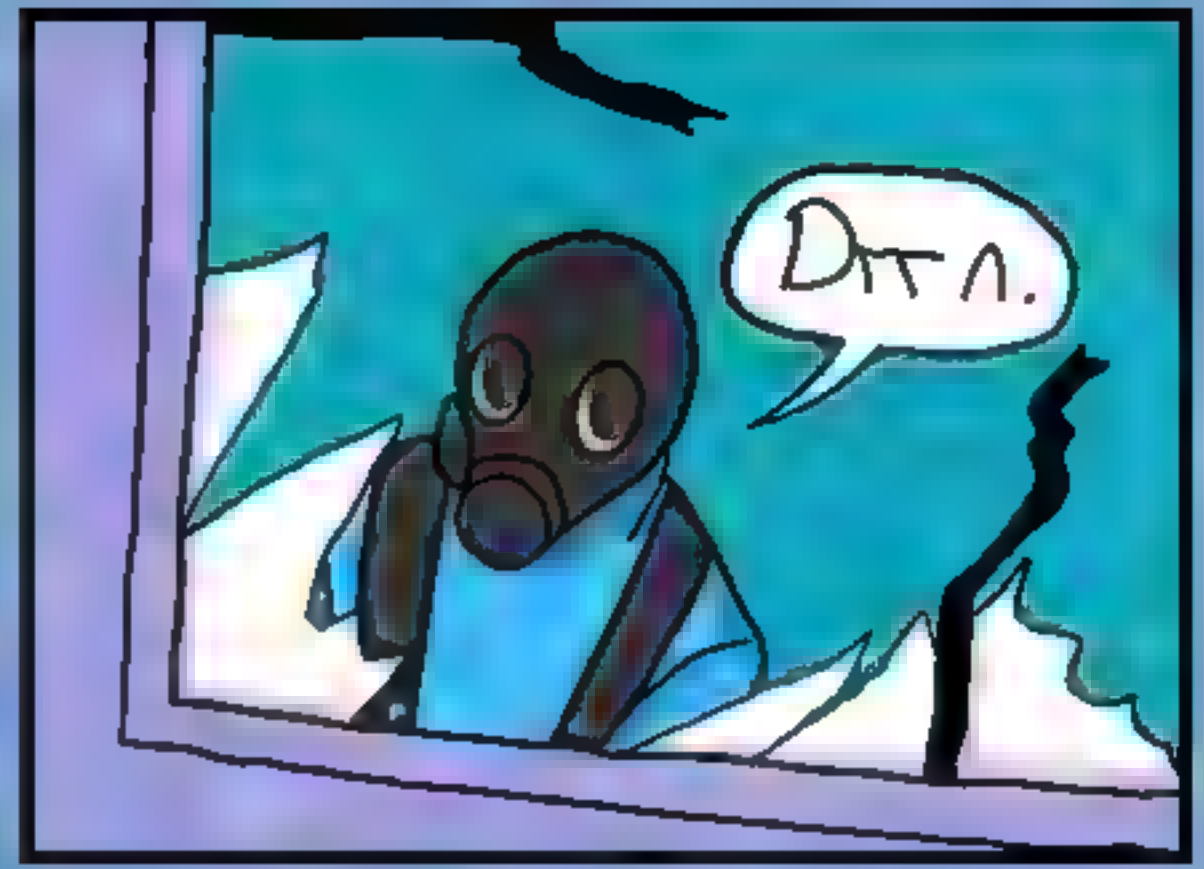


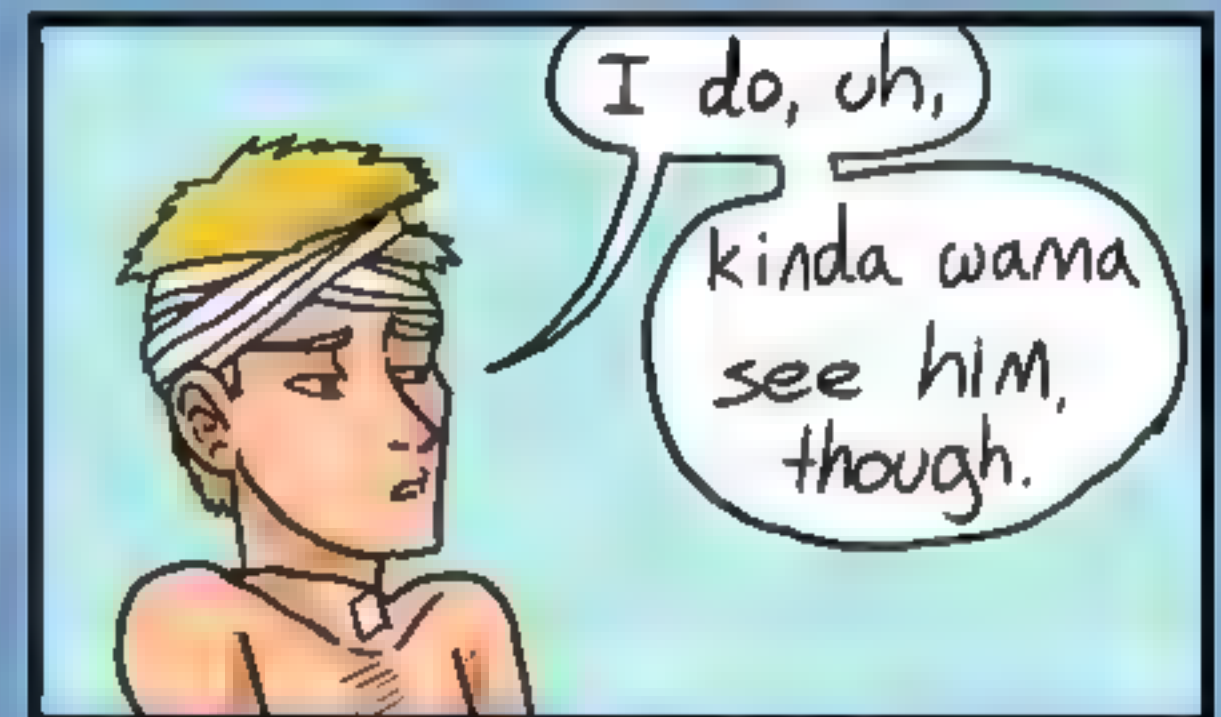
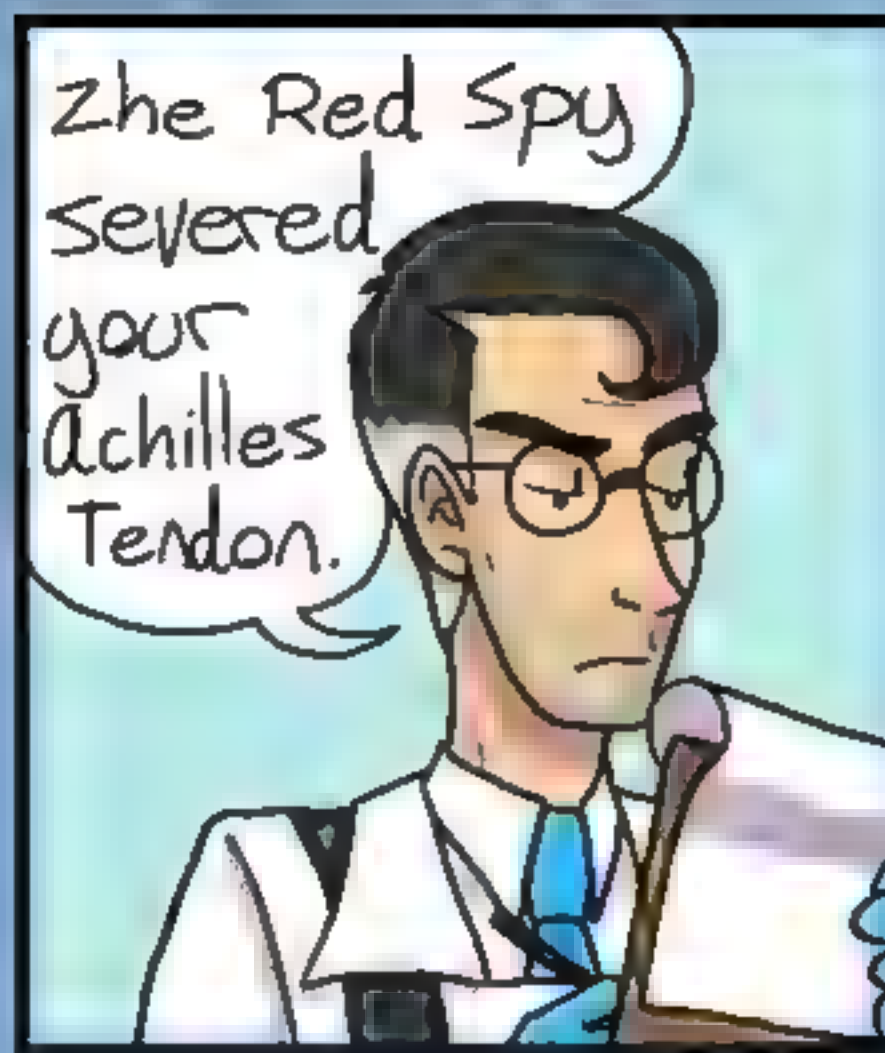
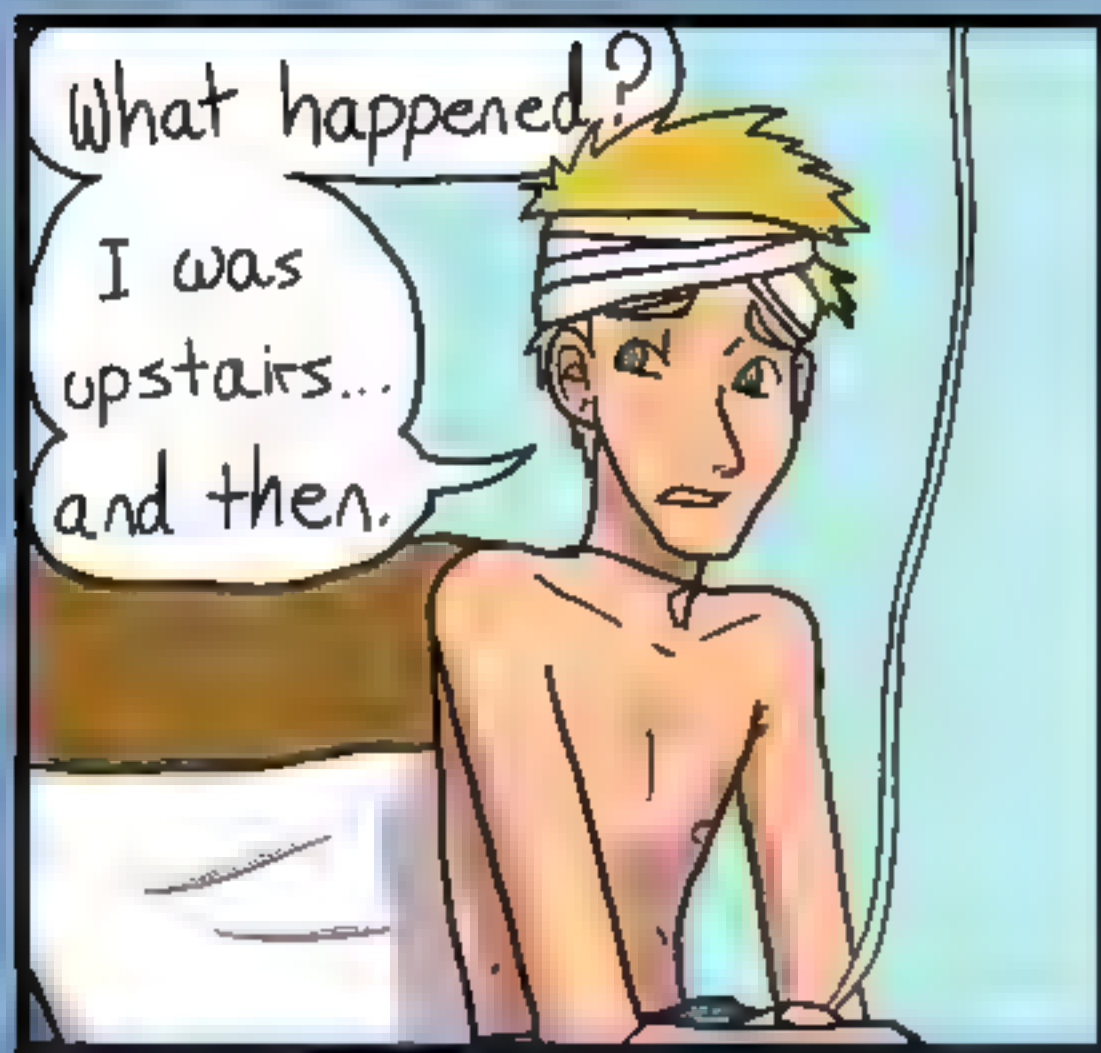


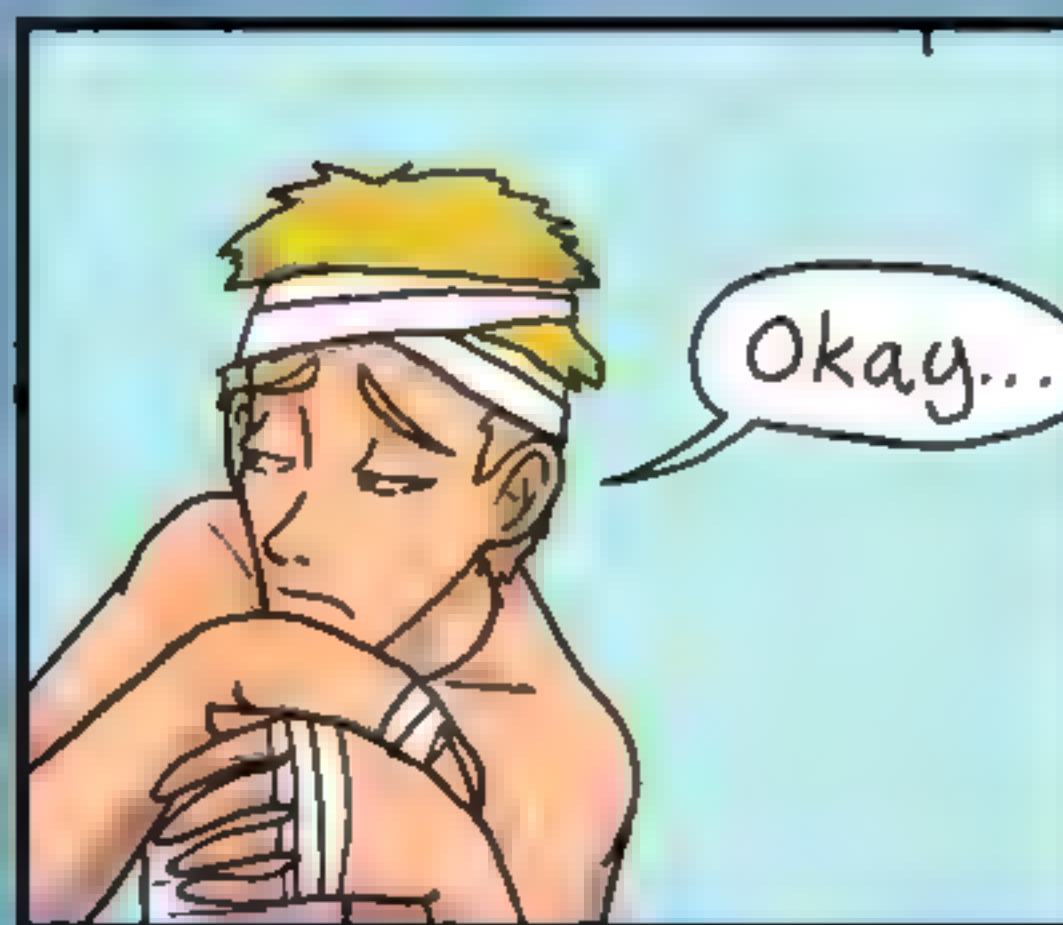
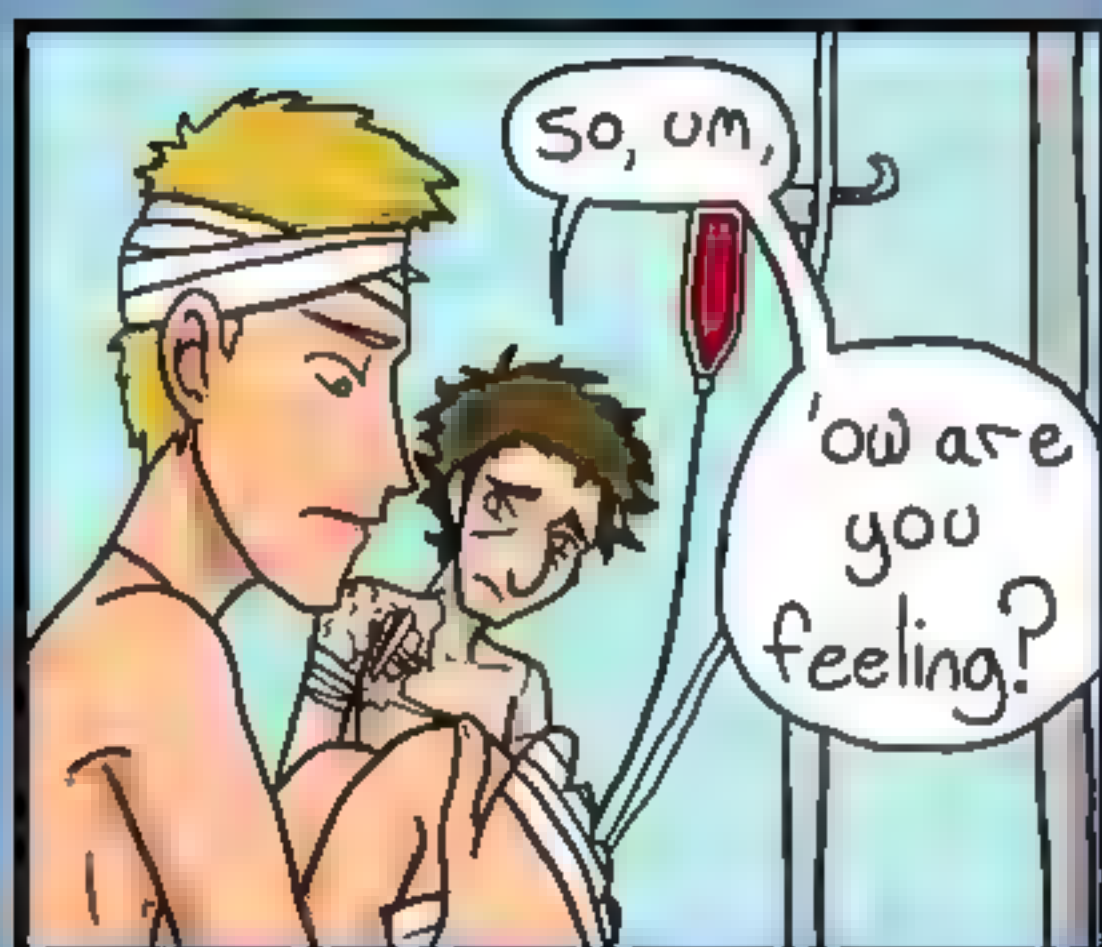
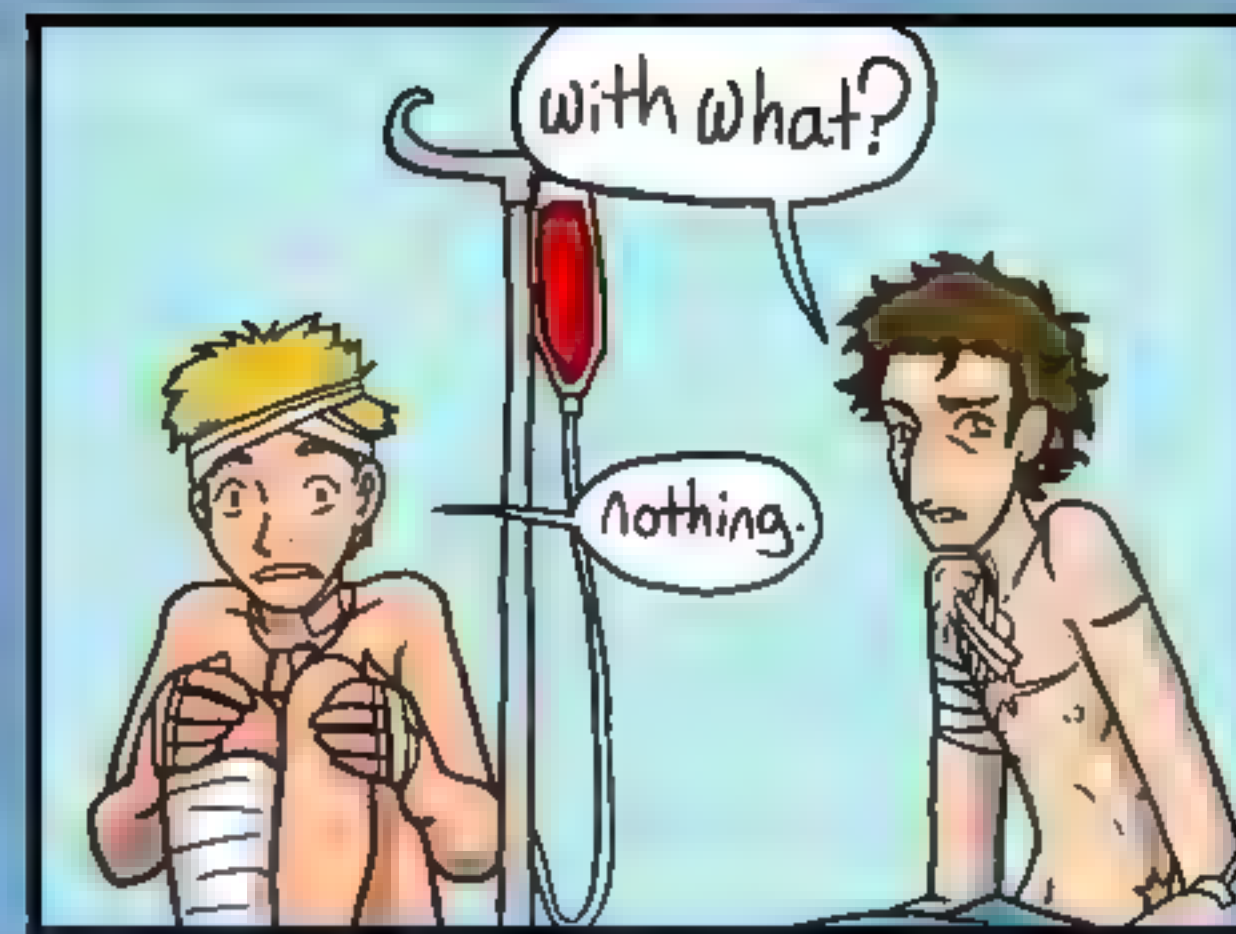




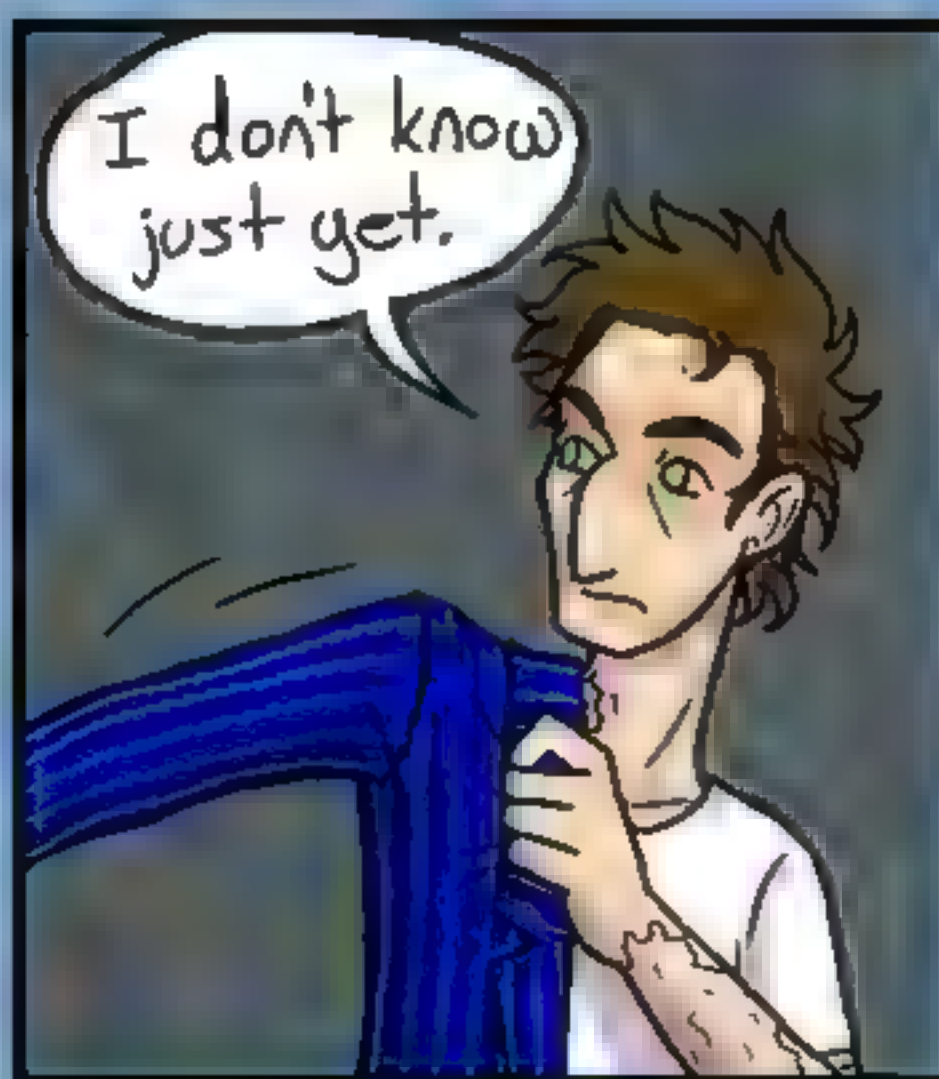
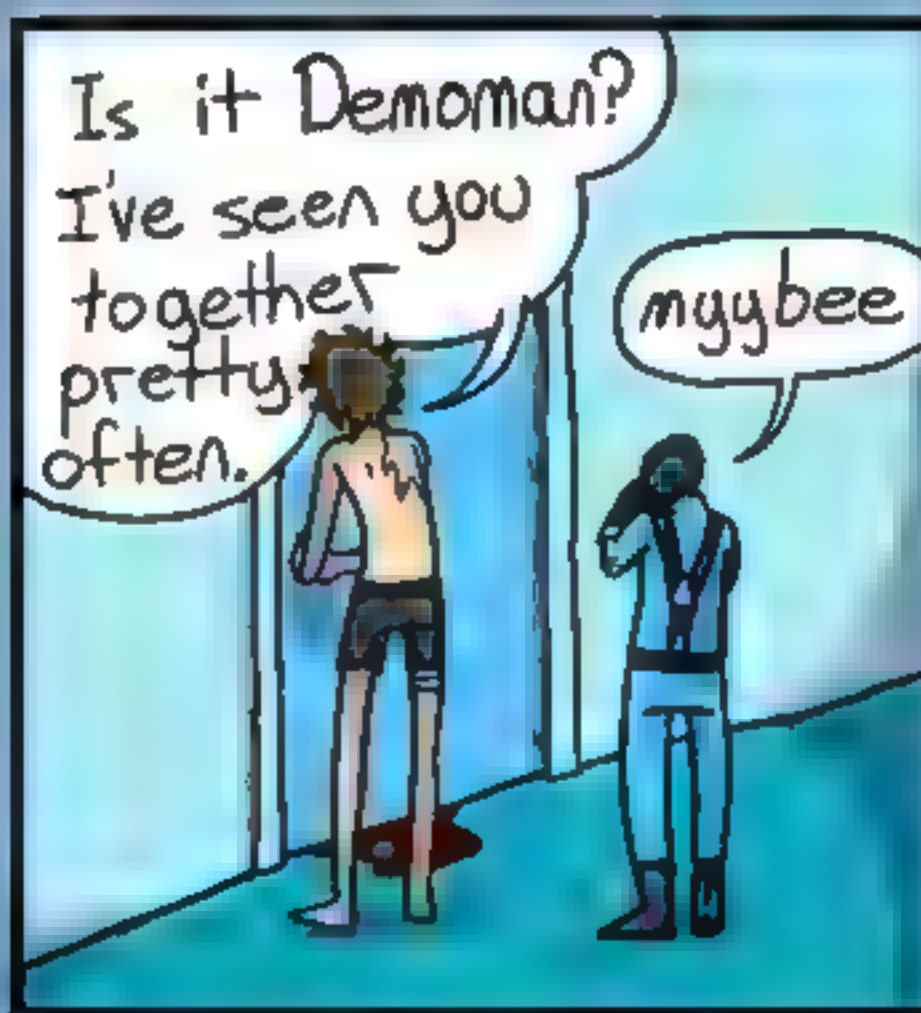
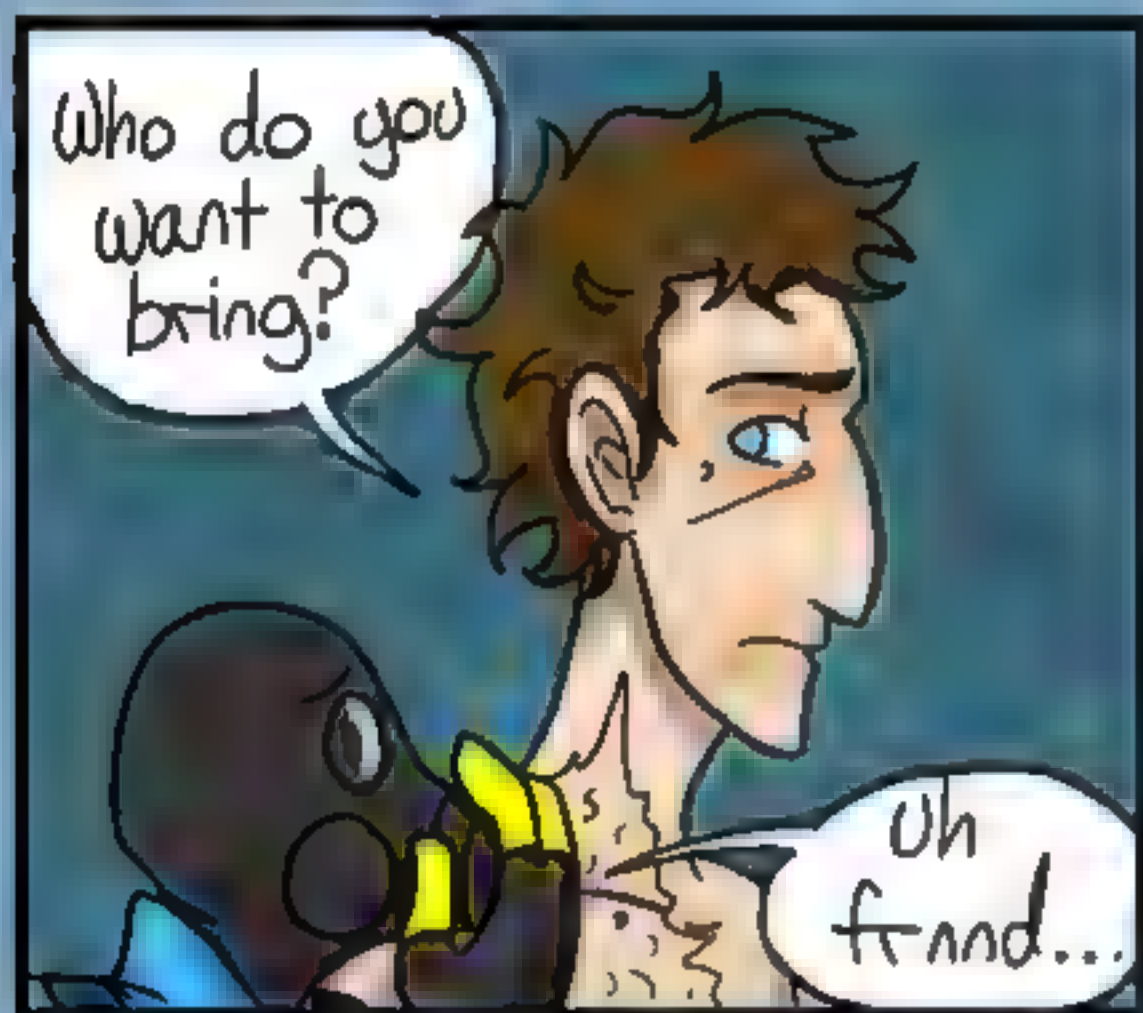


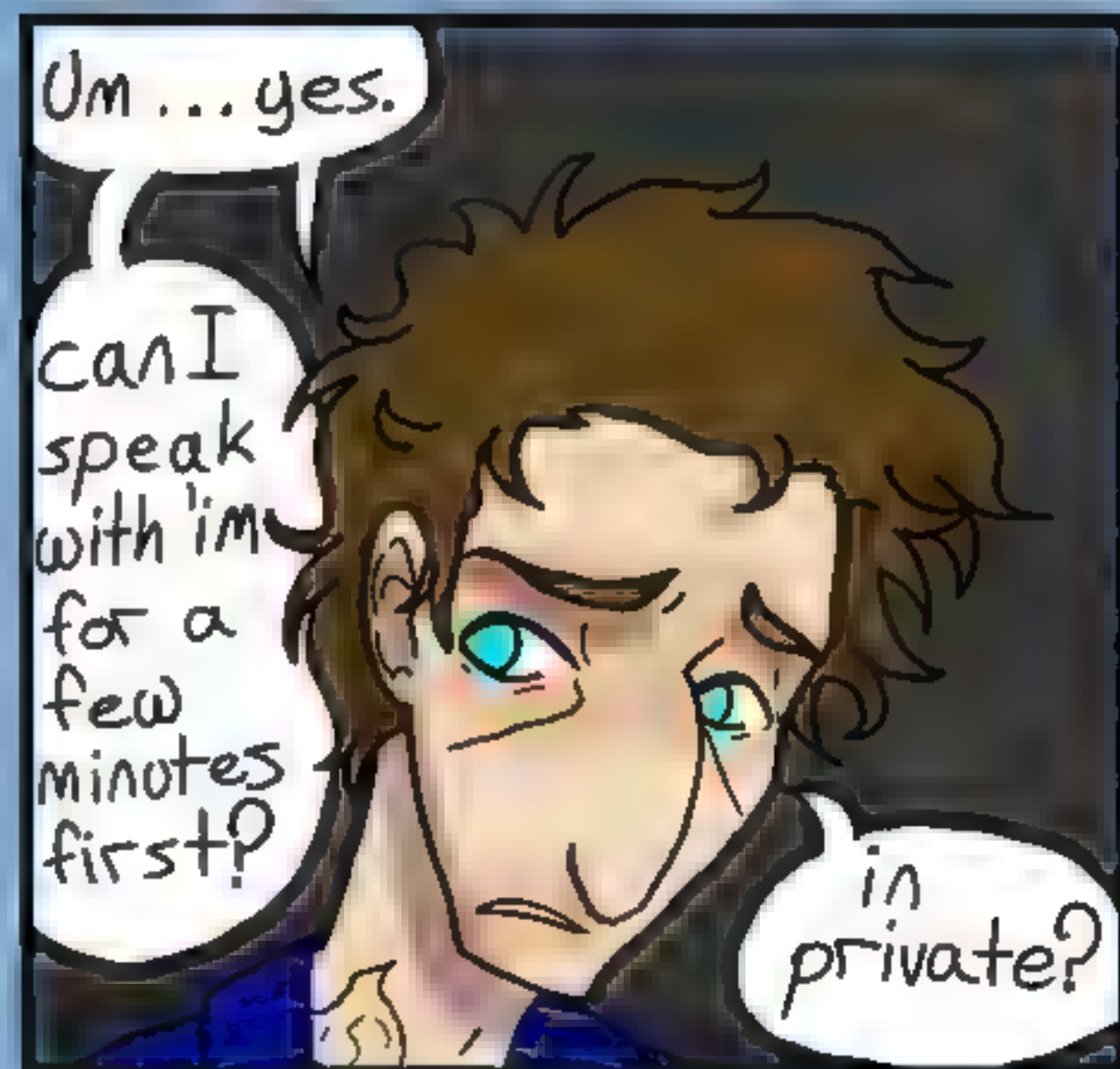
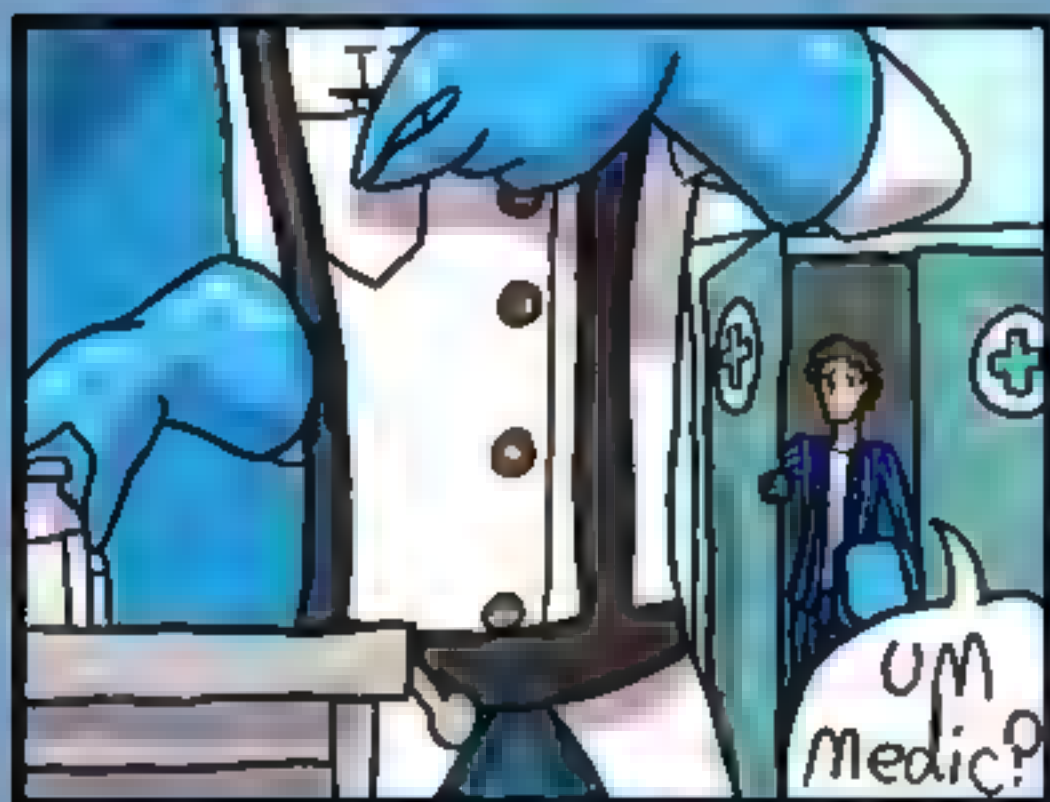
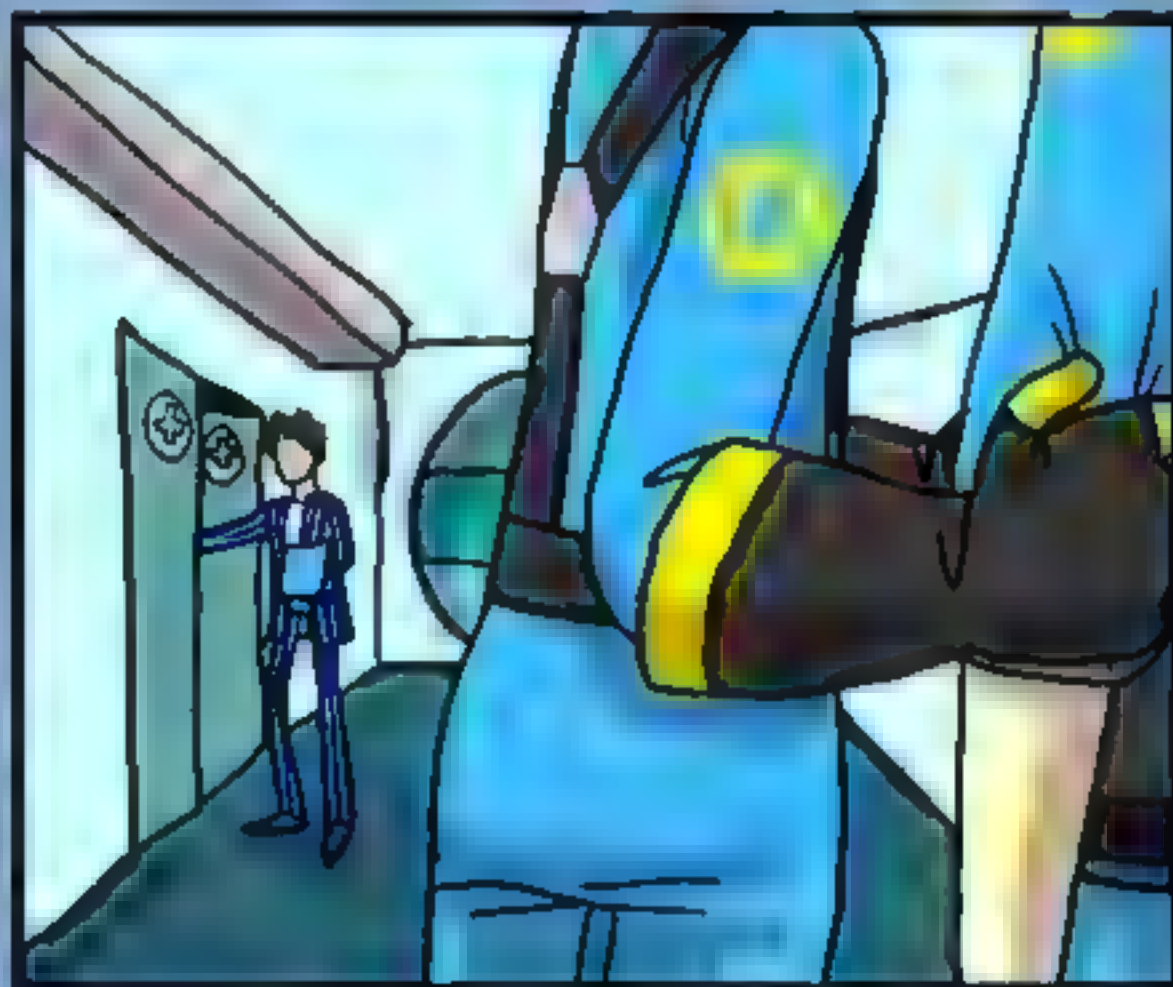


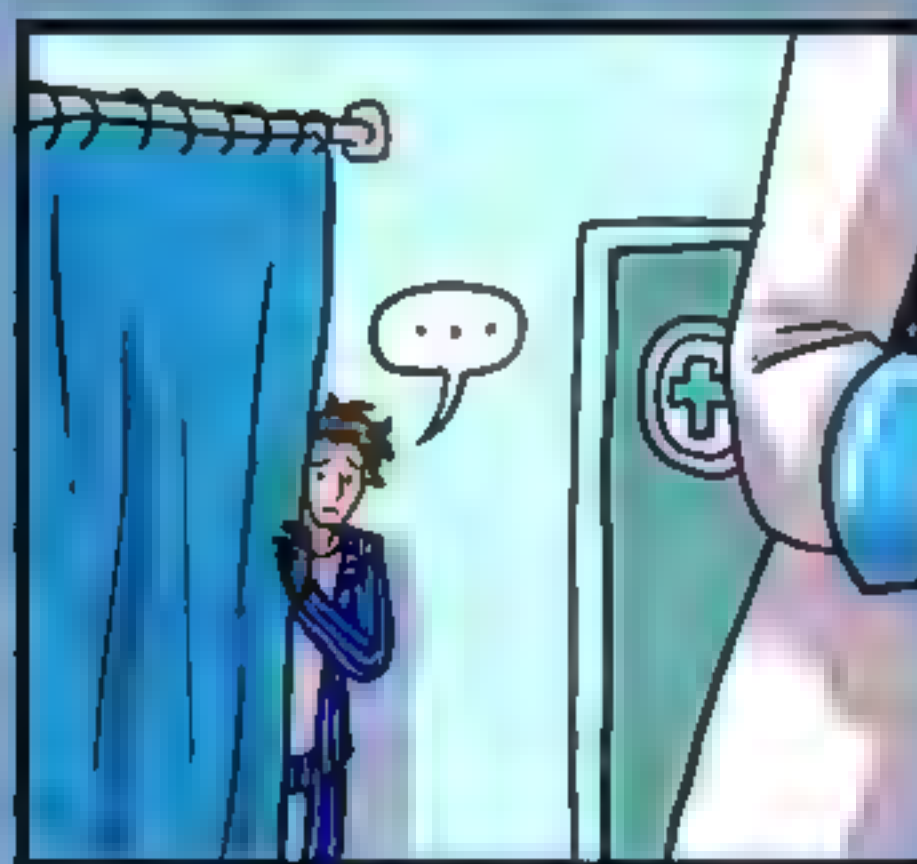


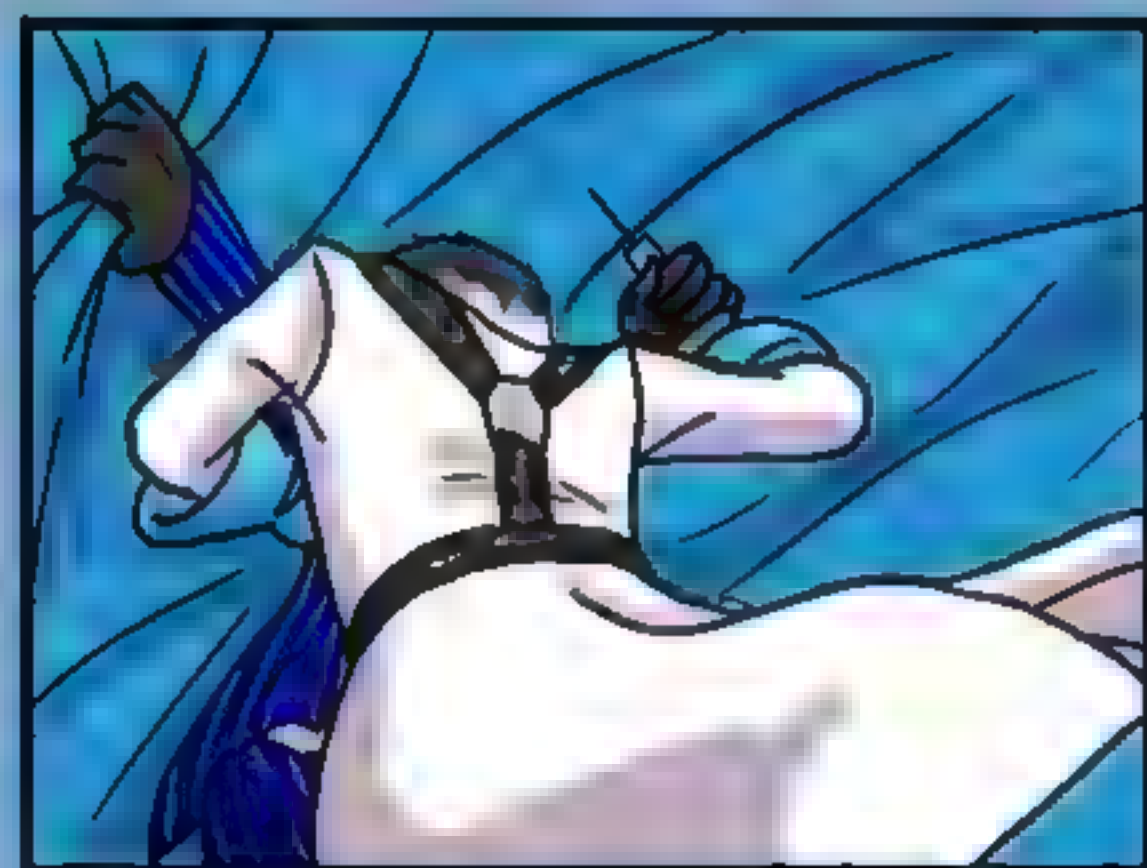


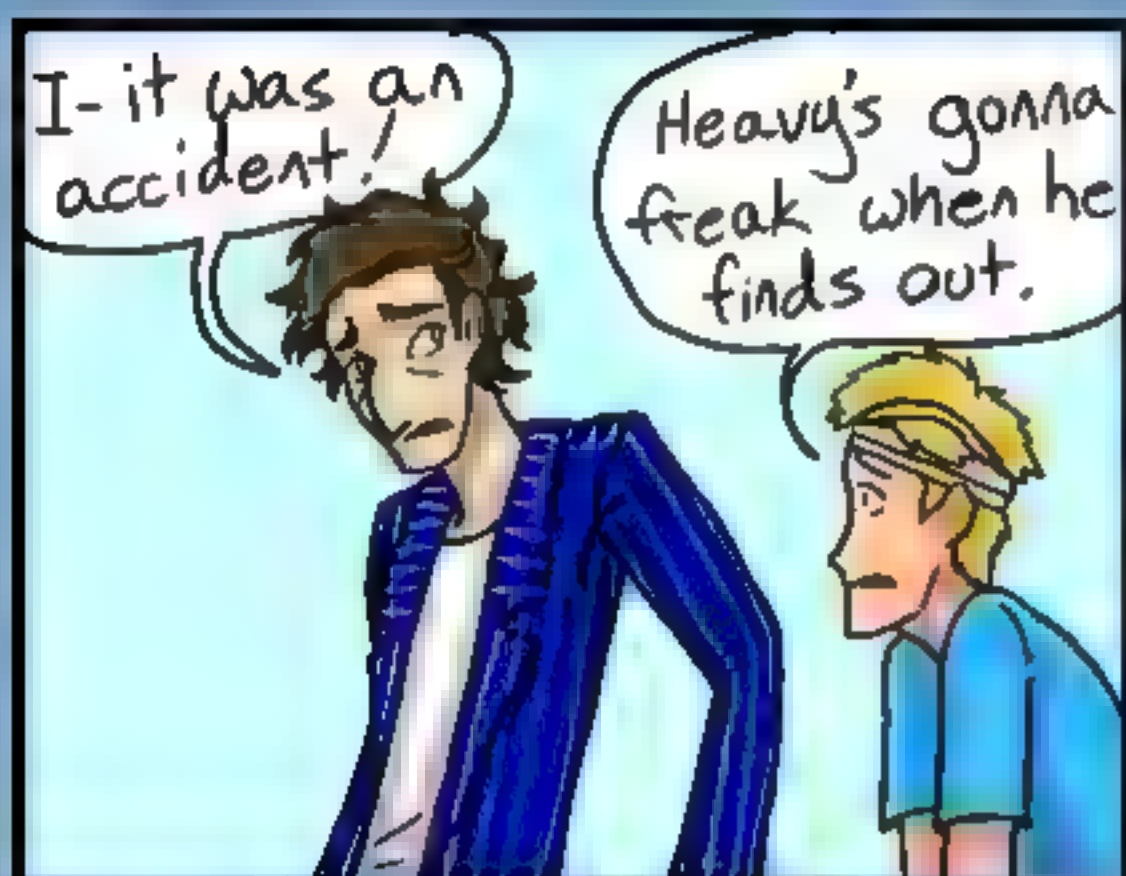
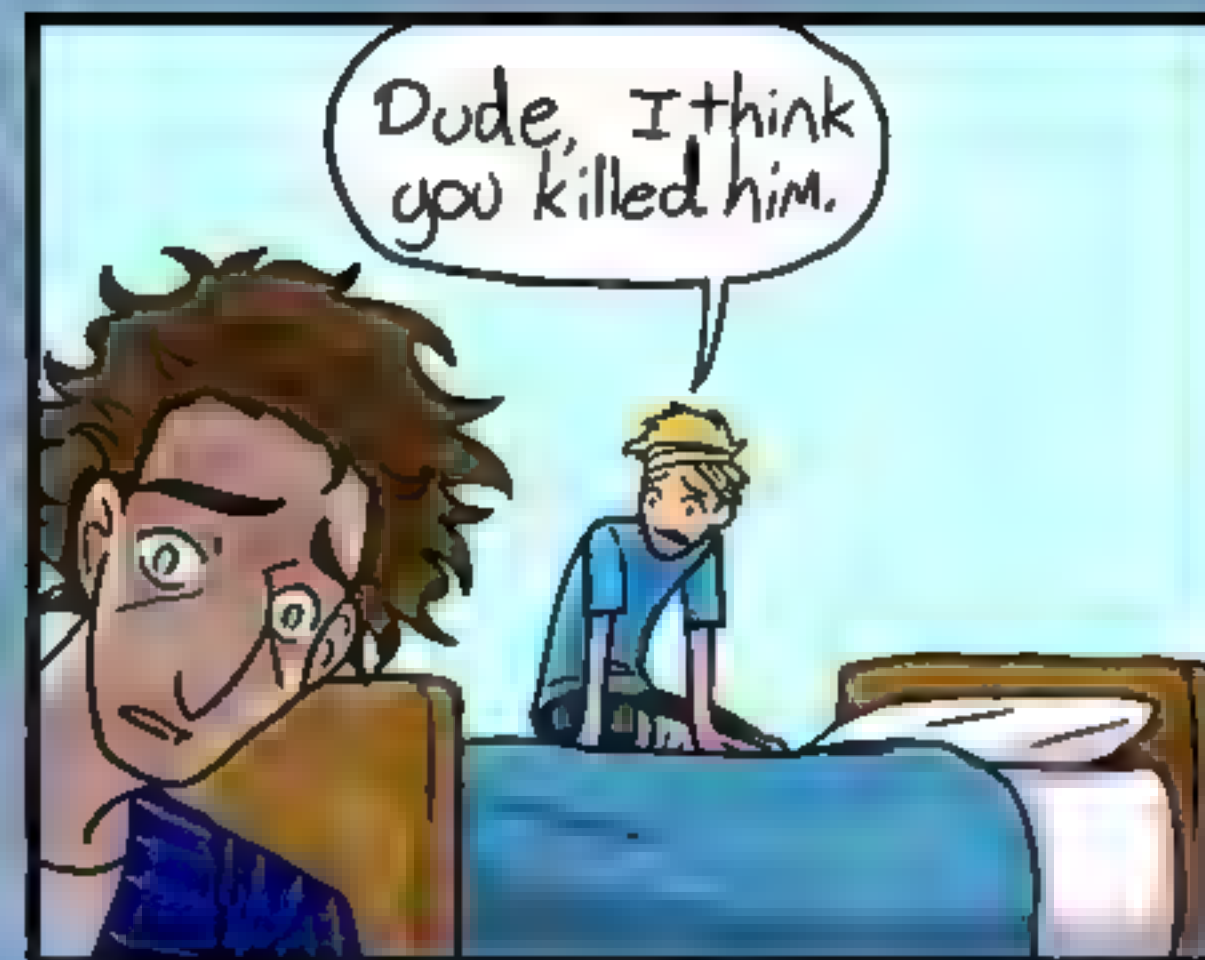


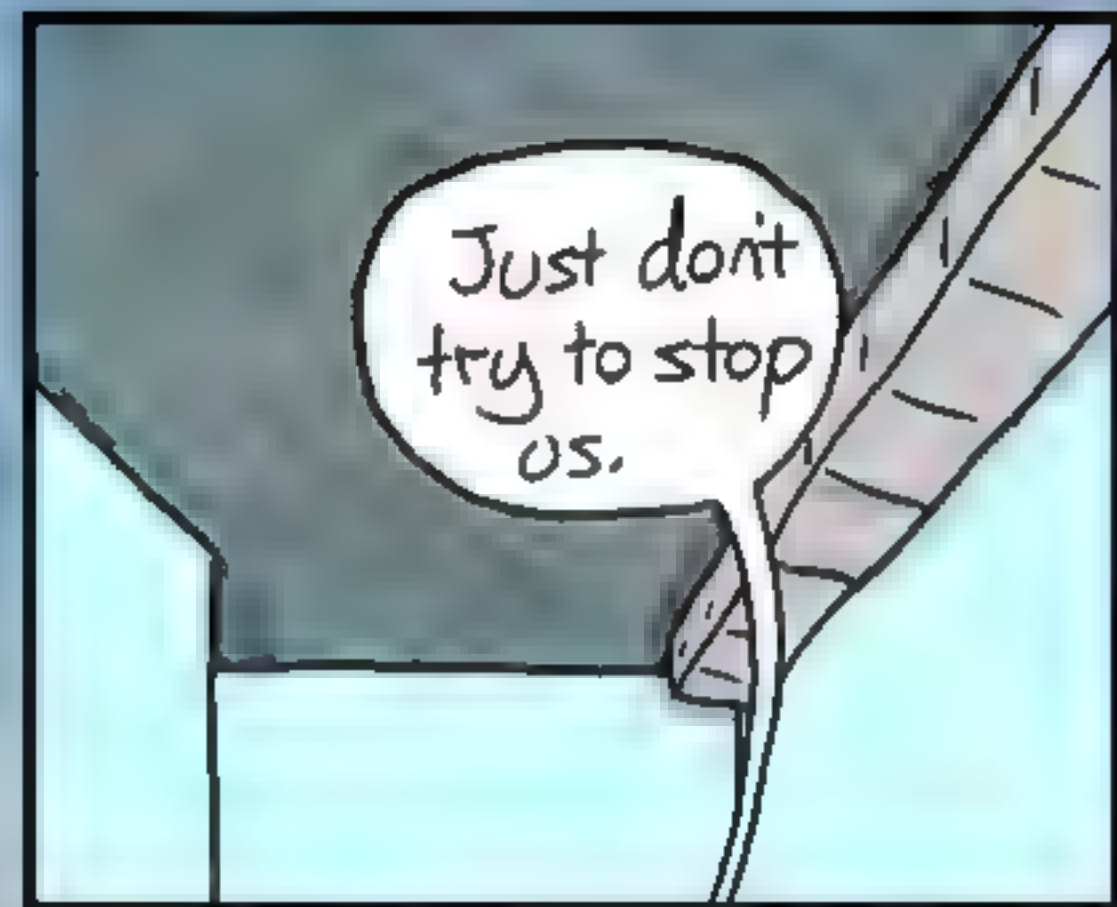
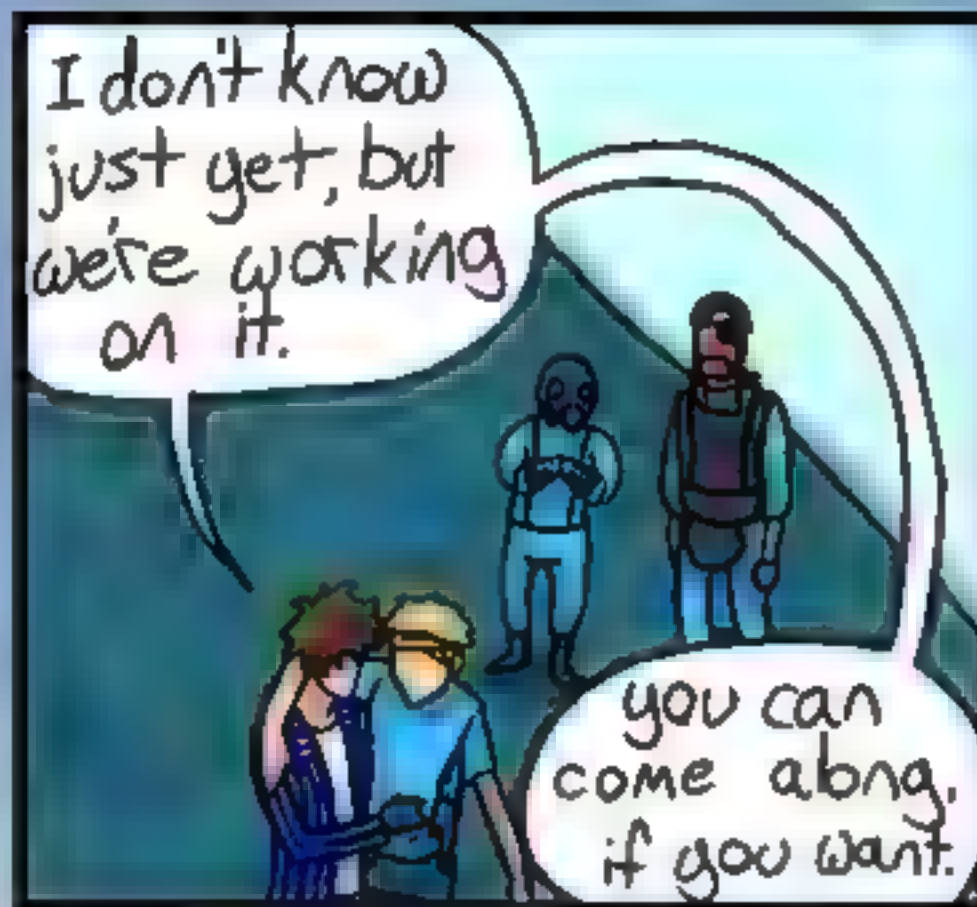
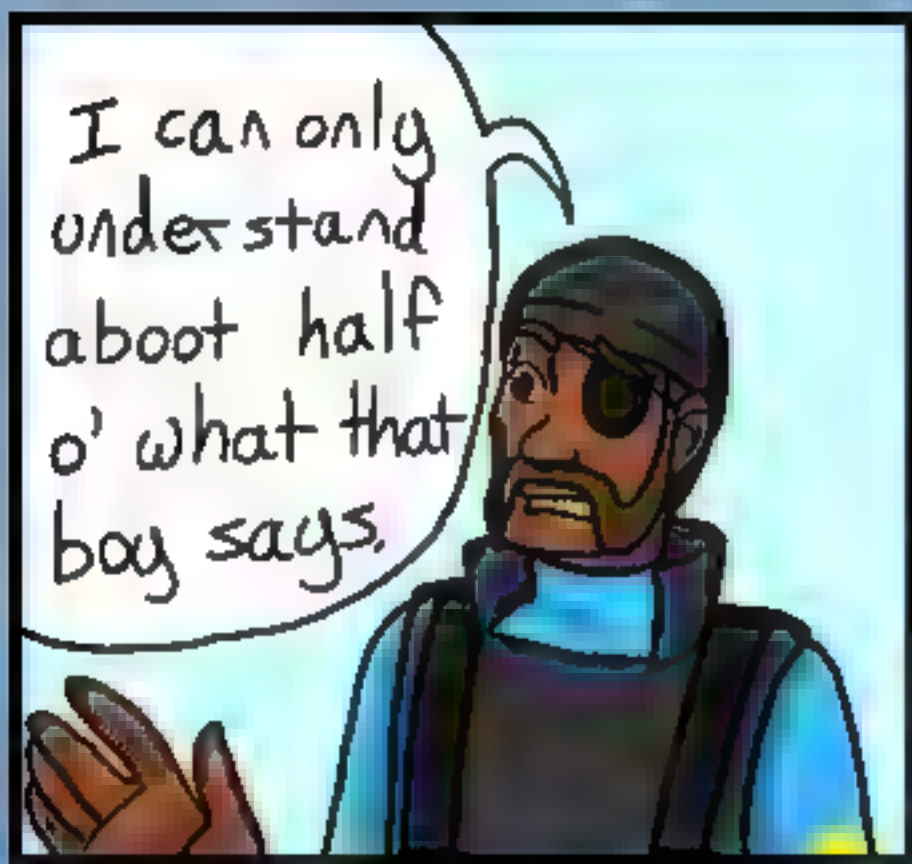




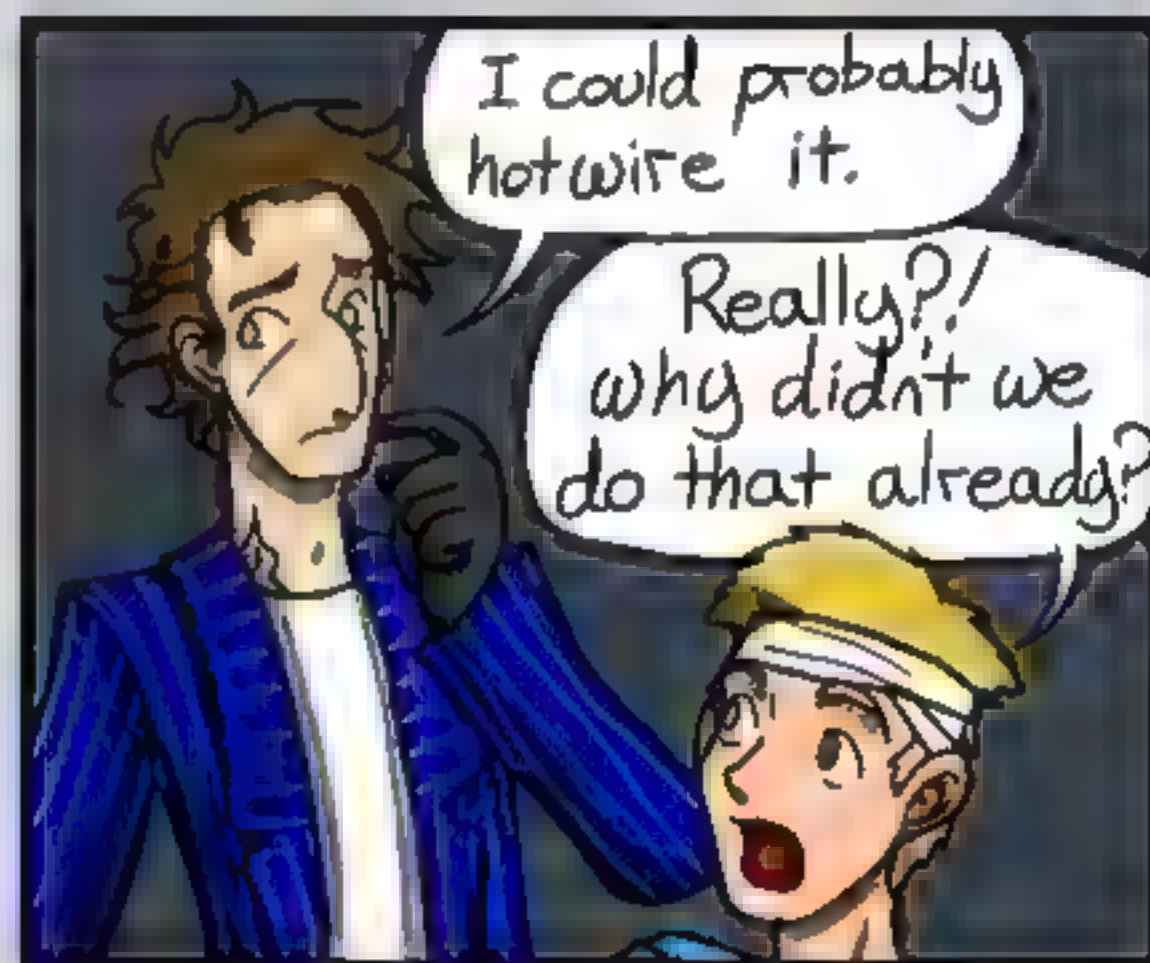


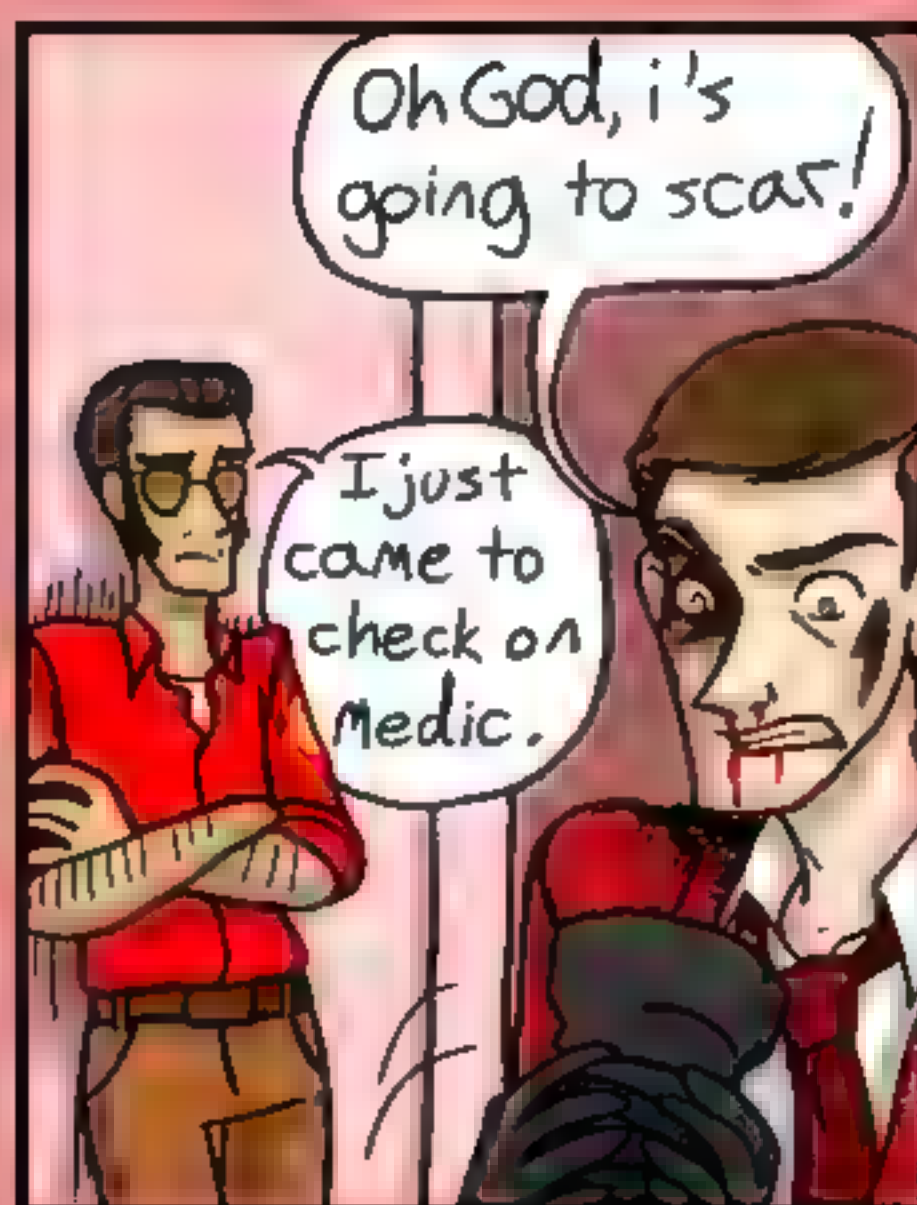
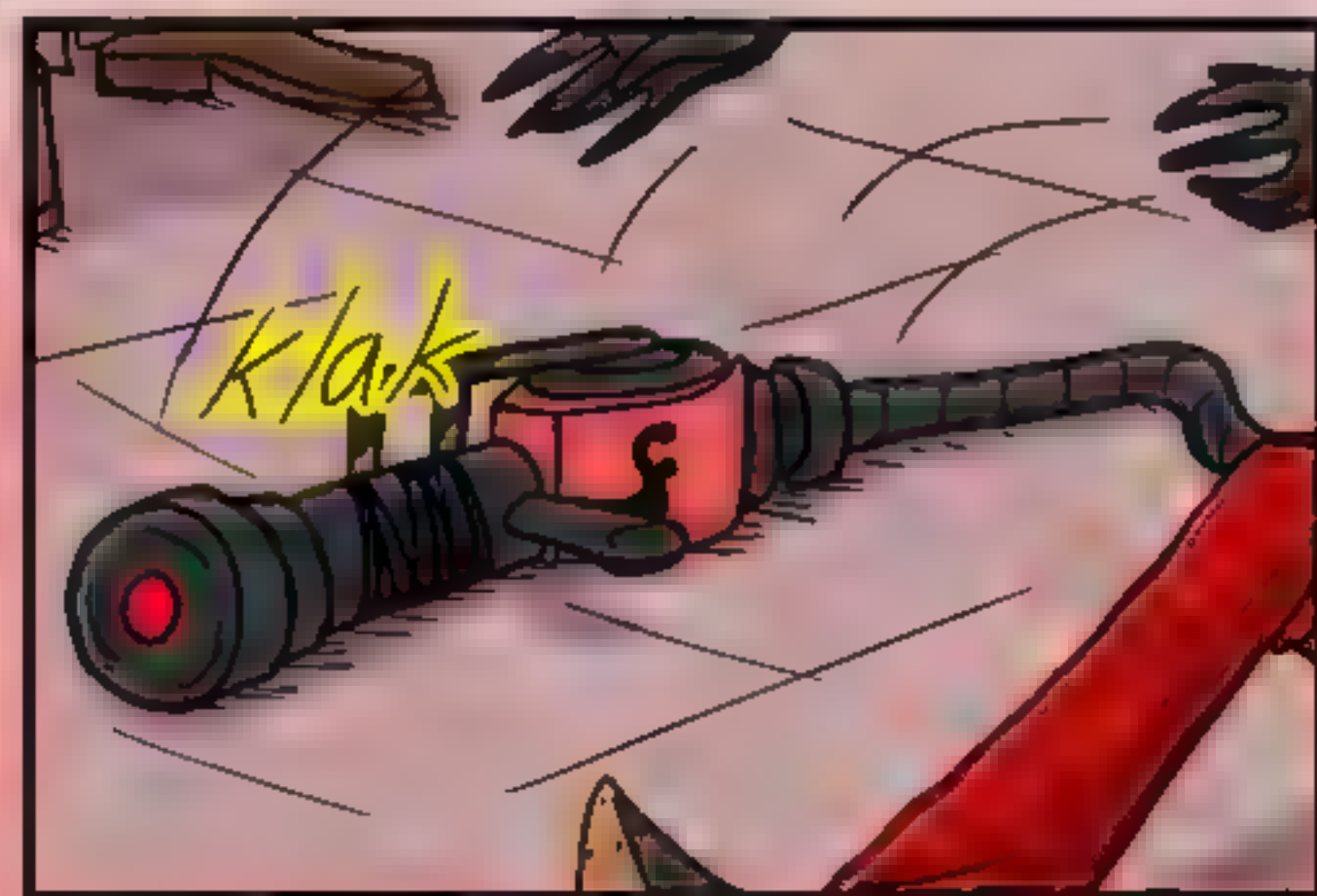


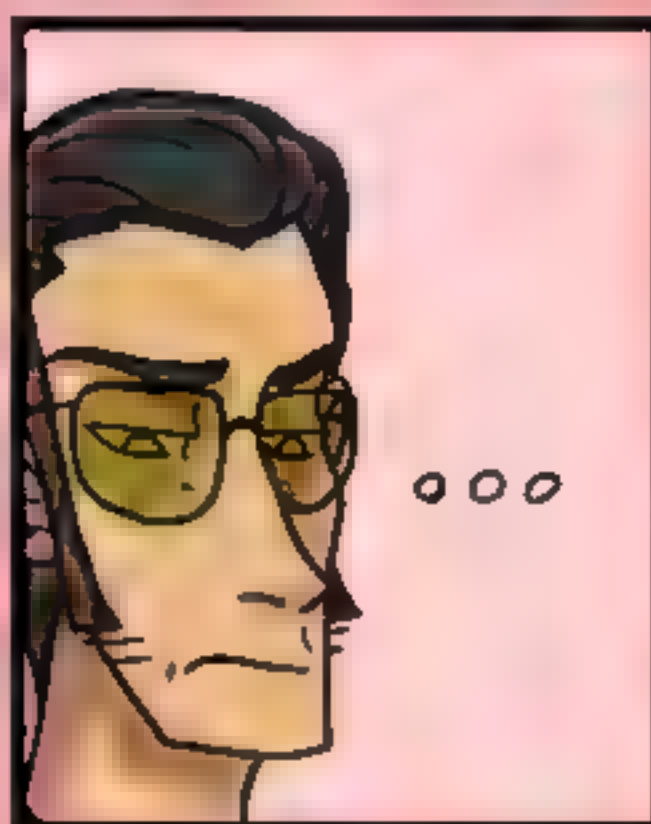


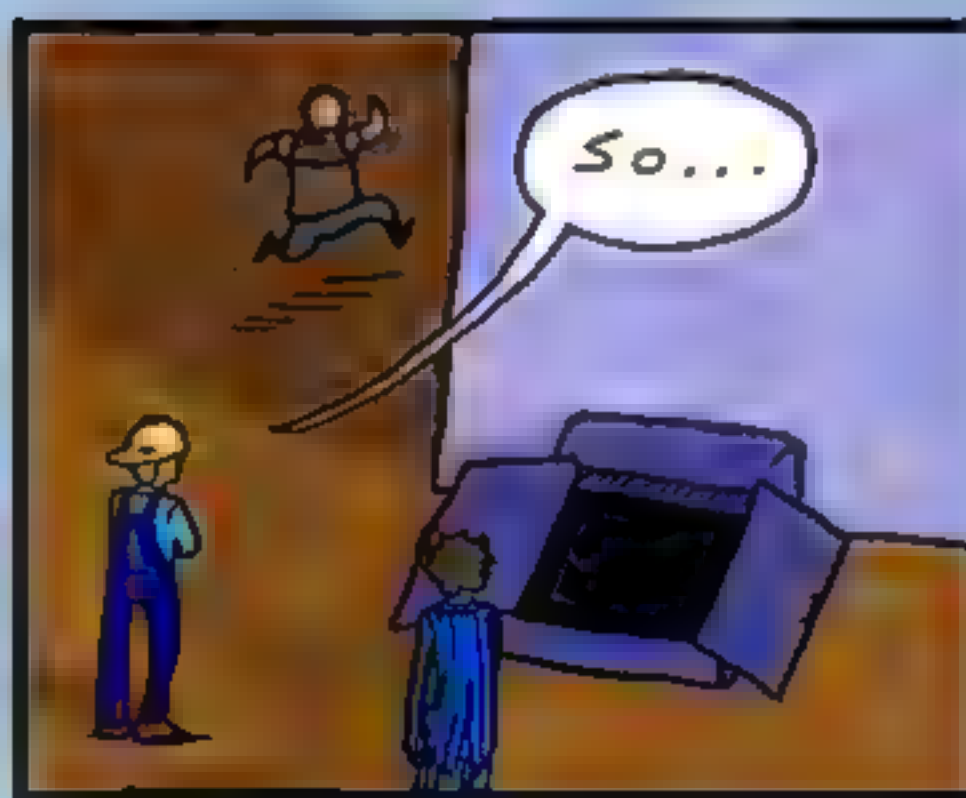
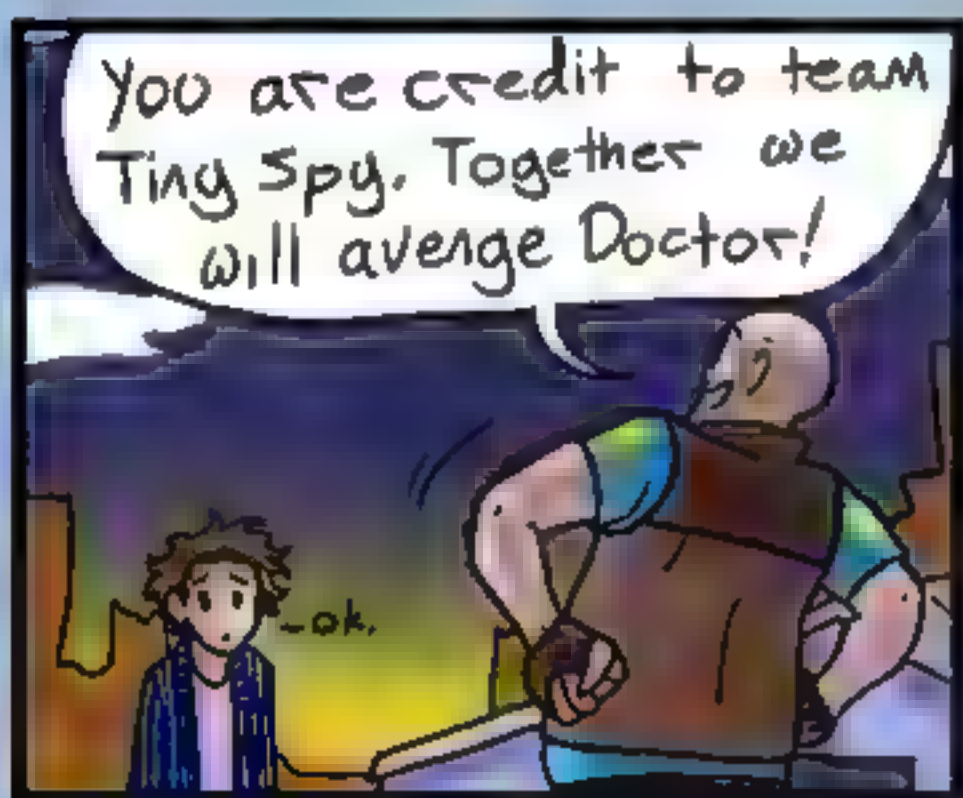
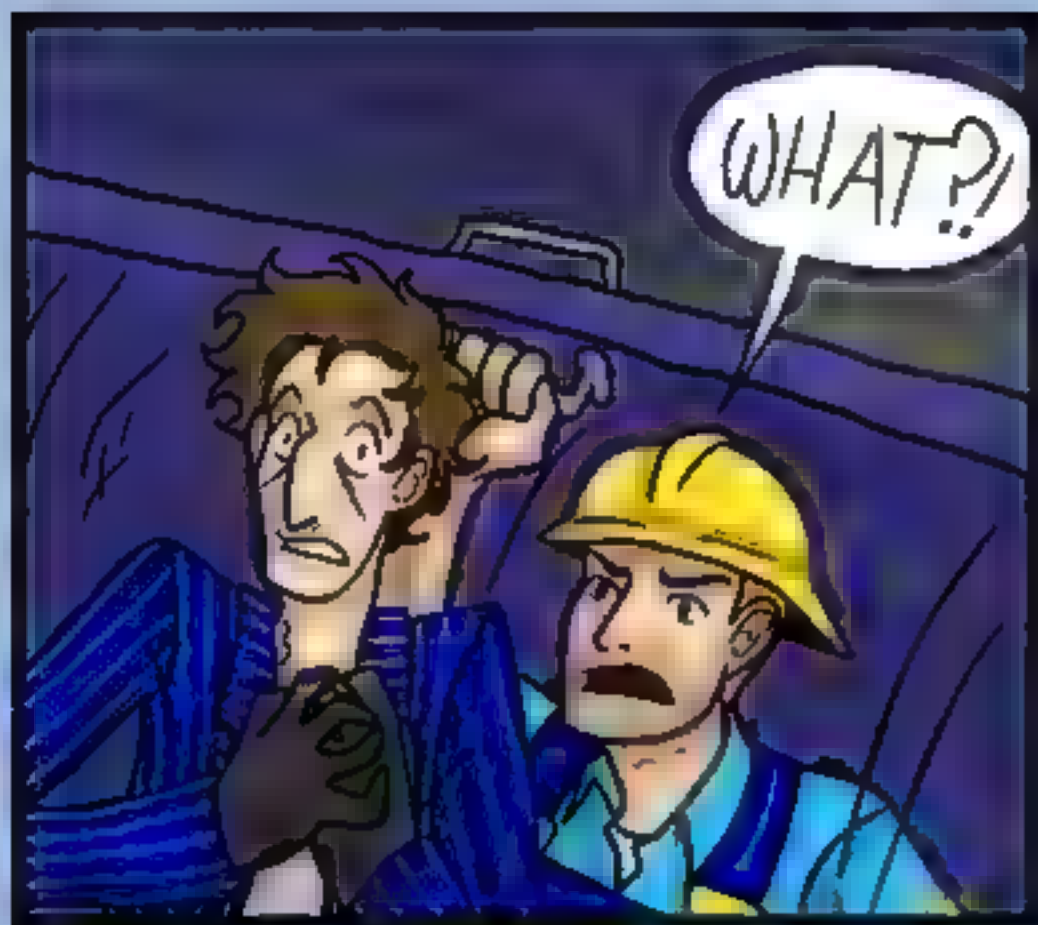


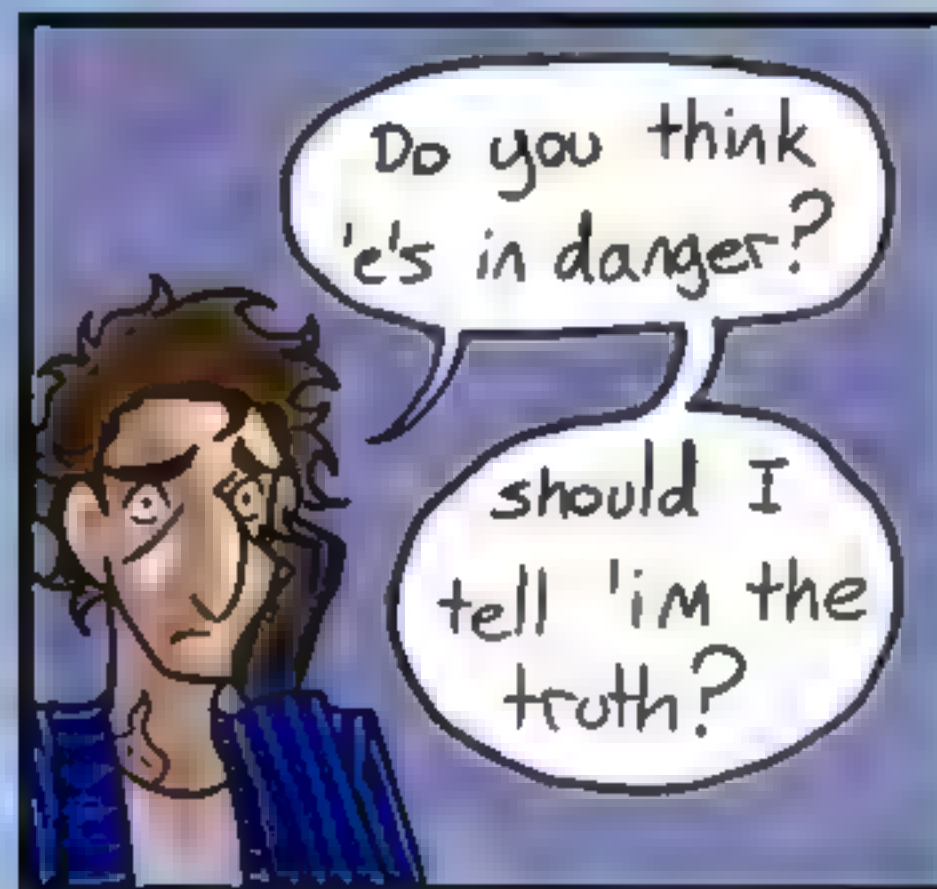


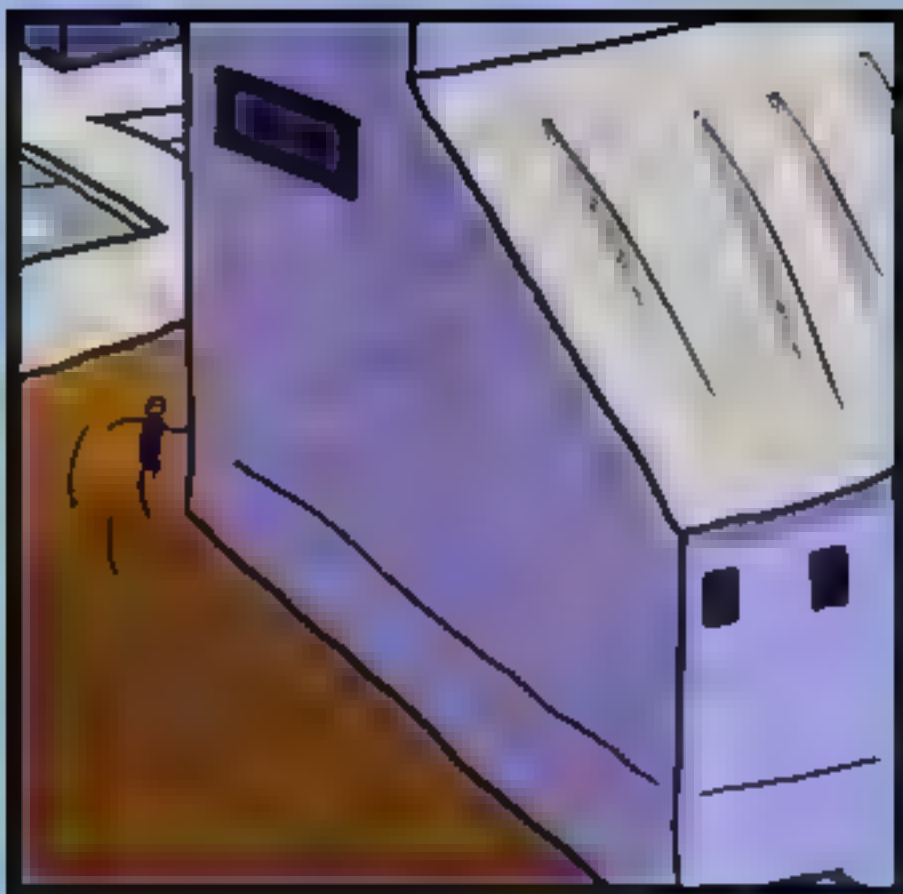


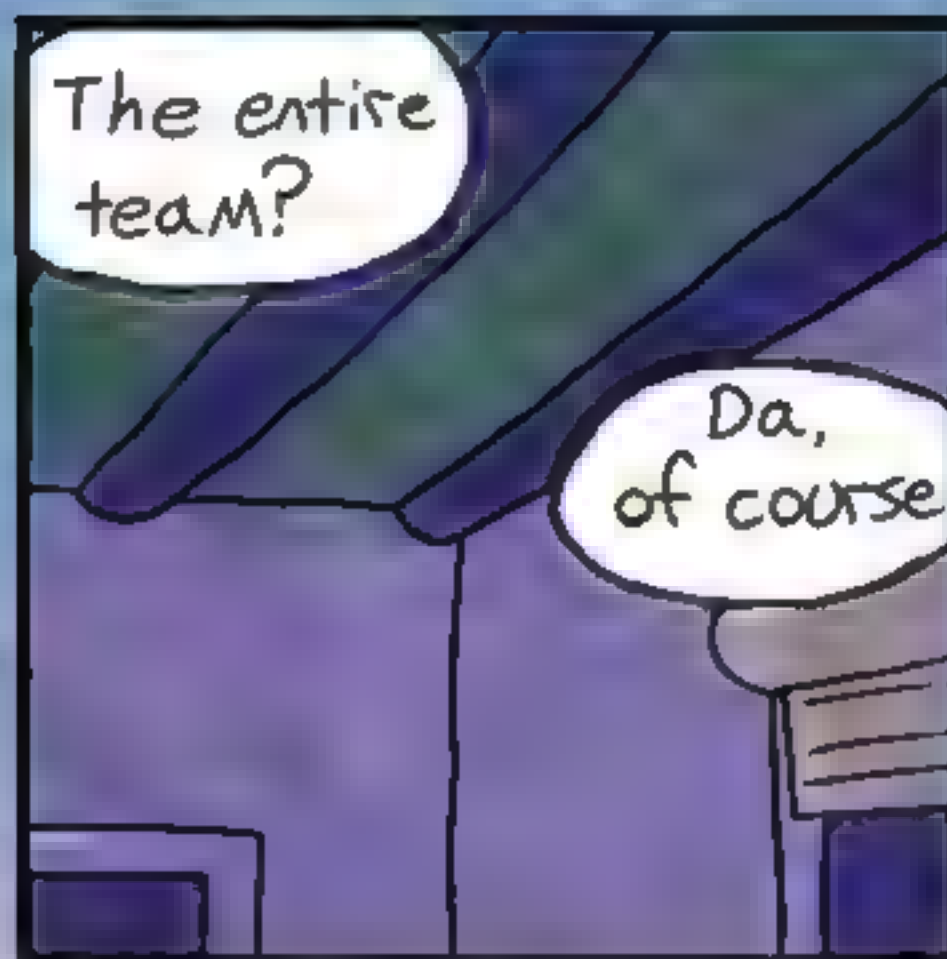


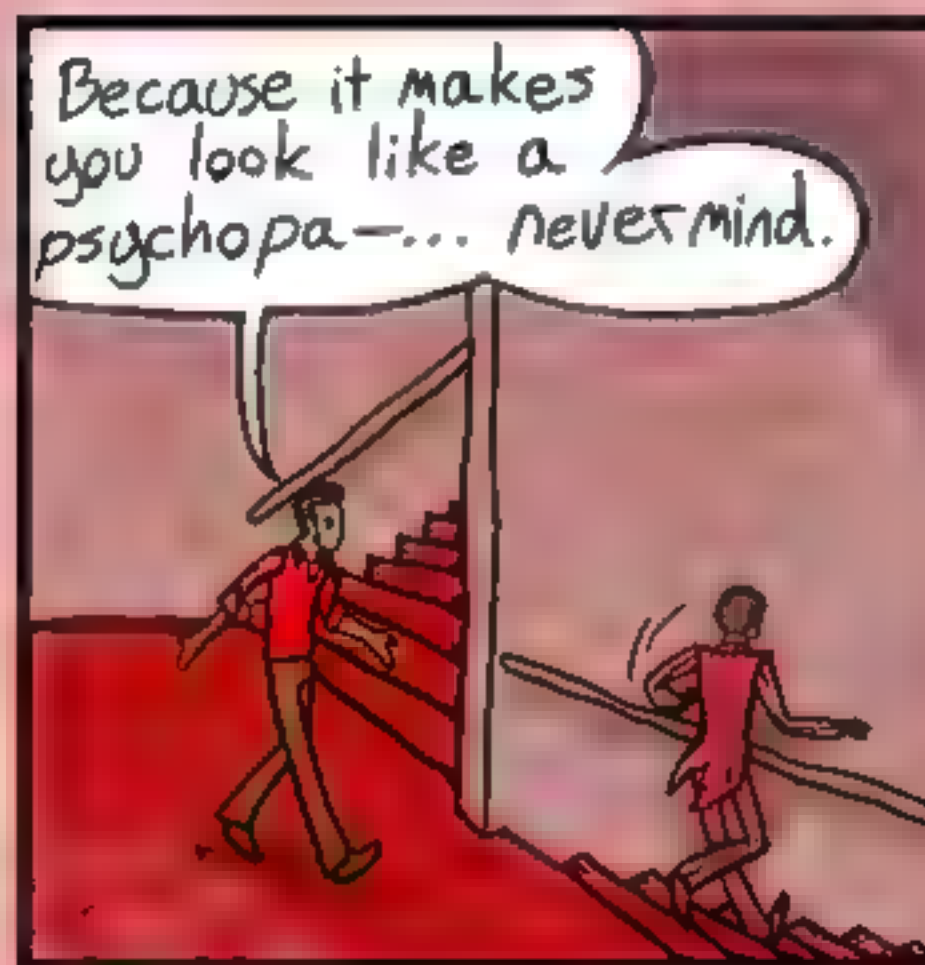


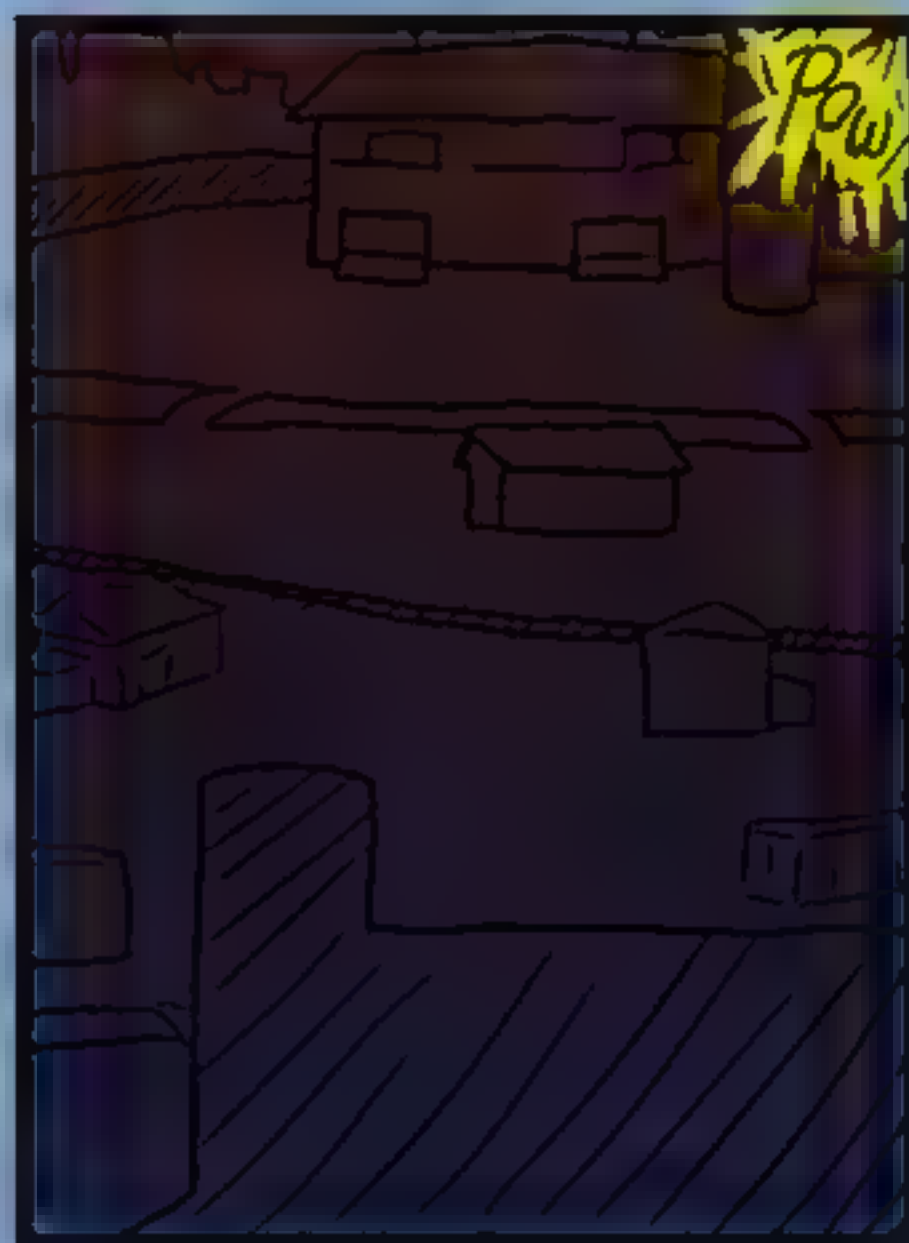


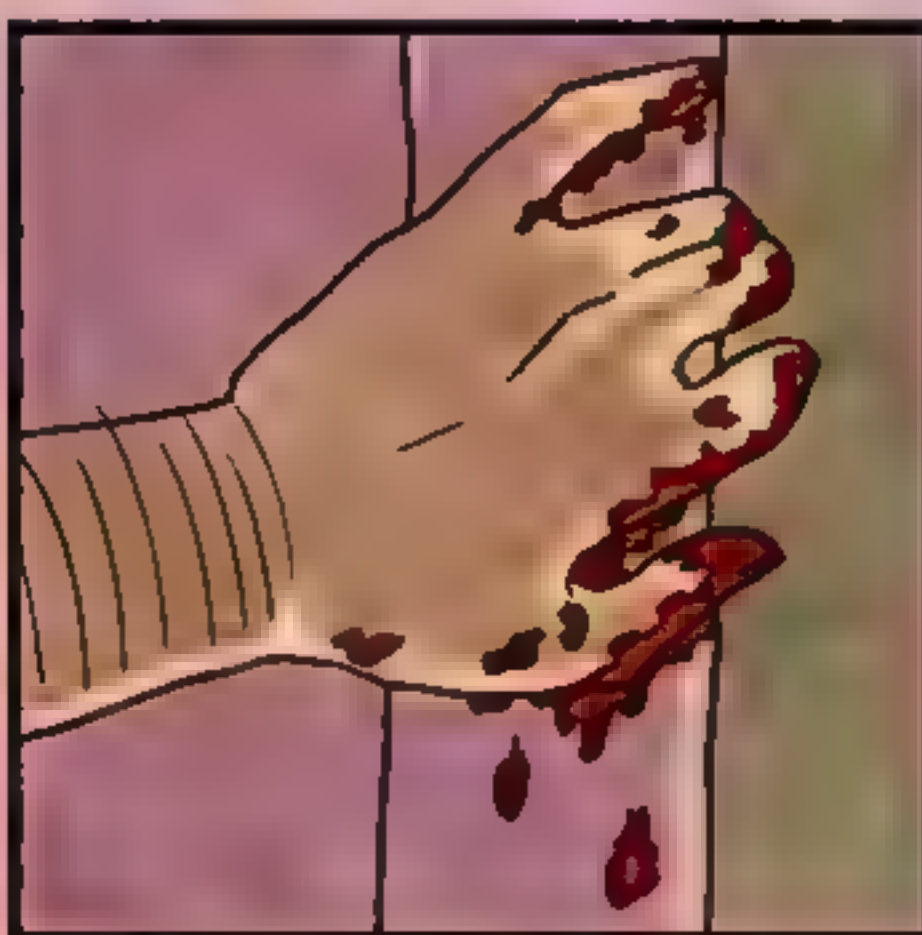


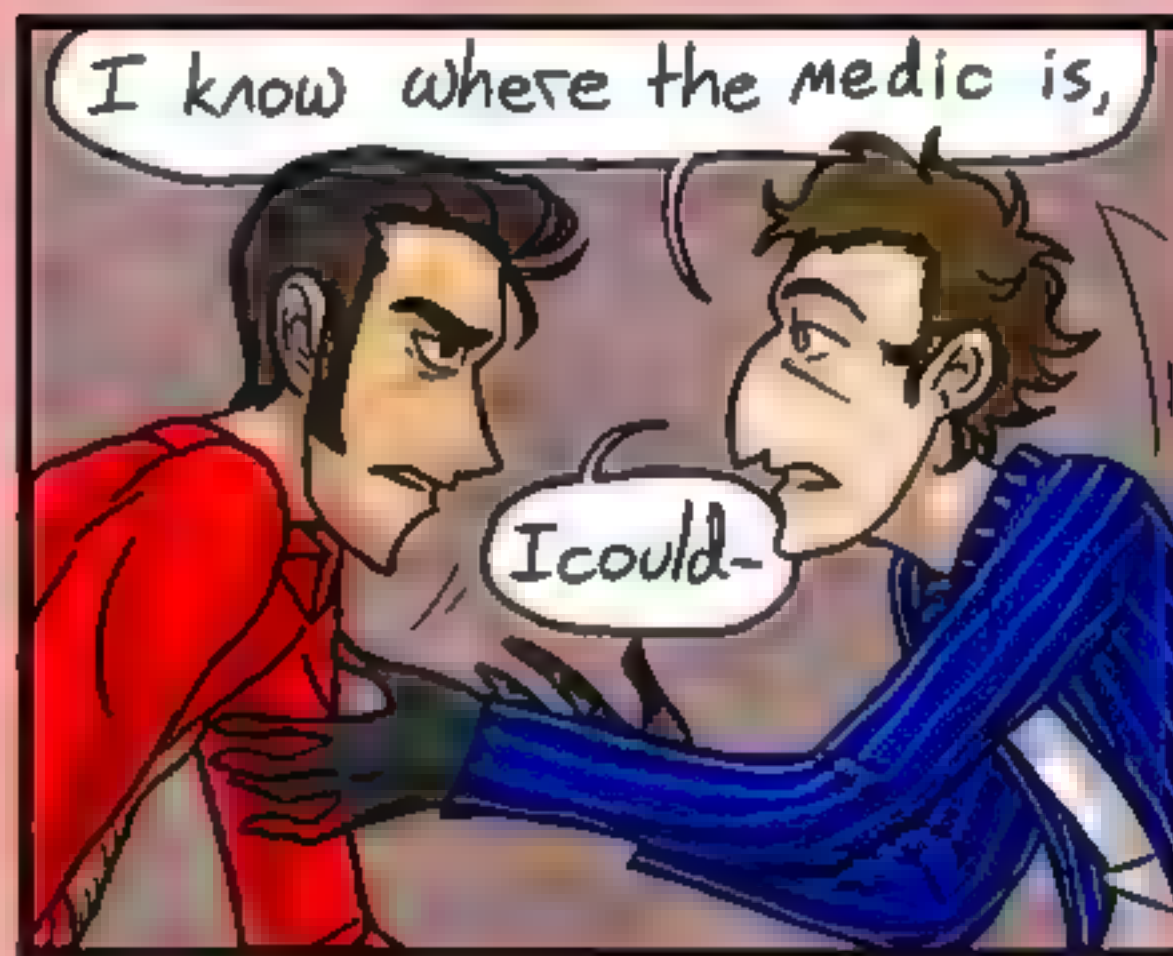


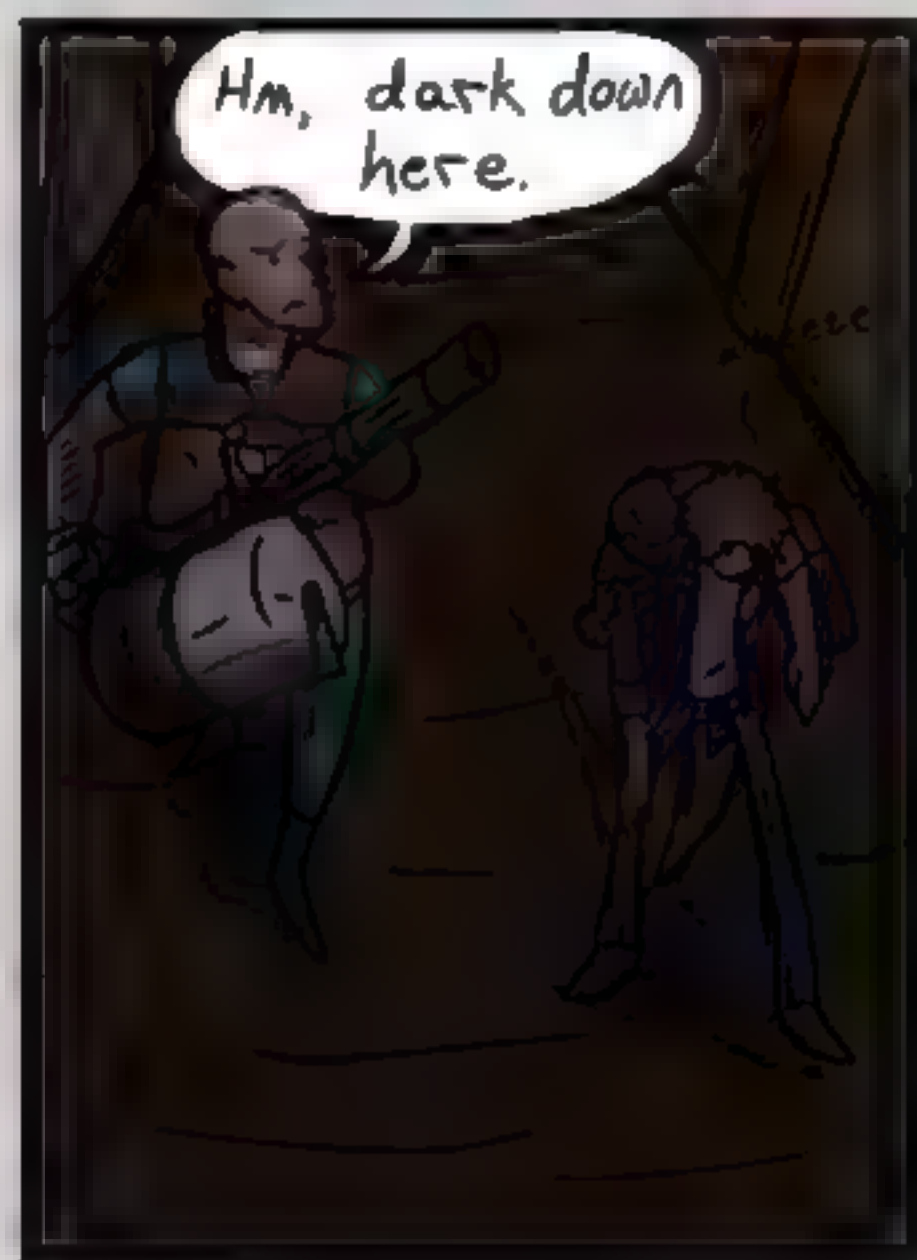
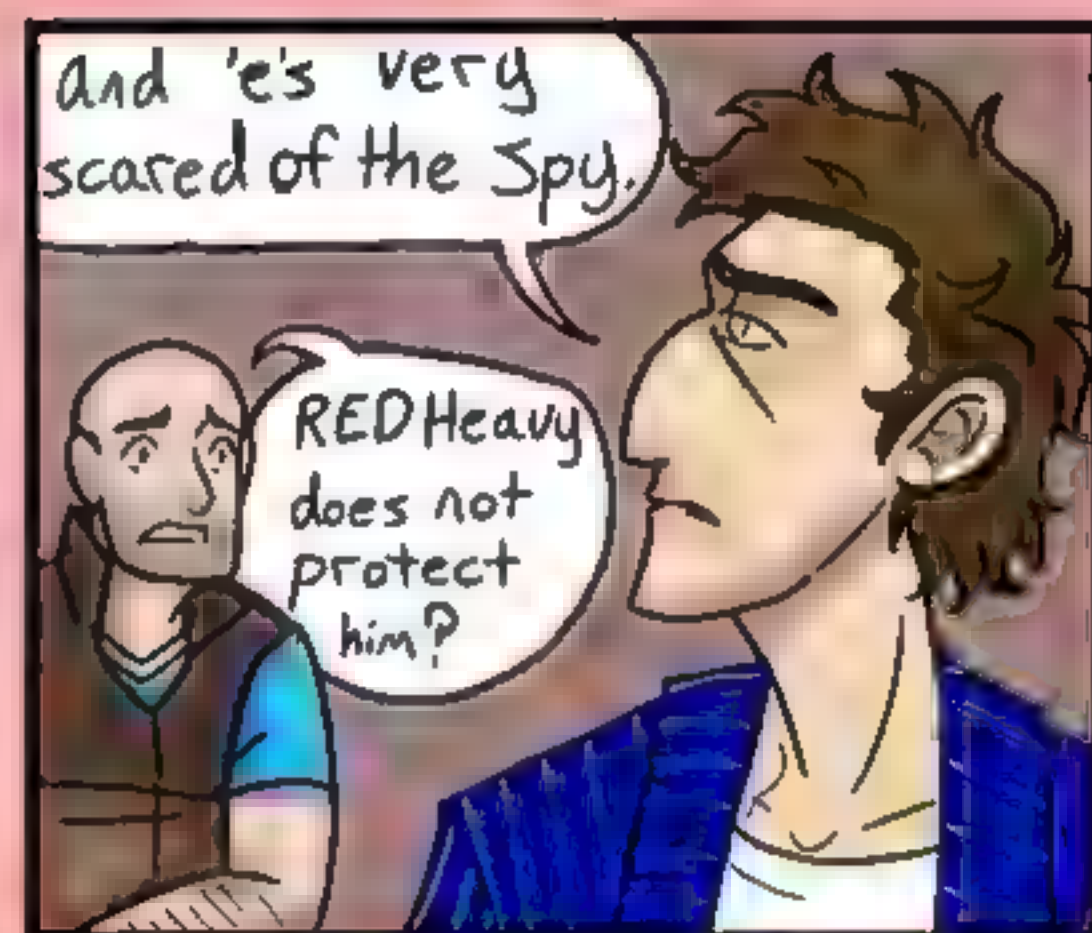
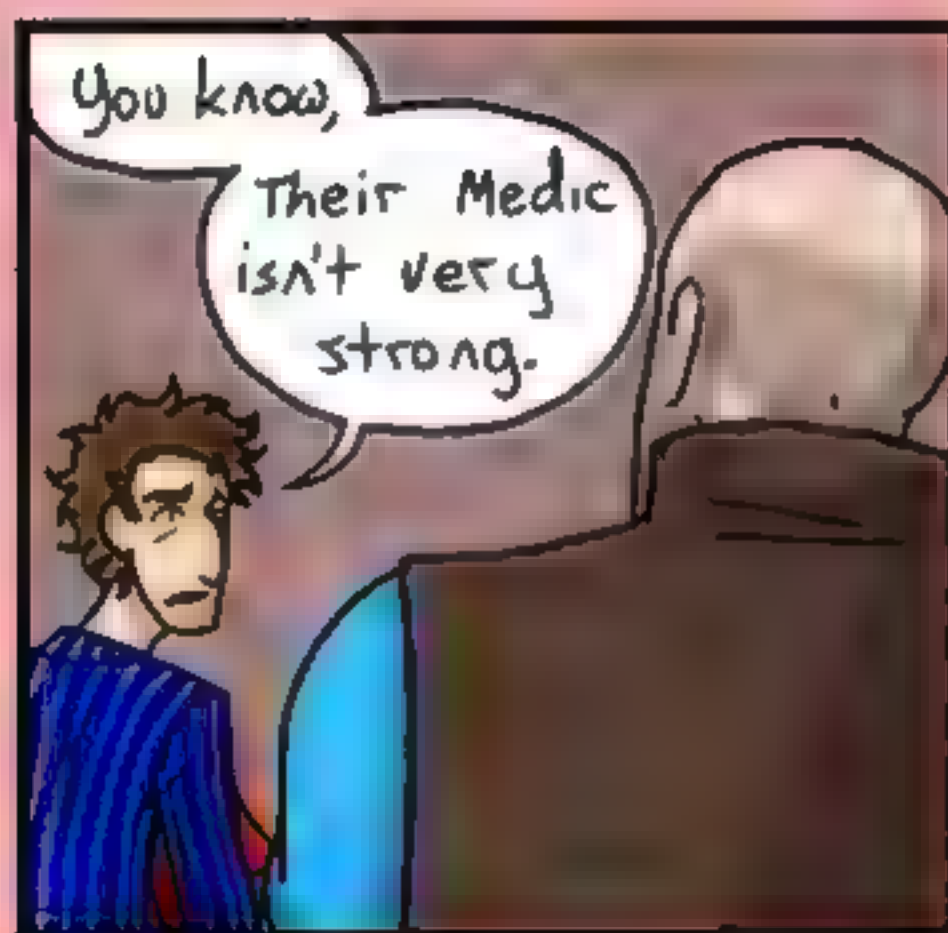
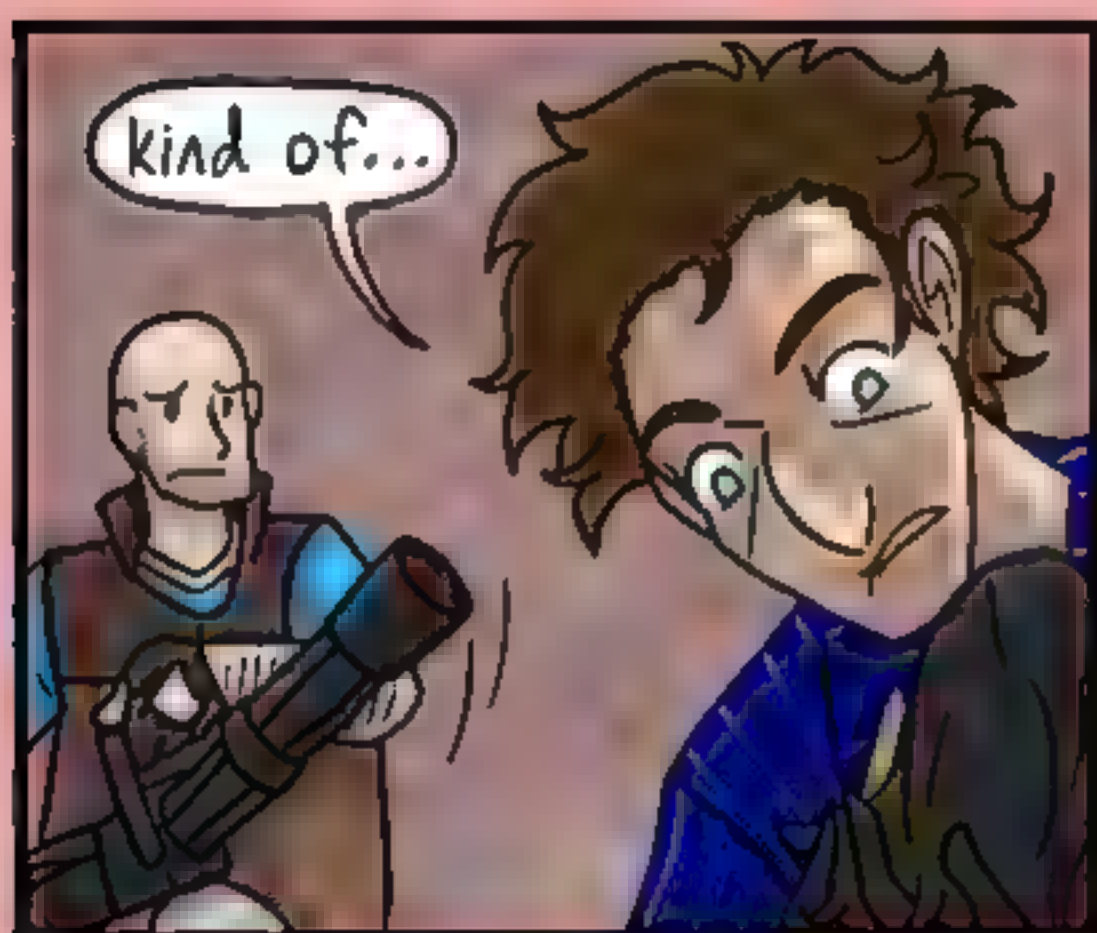
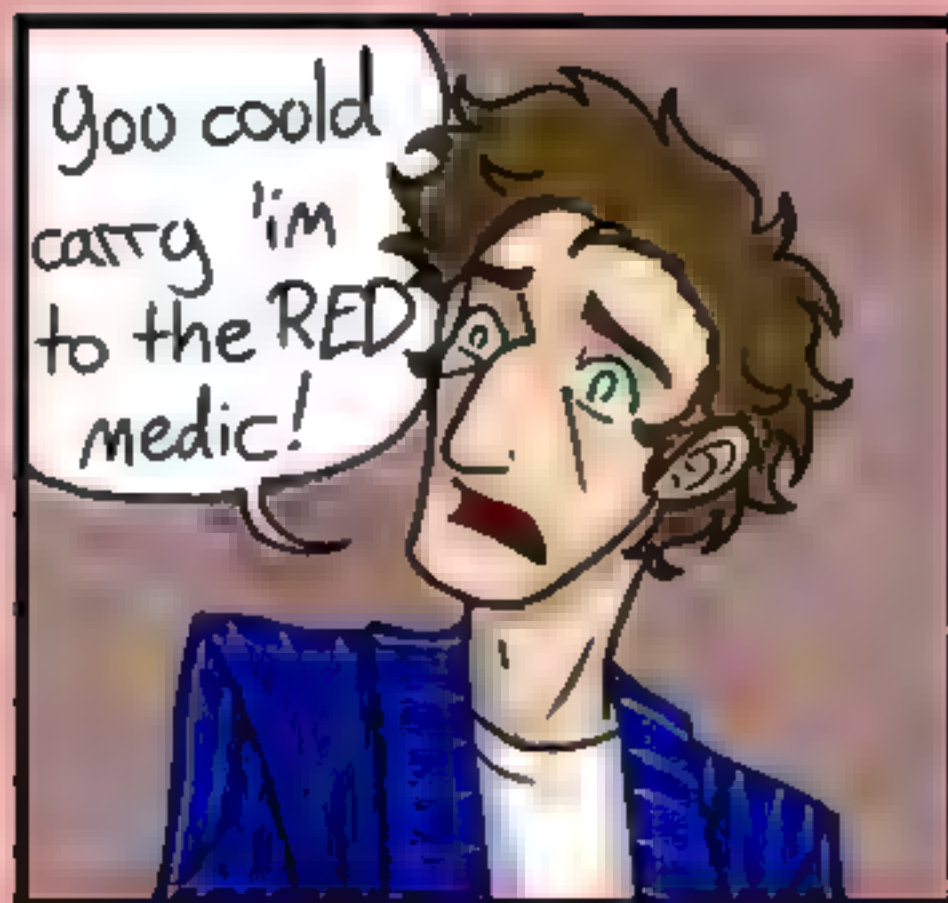


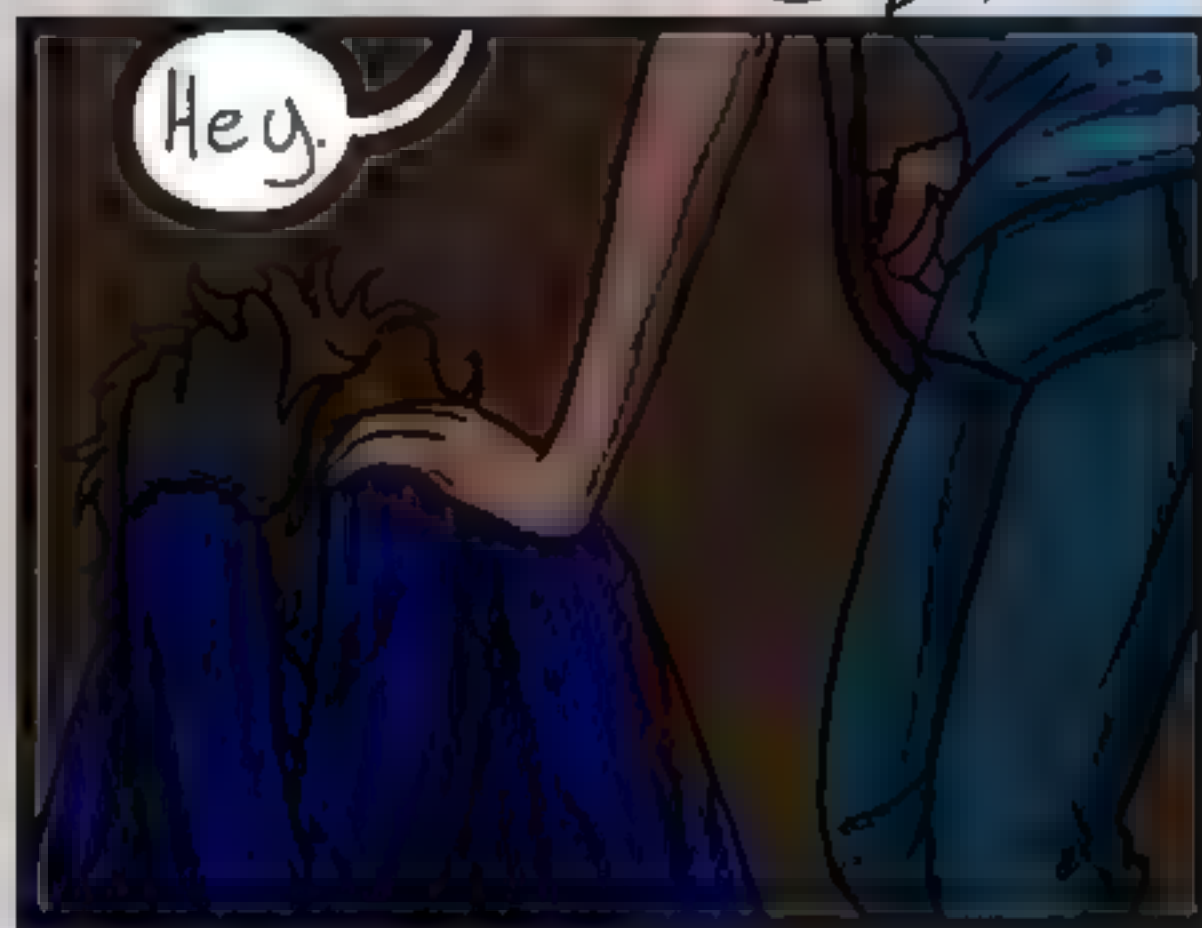
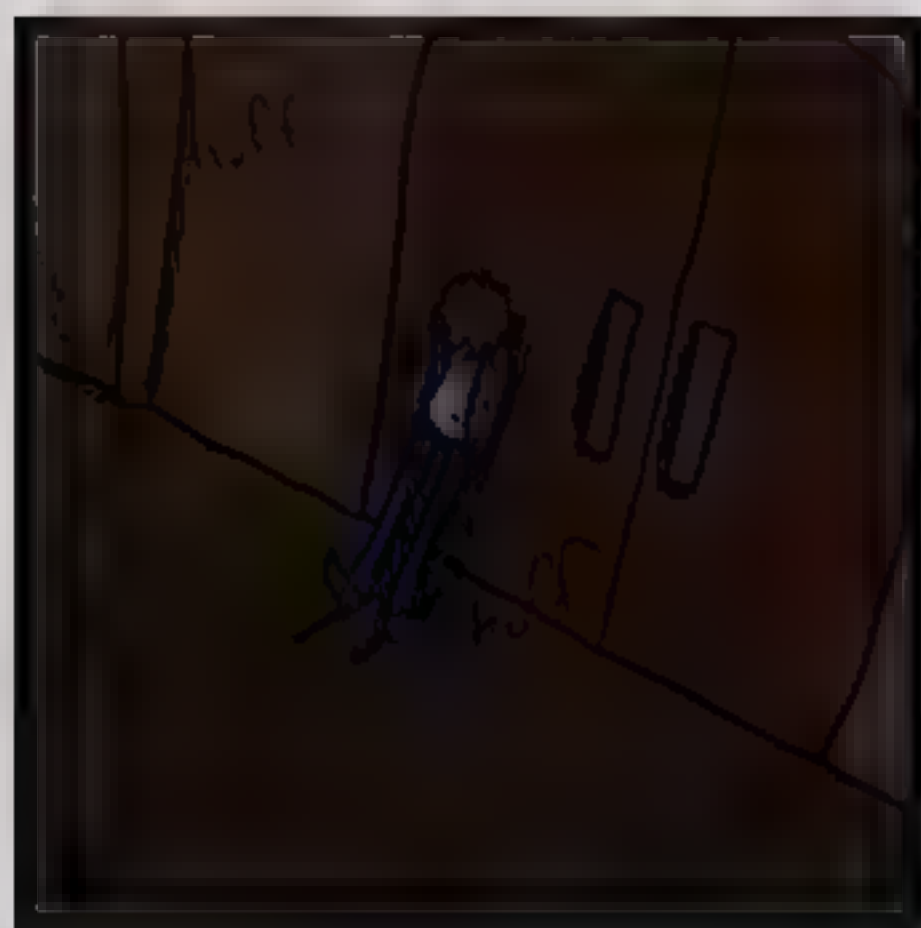


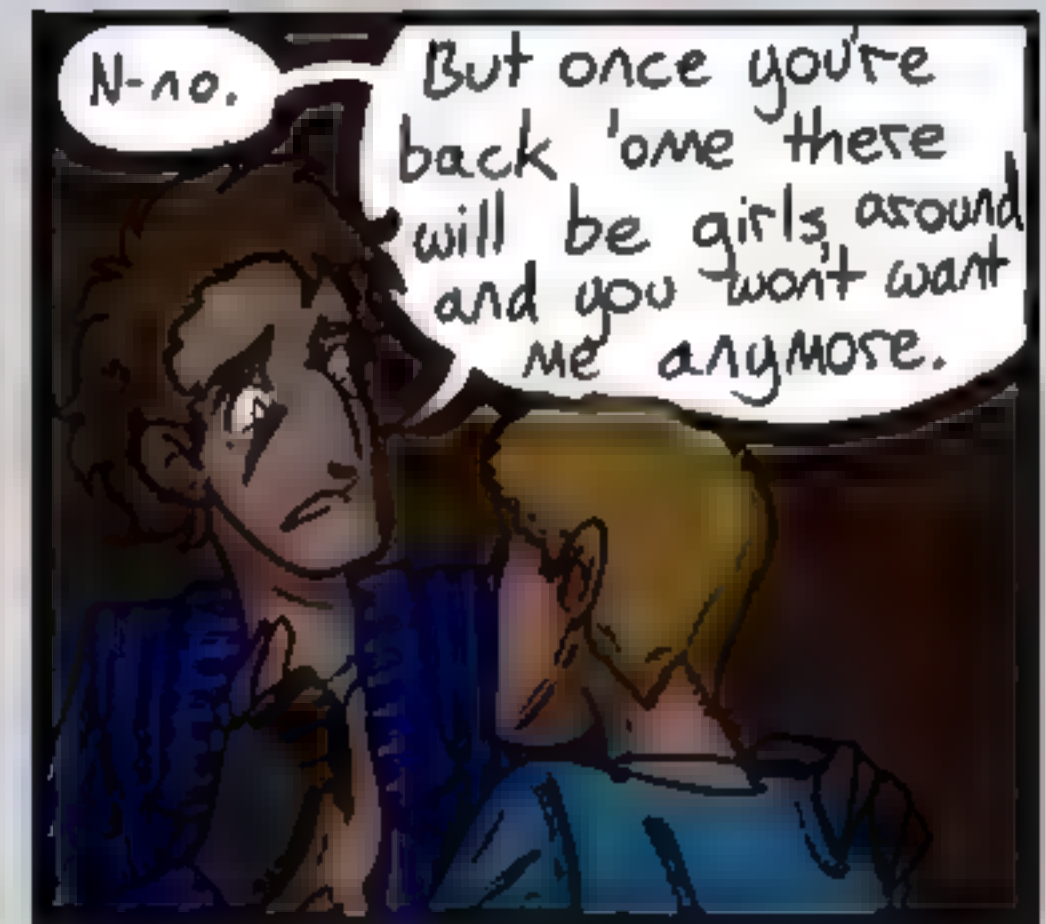
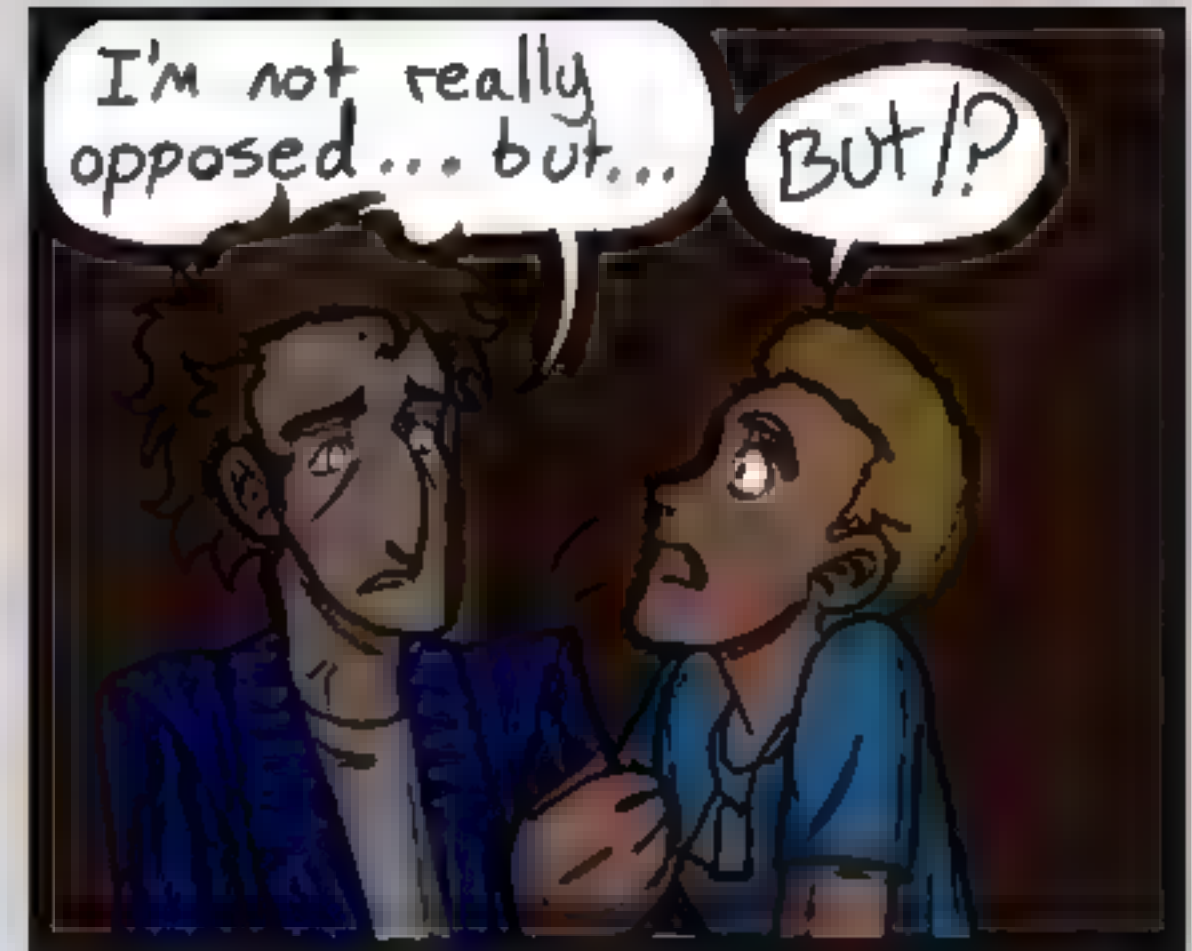


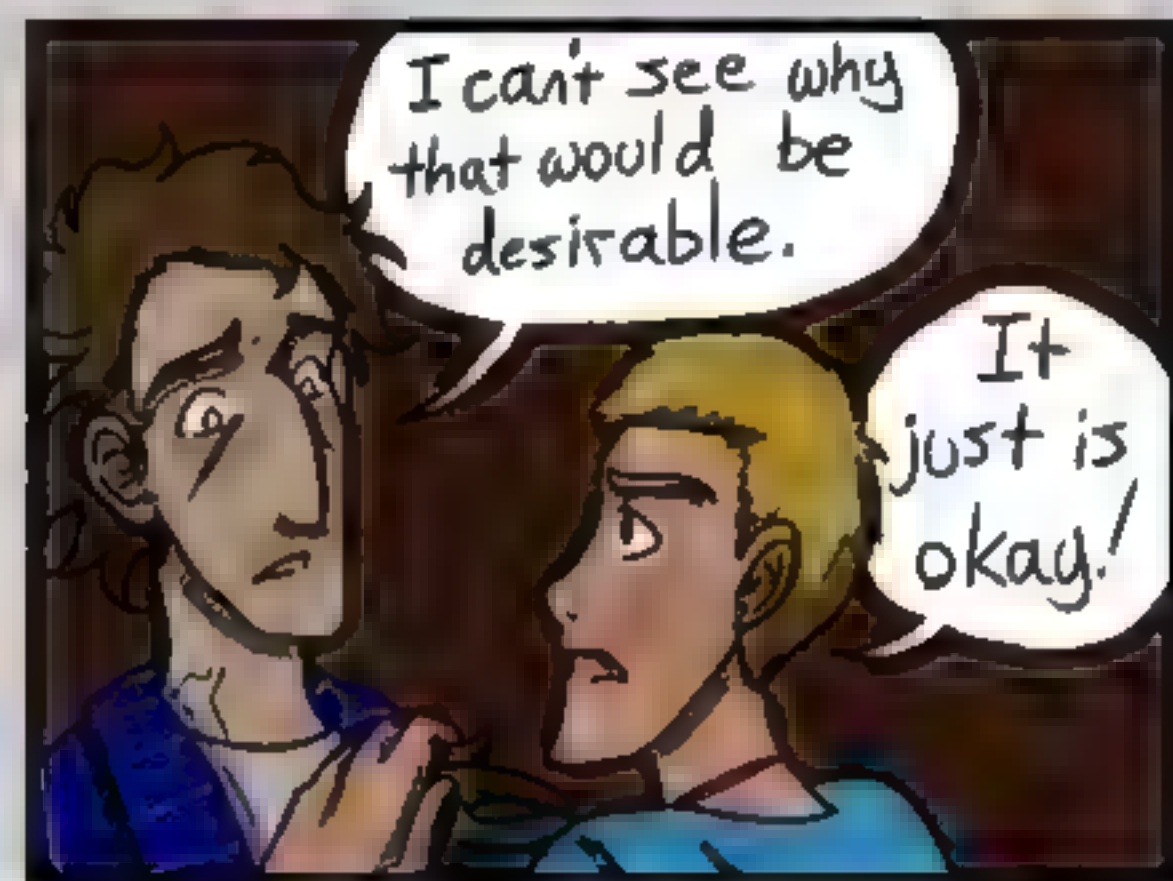
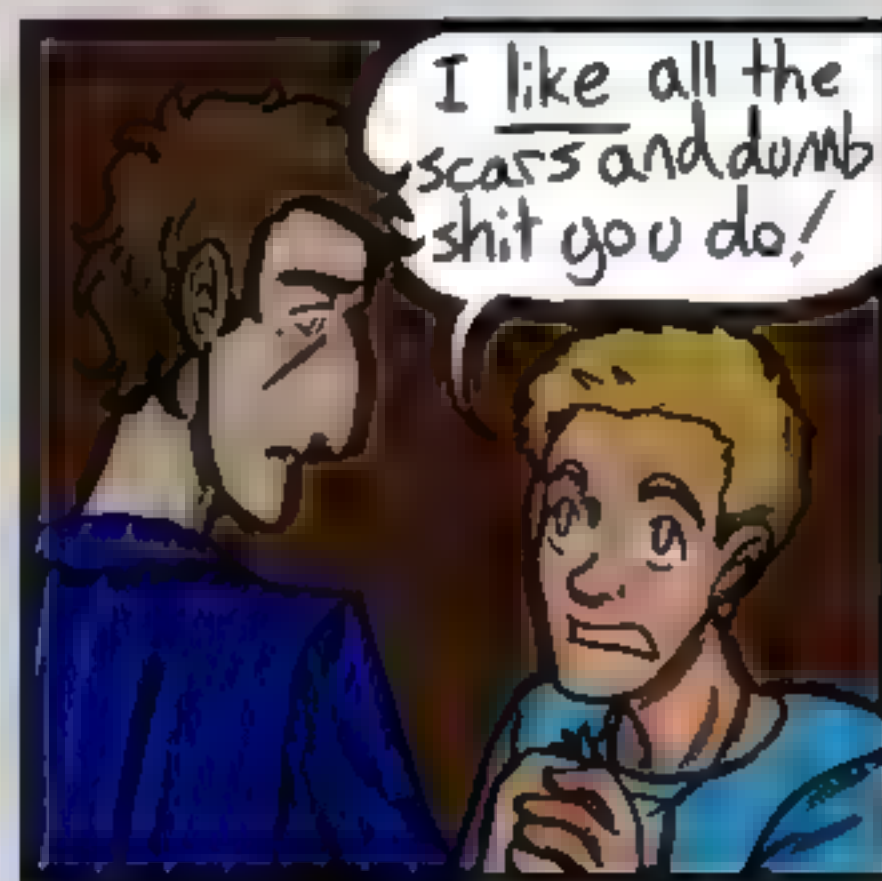
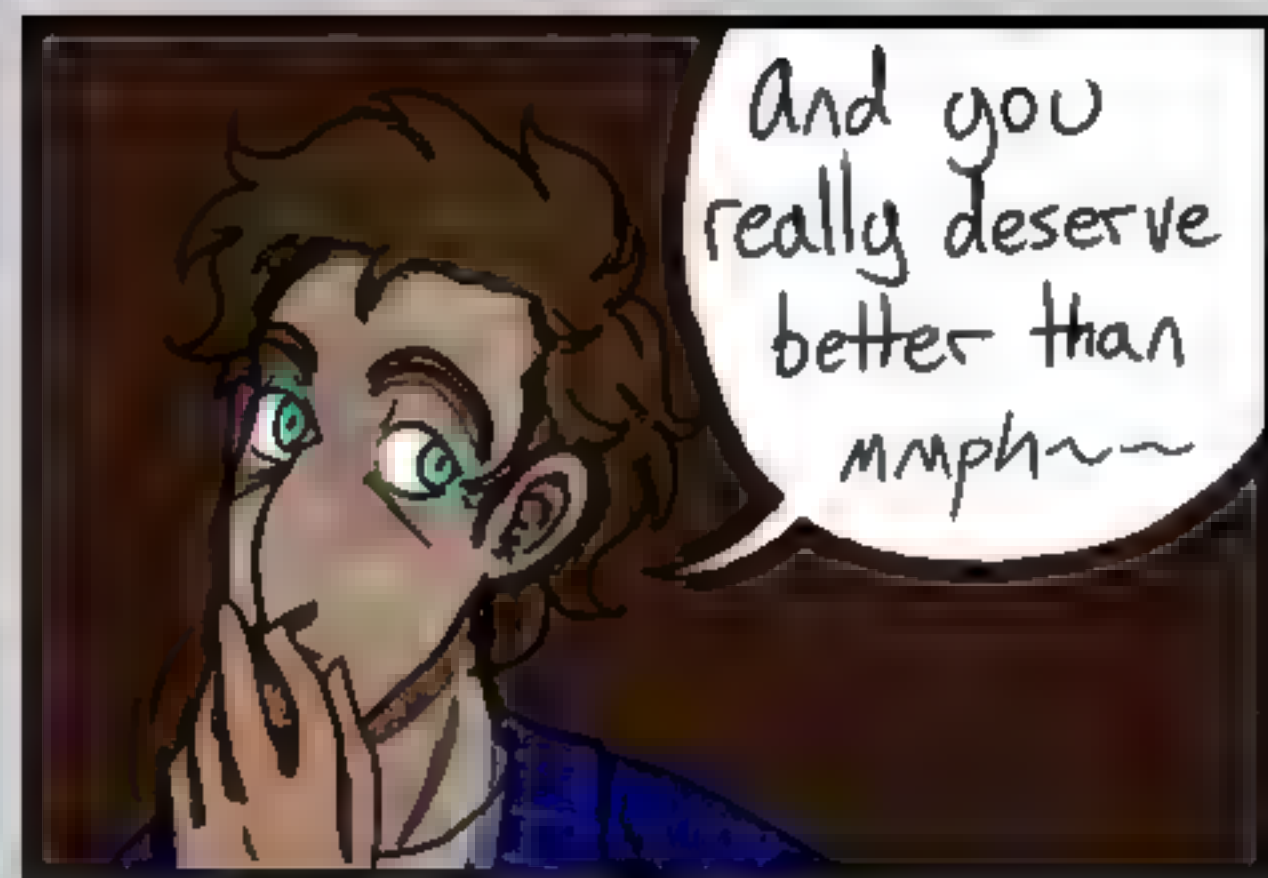
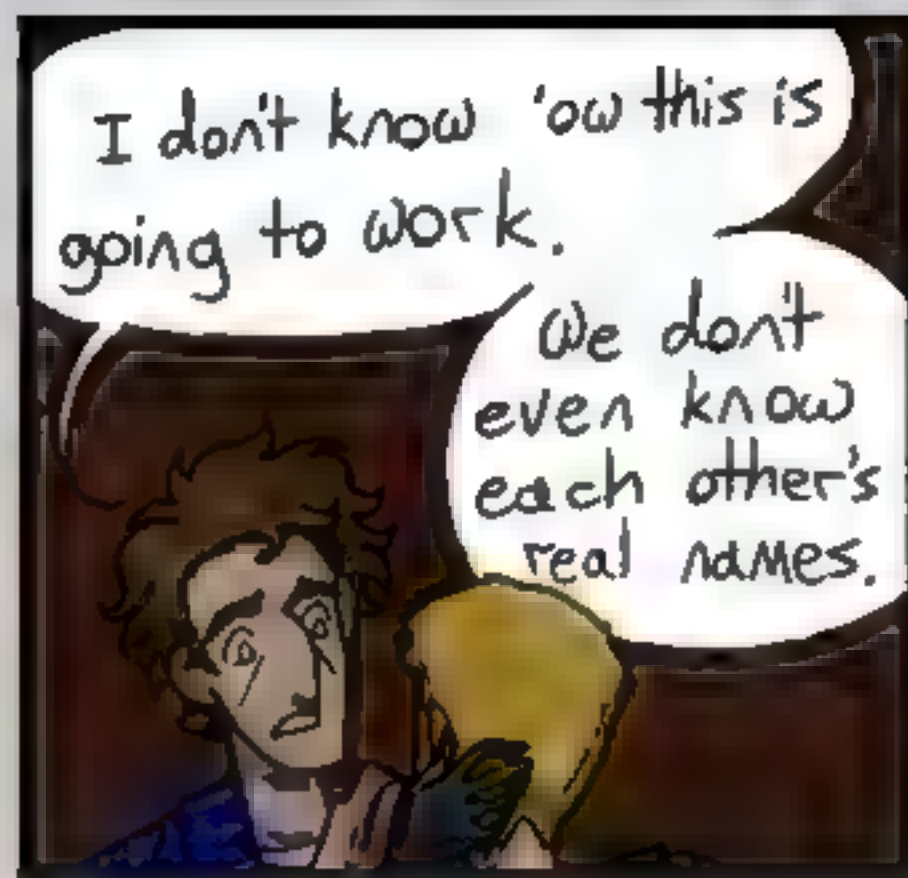


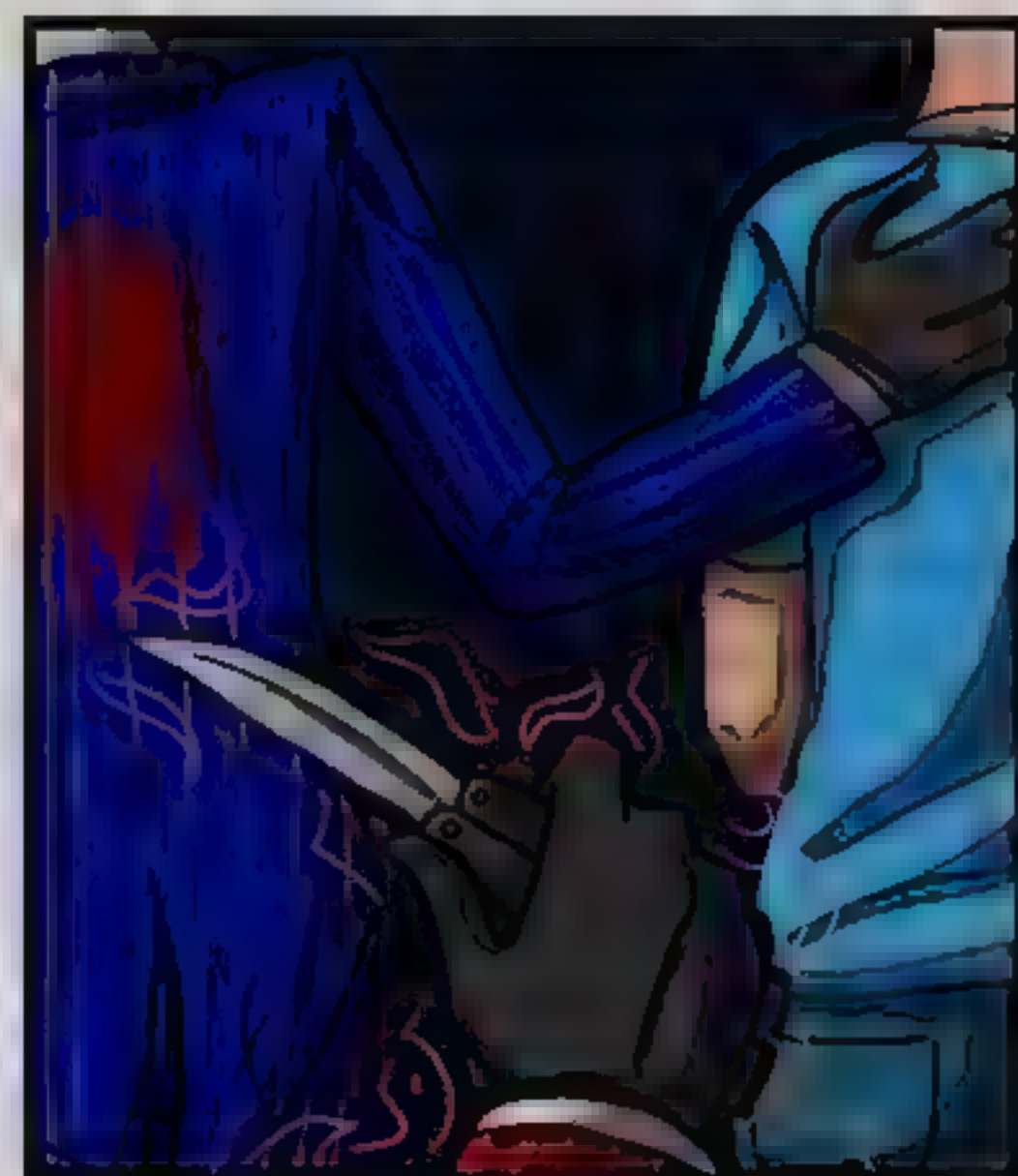
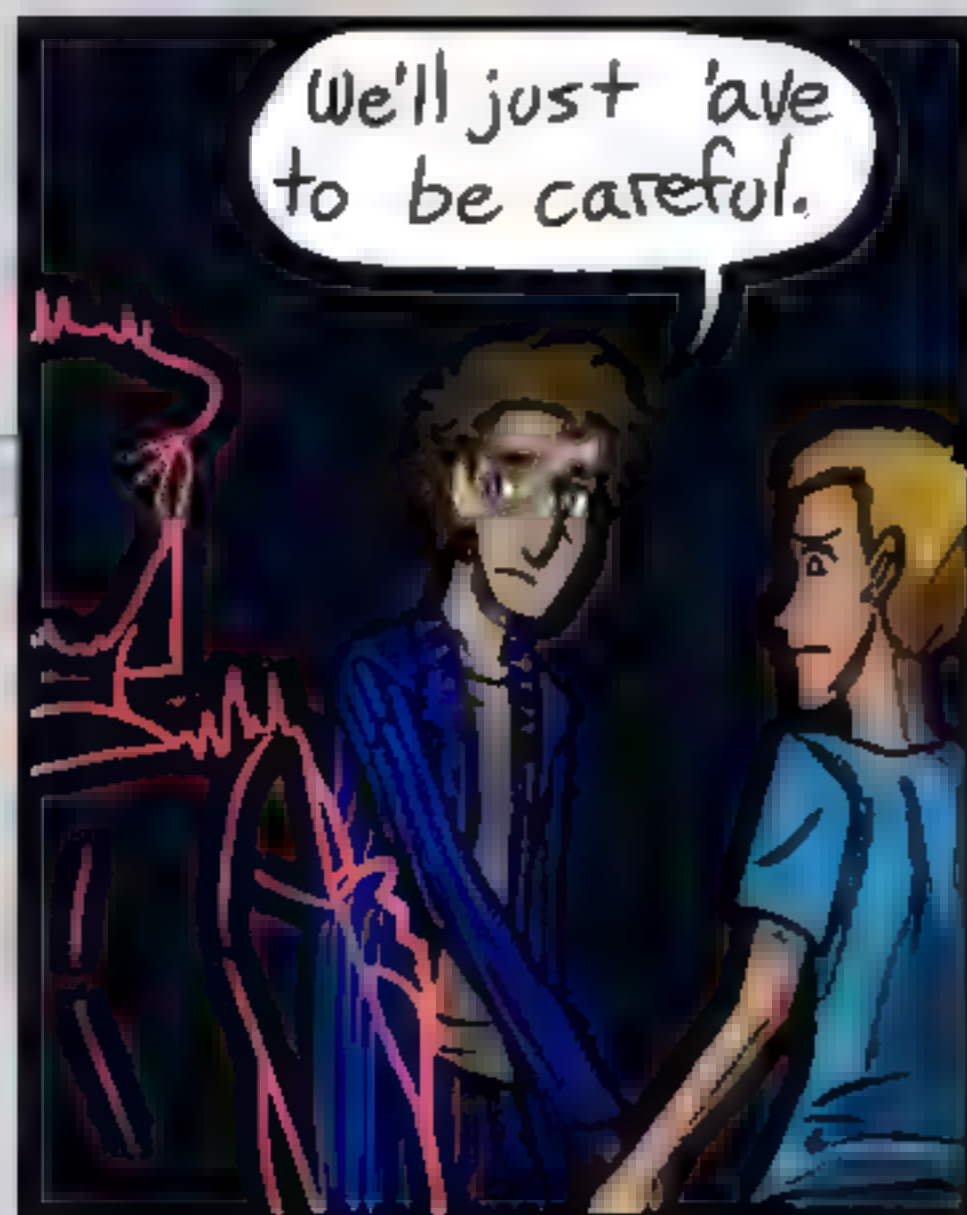
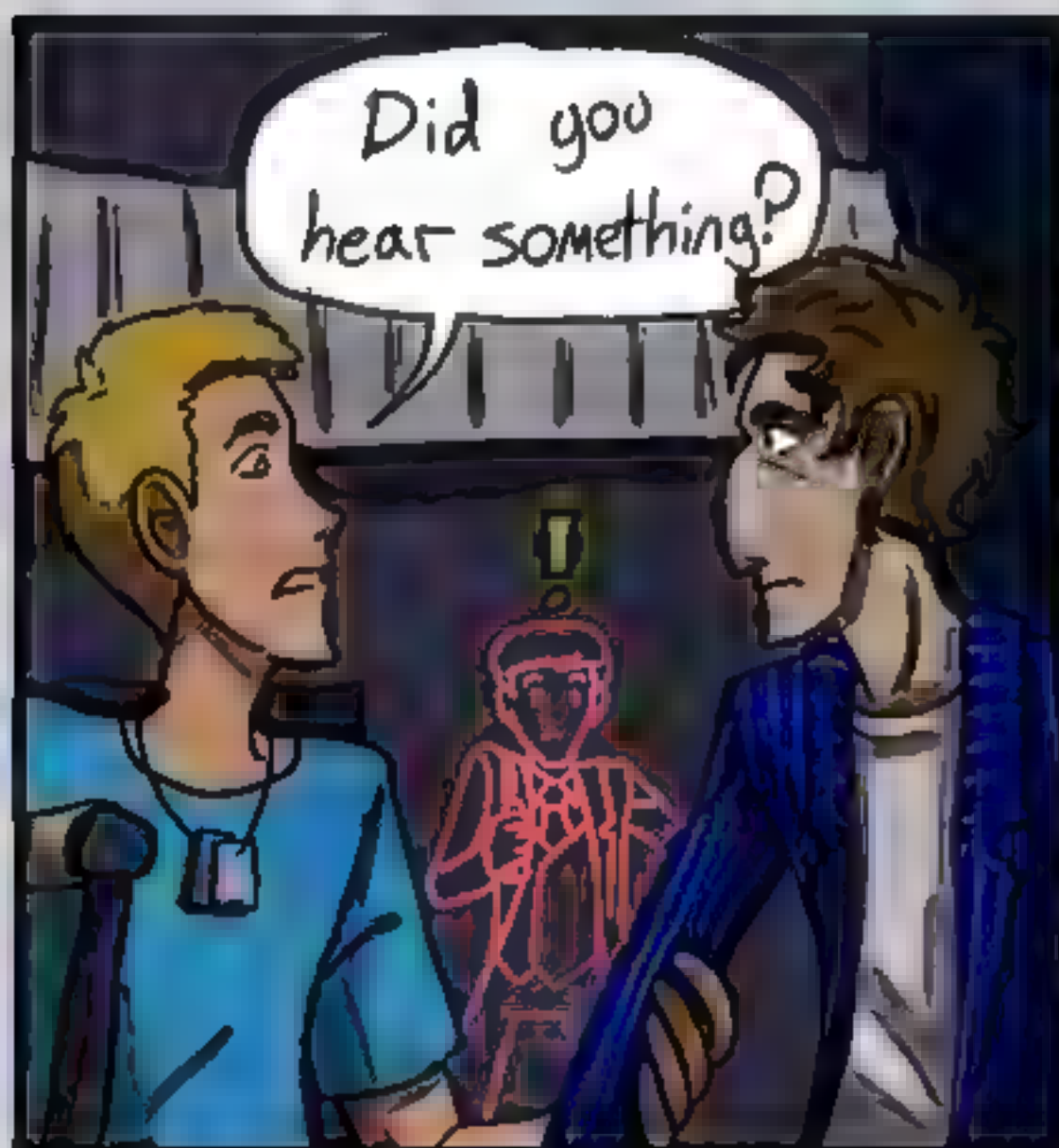
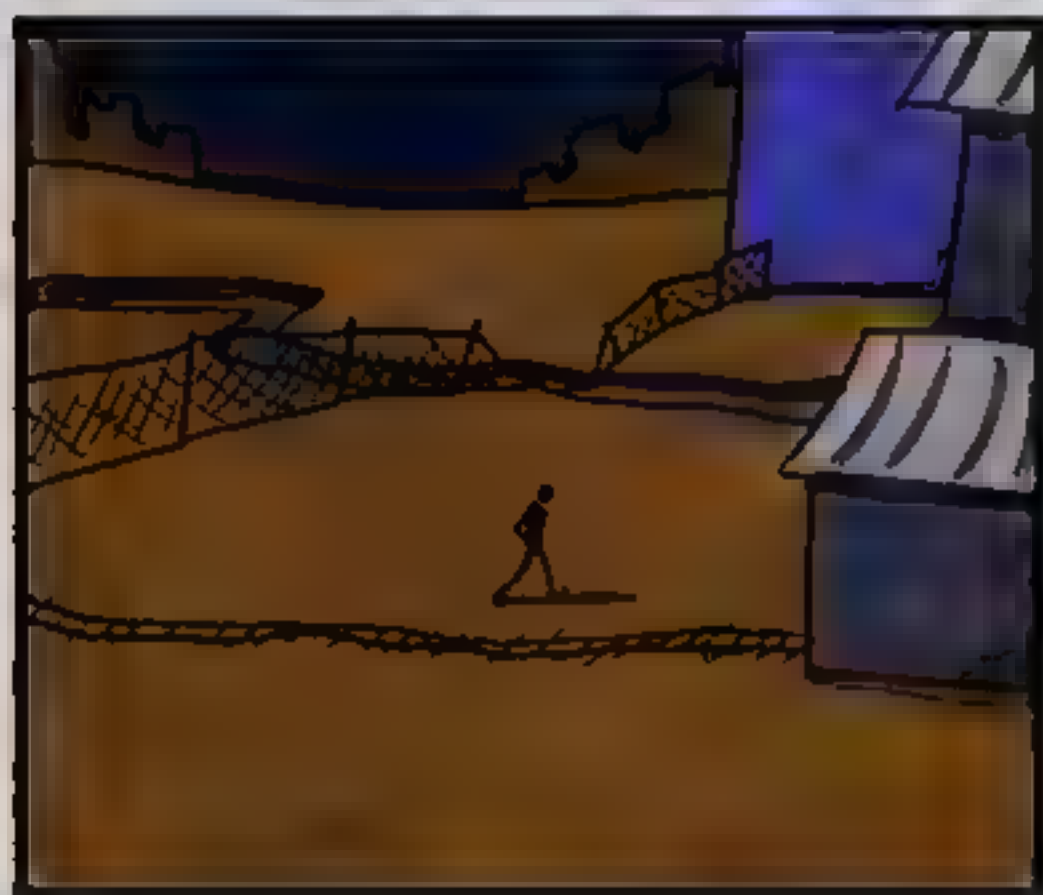


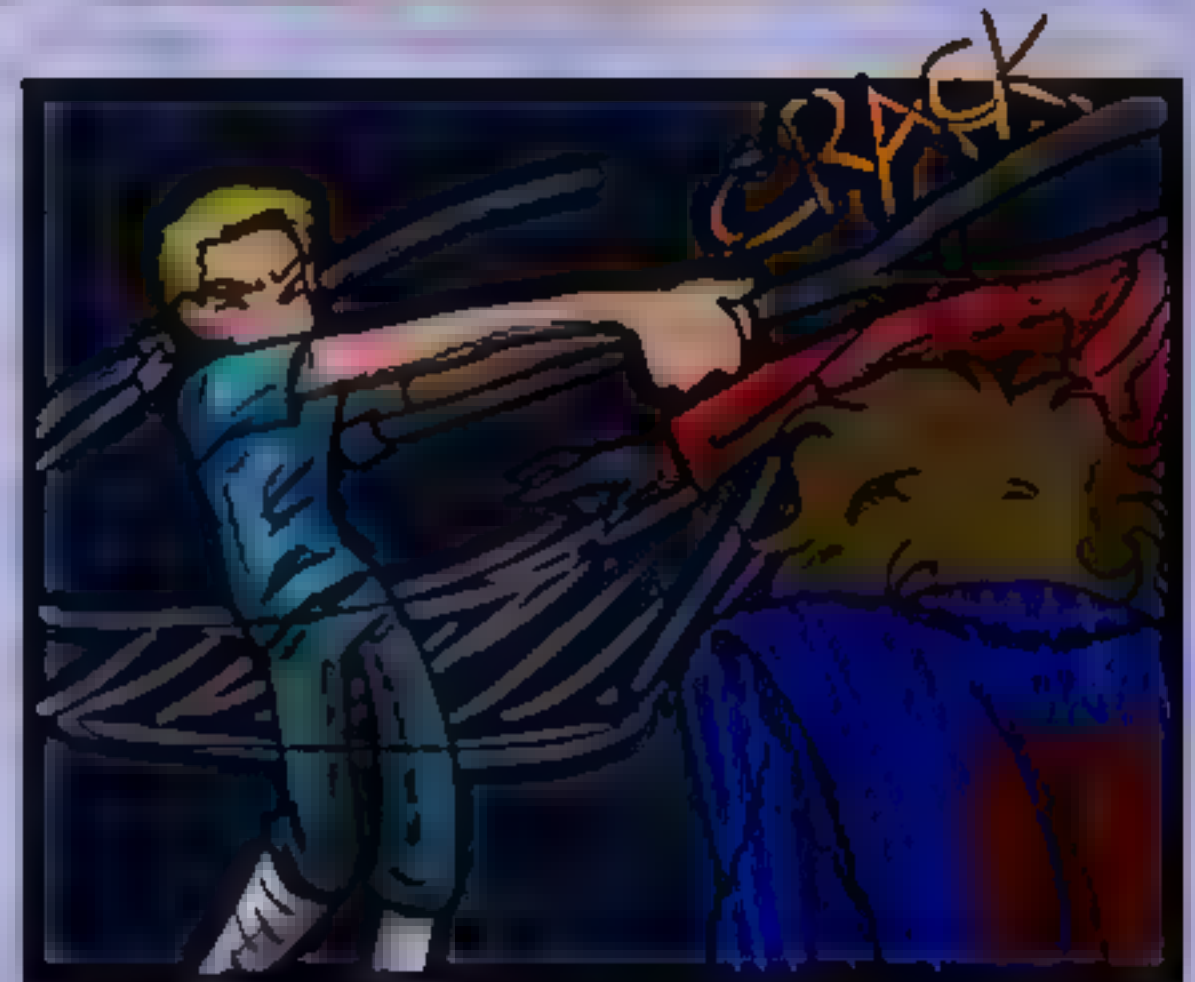
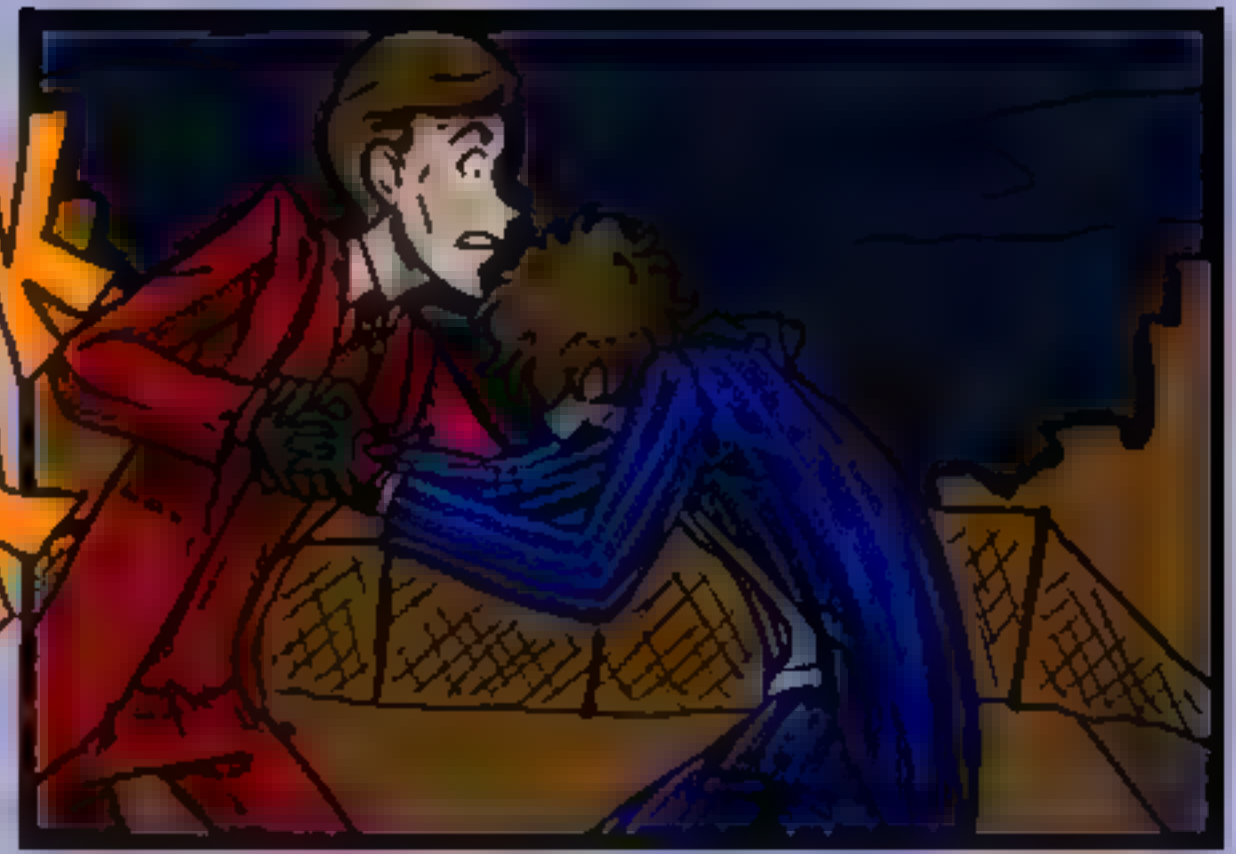
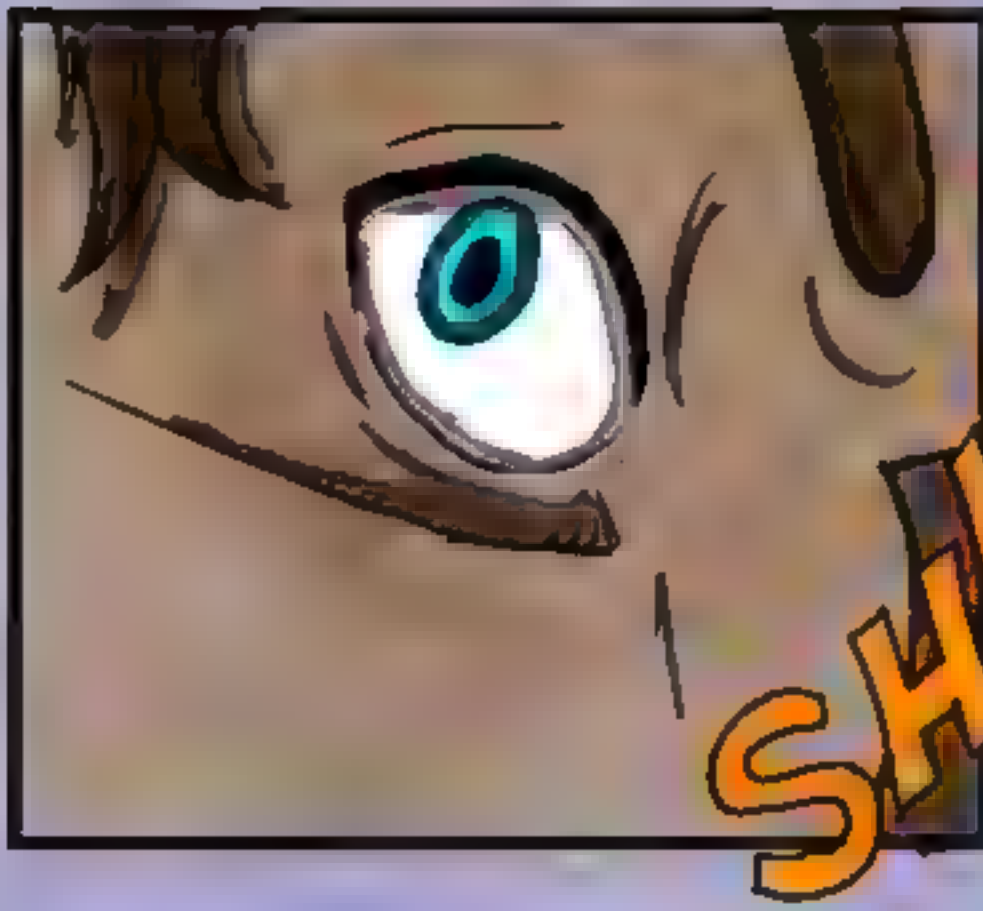
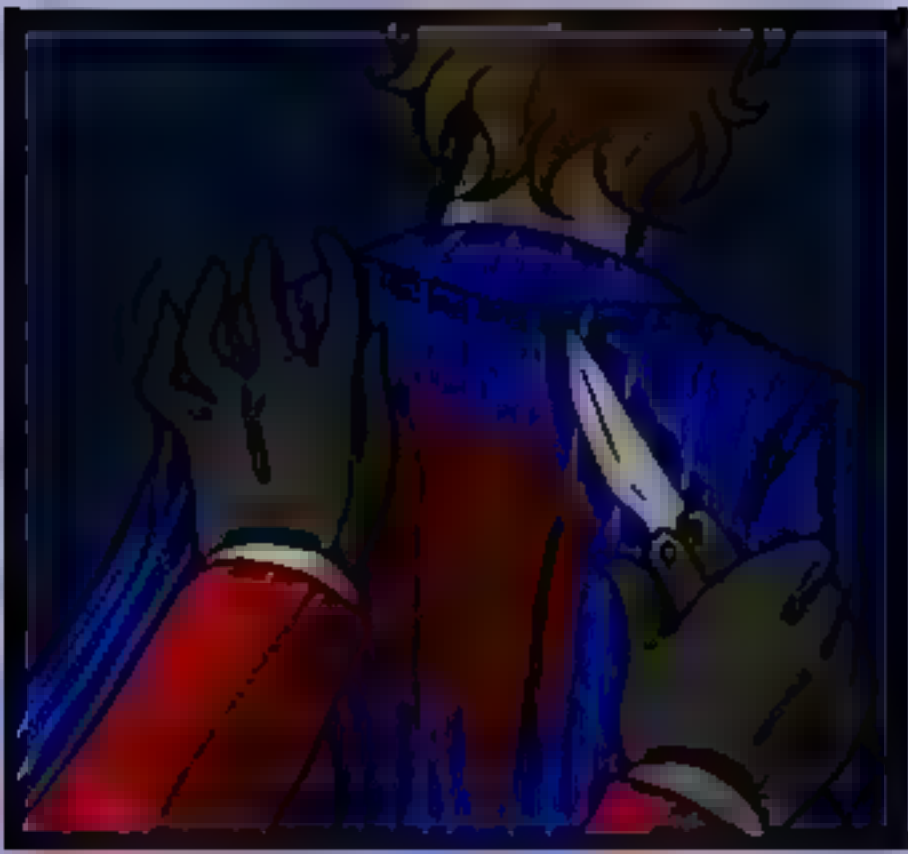


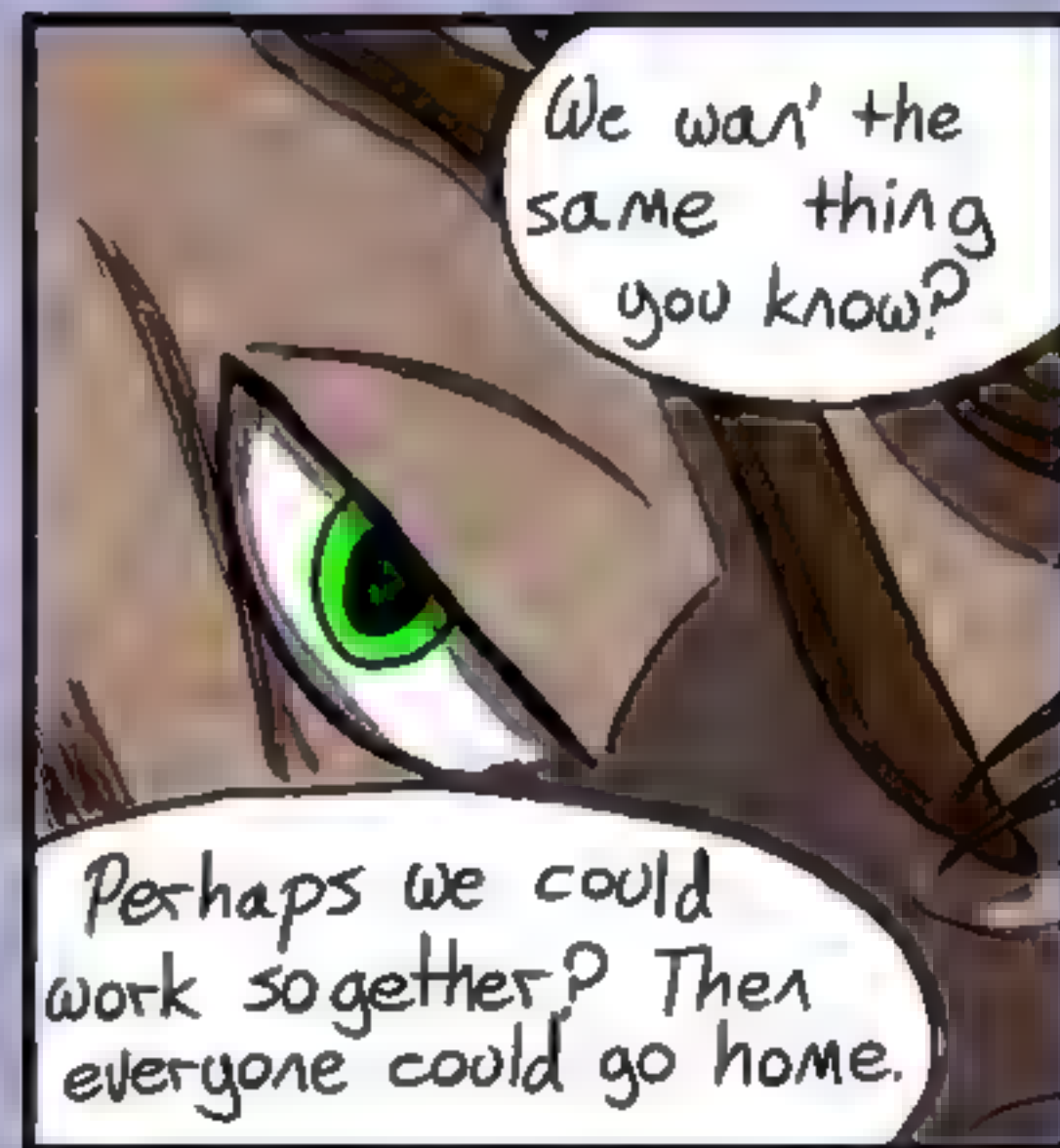
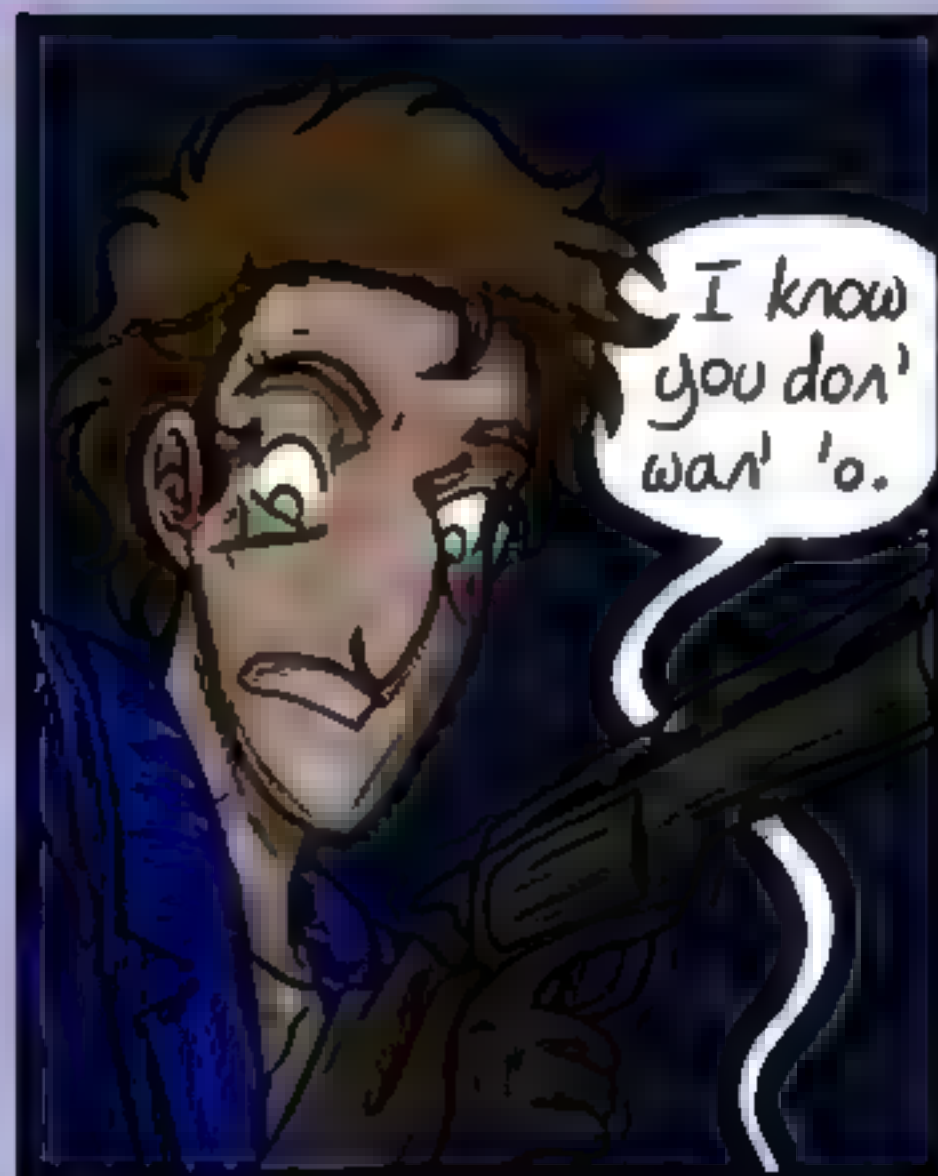
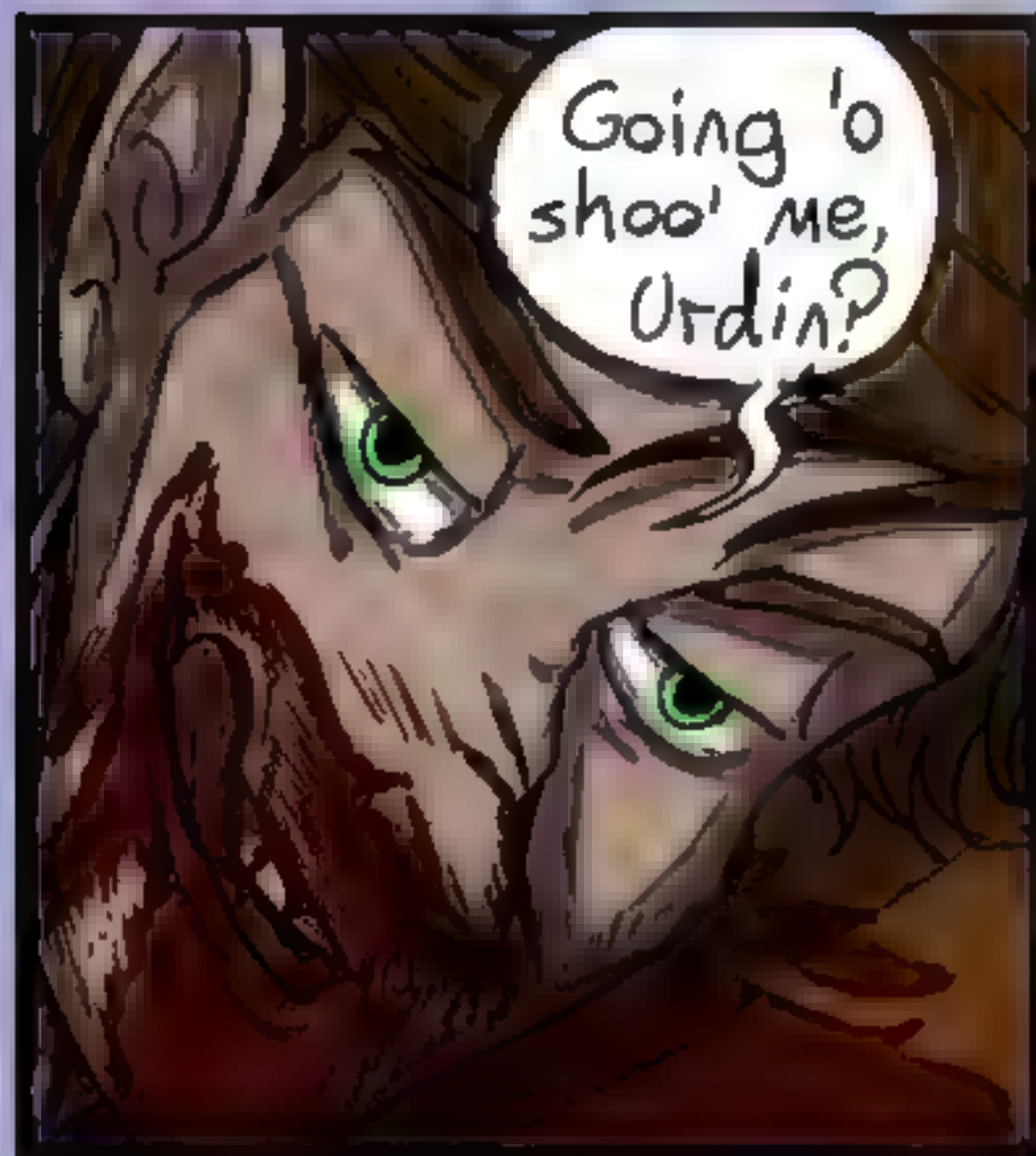
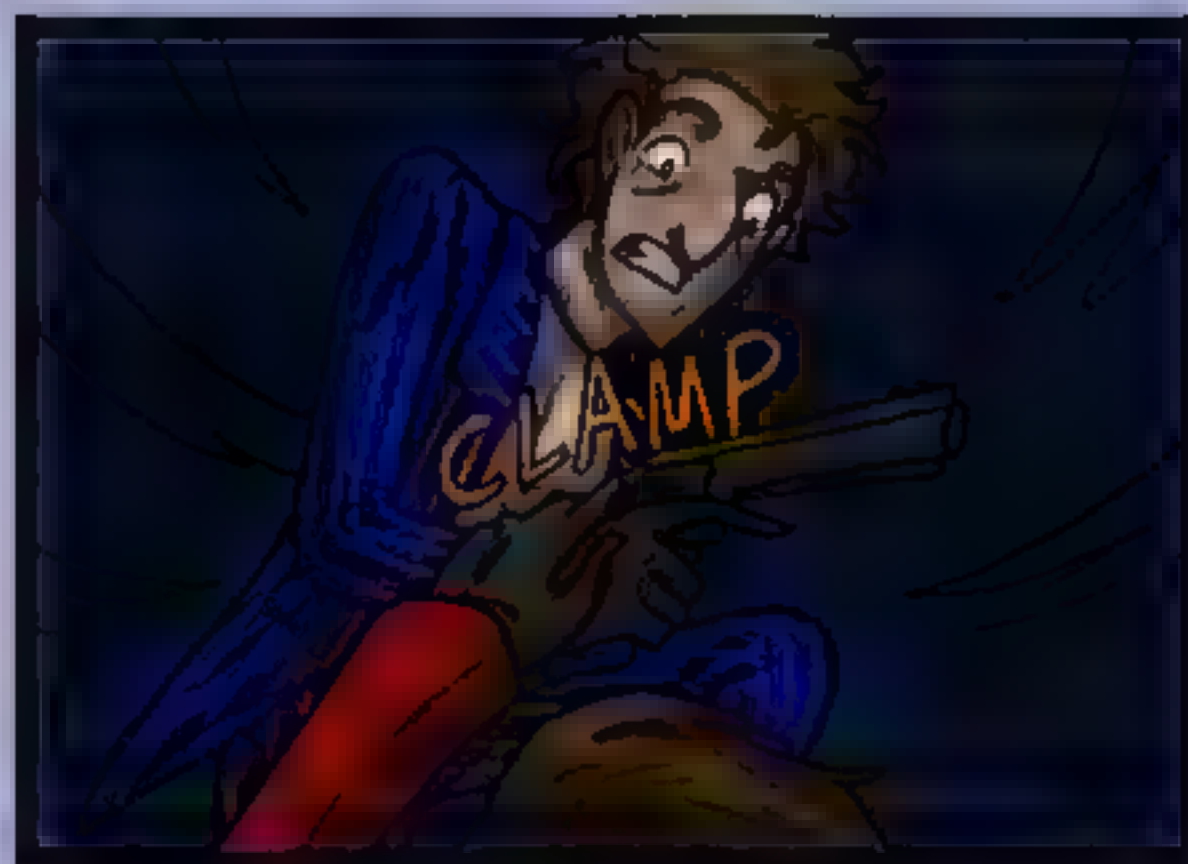


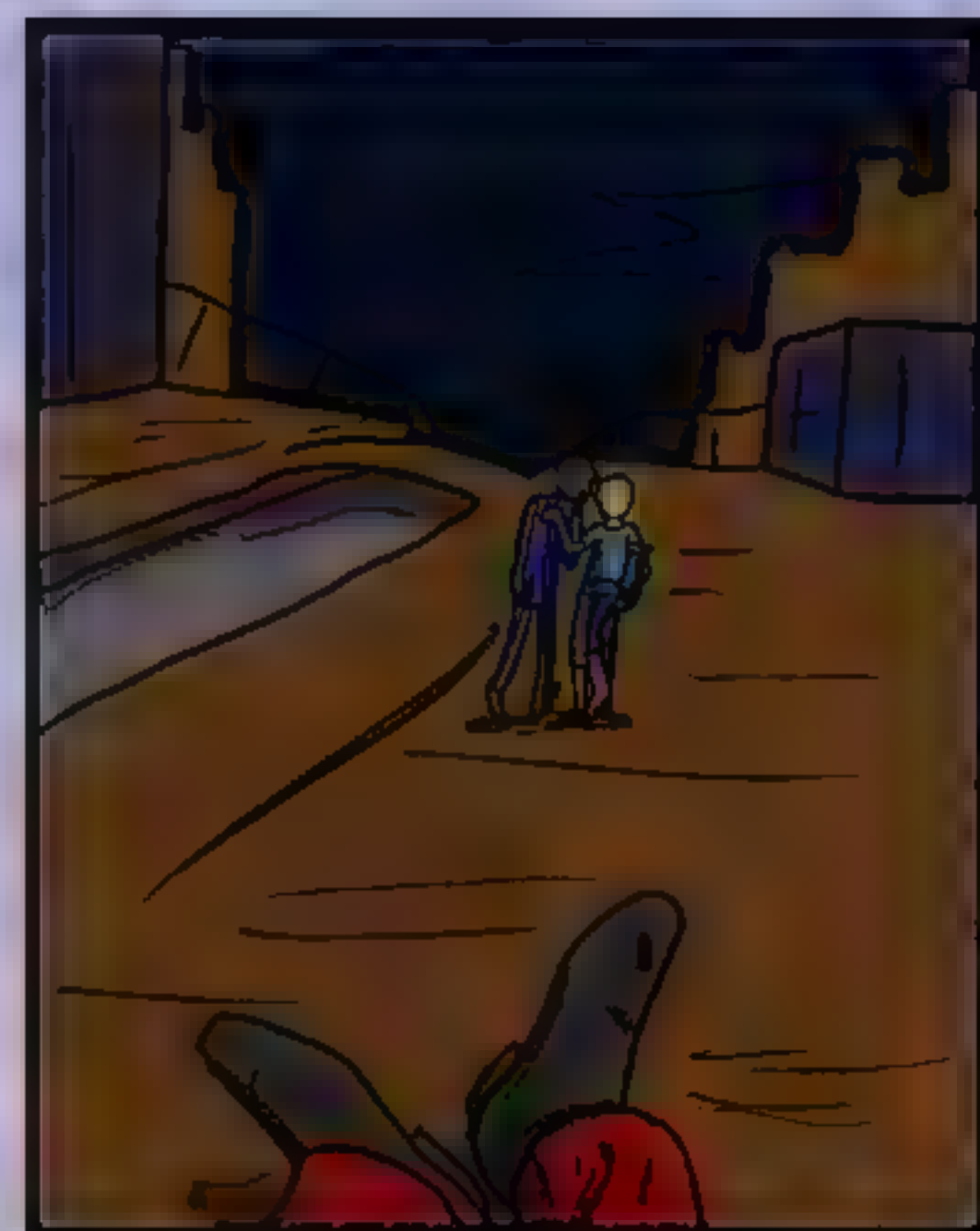
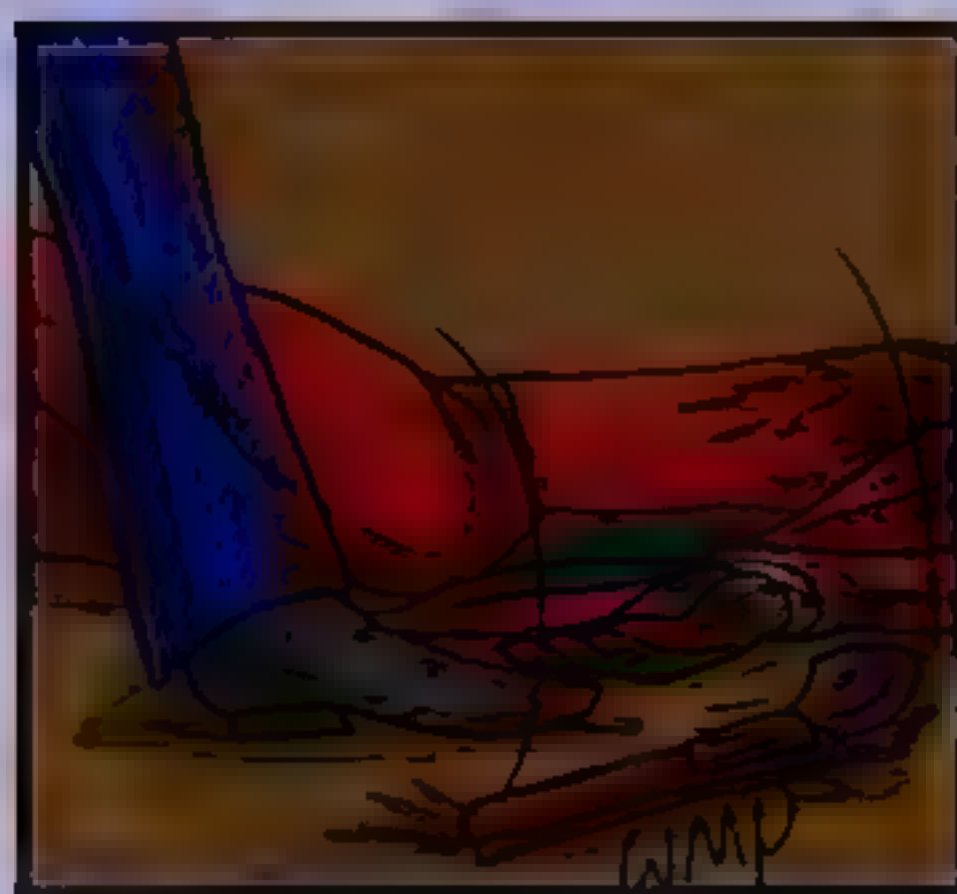
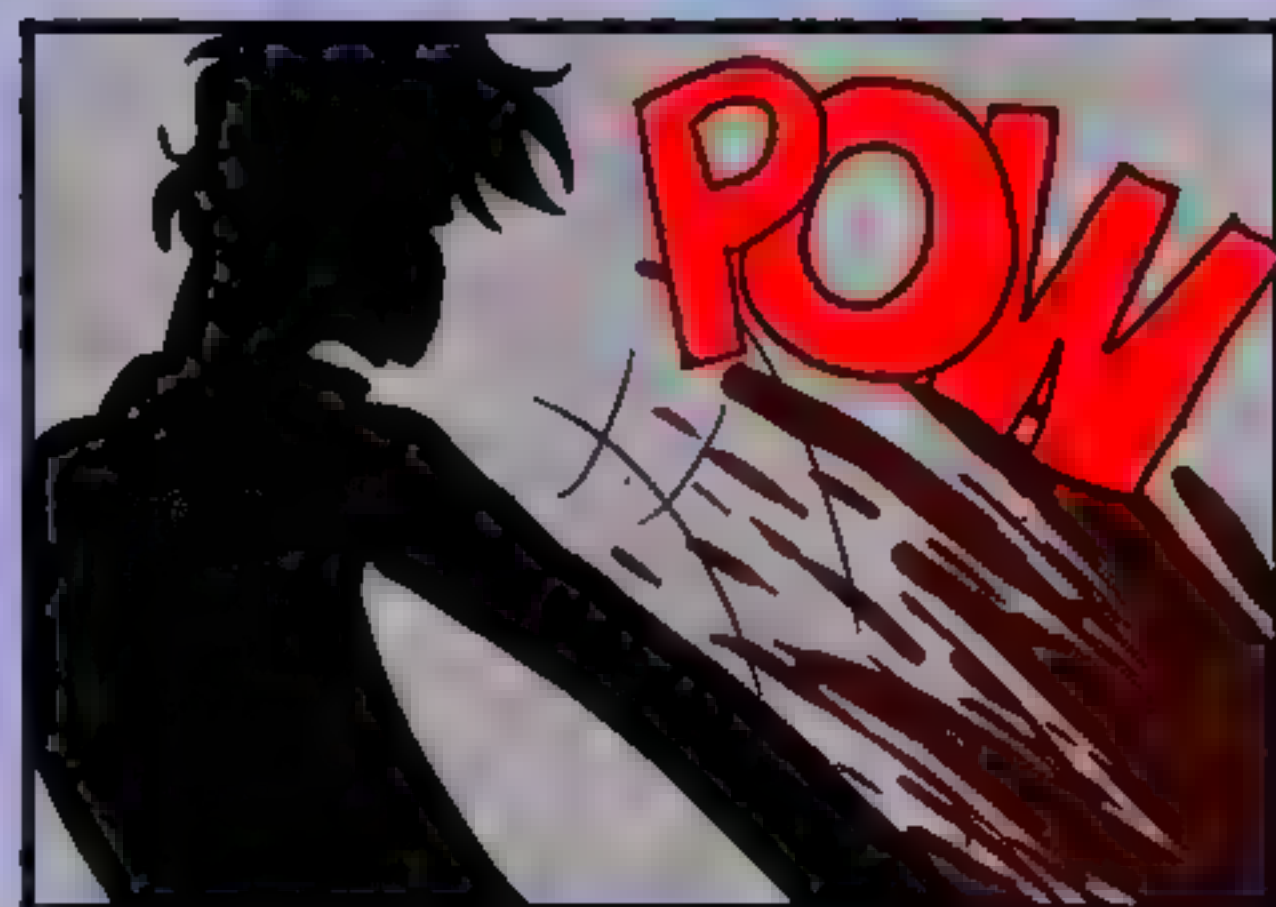














ENGIE!

WHOD



What in the hell happened to you two?



The Red spy attacked us and he stabbed spy in the hand!



So we beat him up!

and spy shot him in the face!

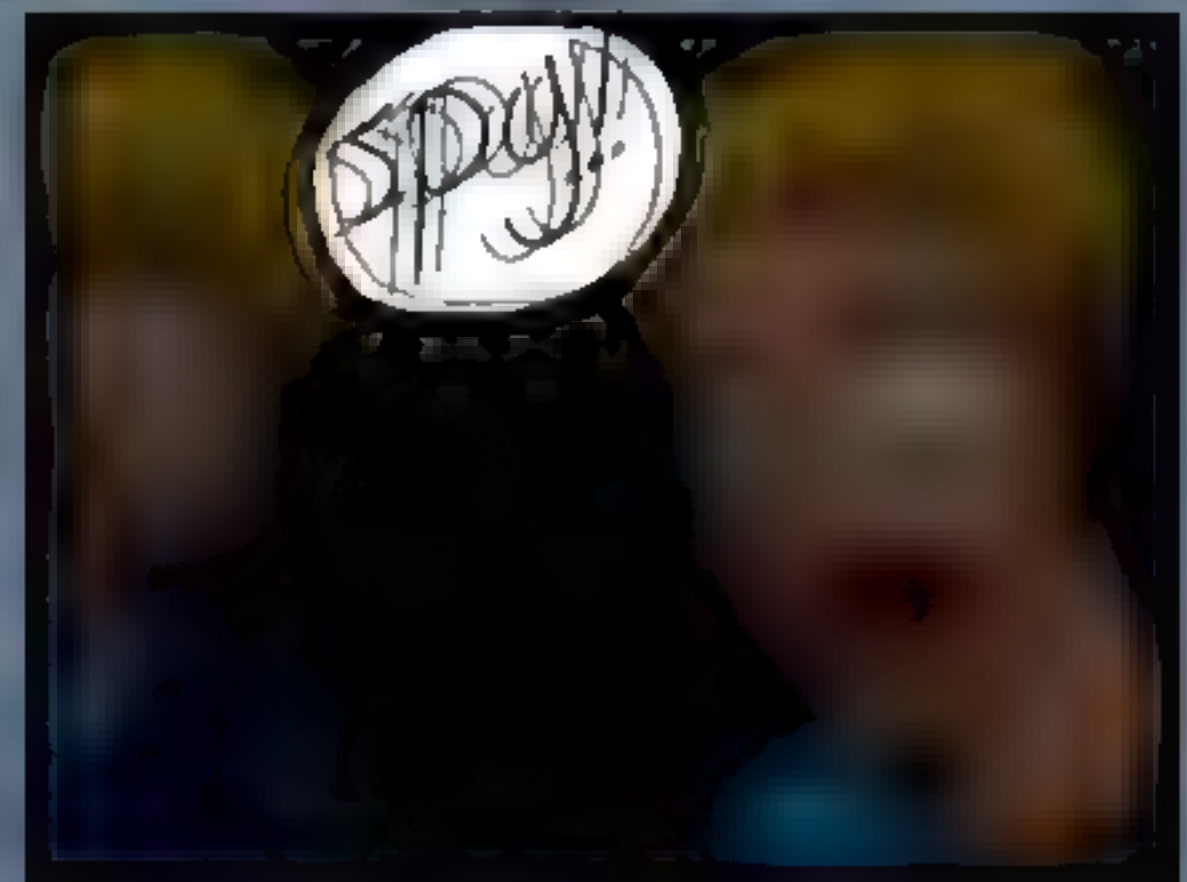


And that was fuckin' awesome!



SPY?

Are you okay?



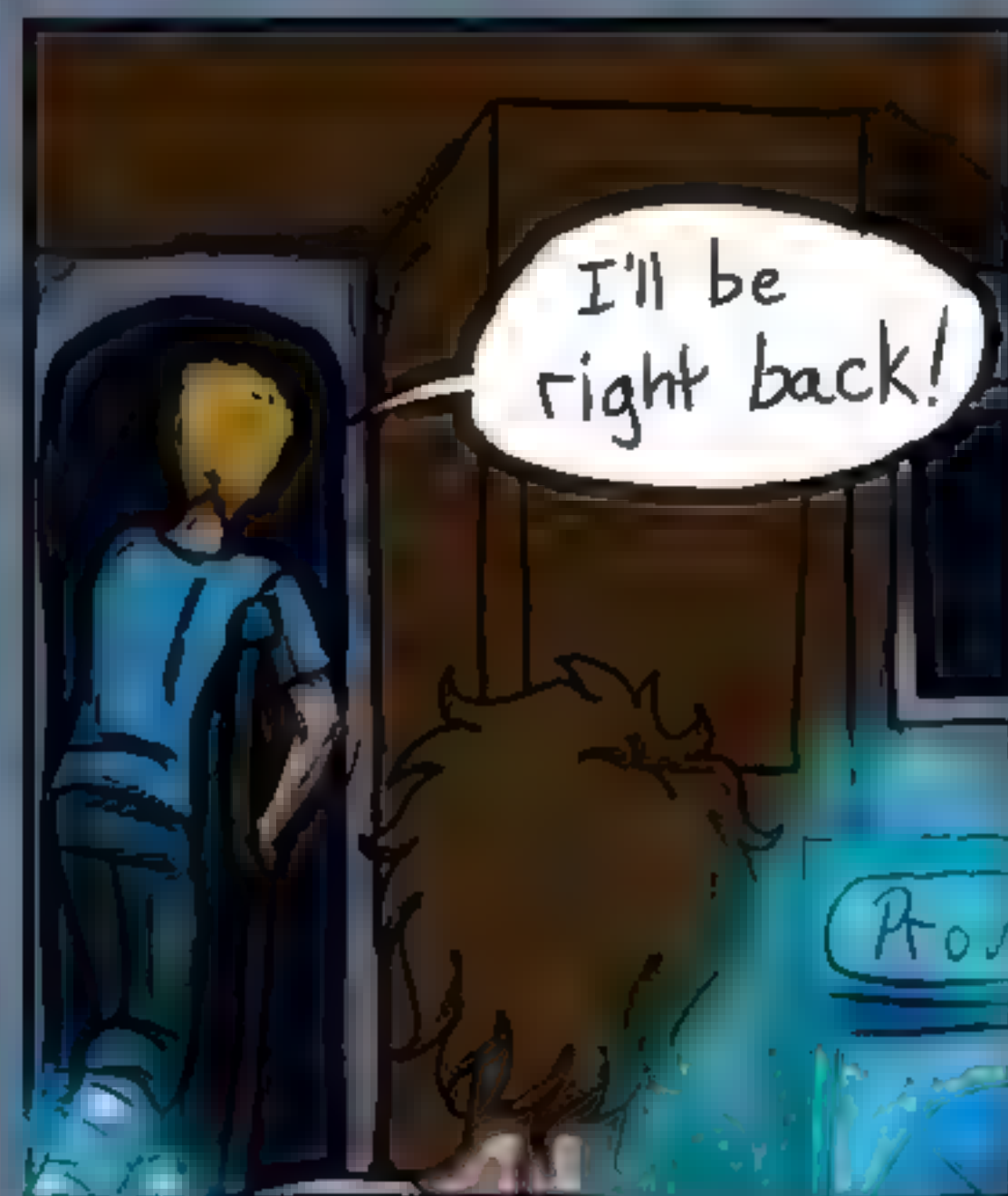
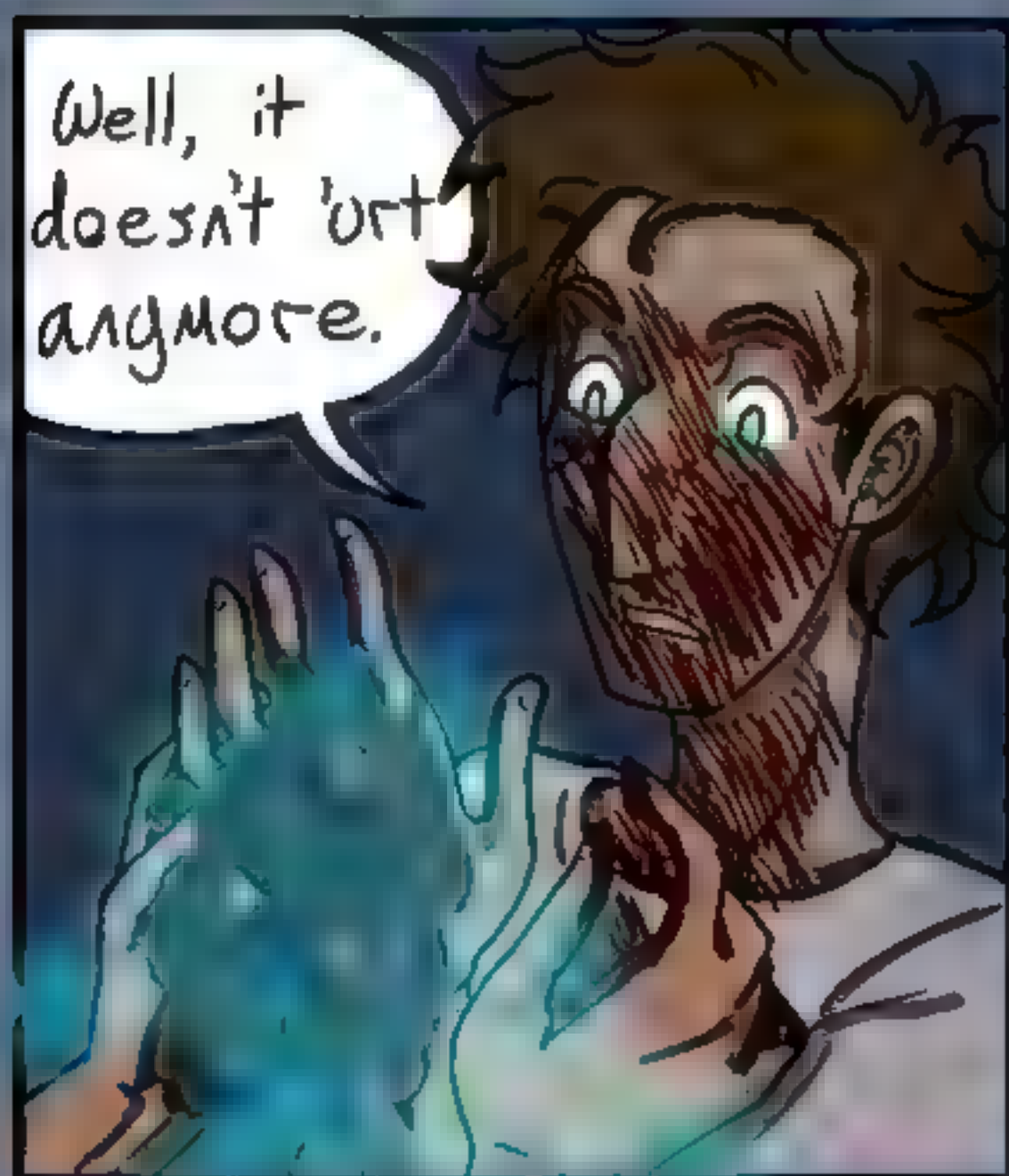
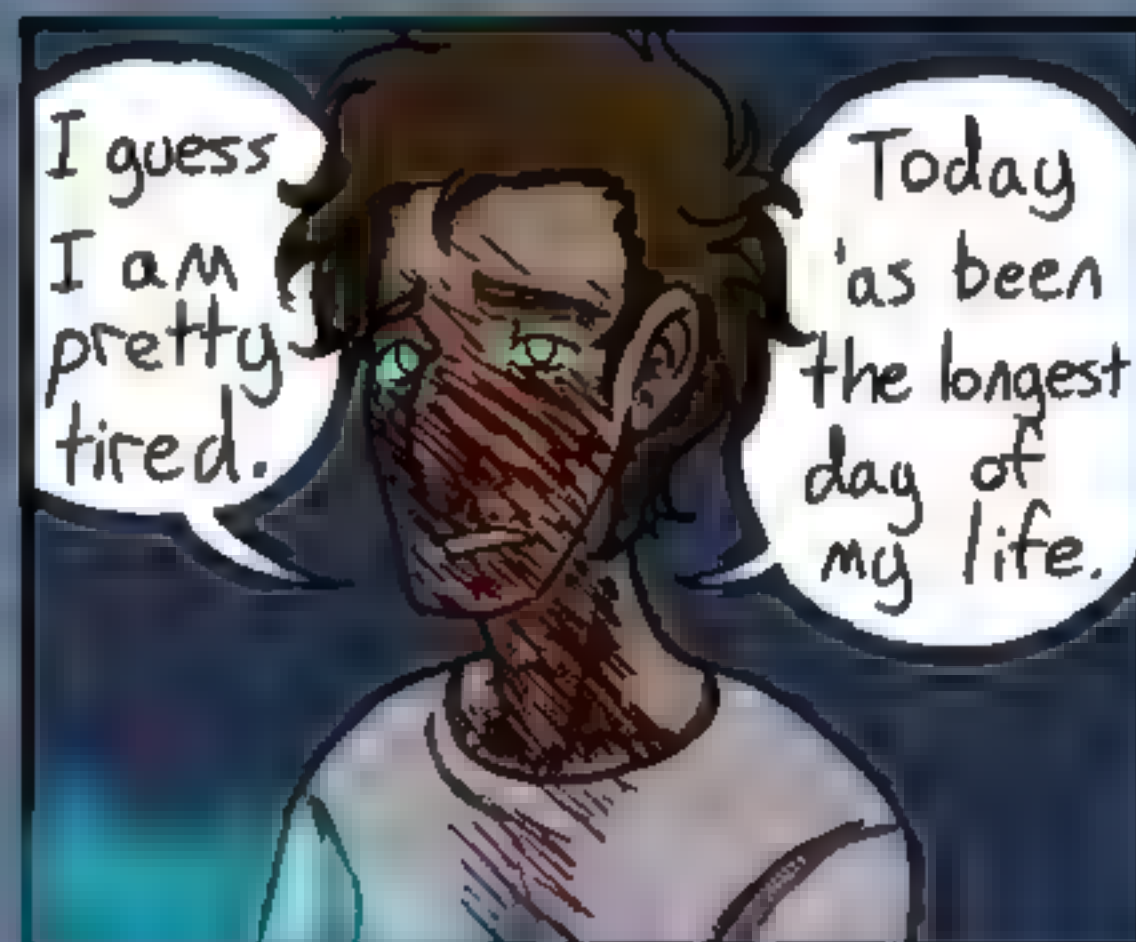
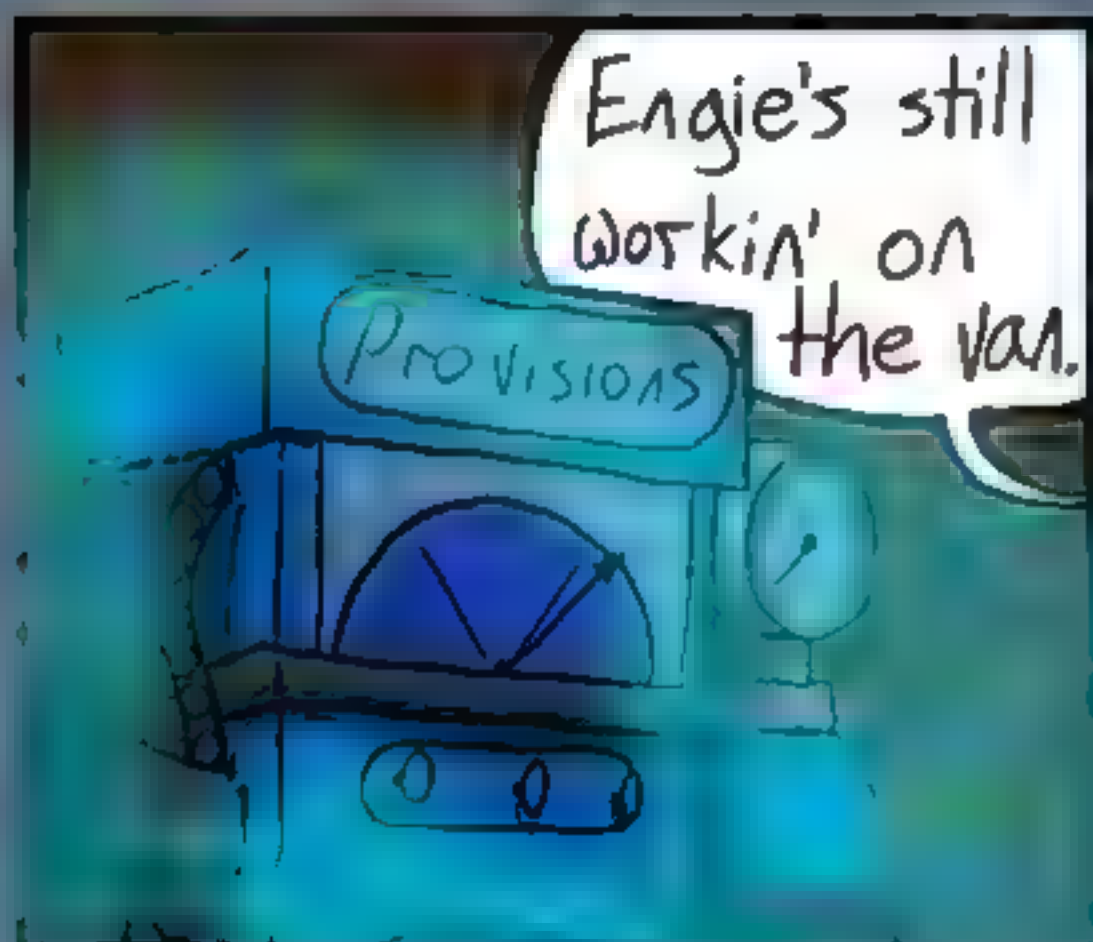
SPY!

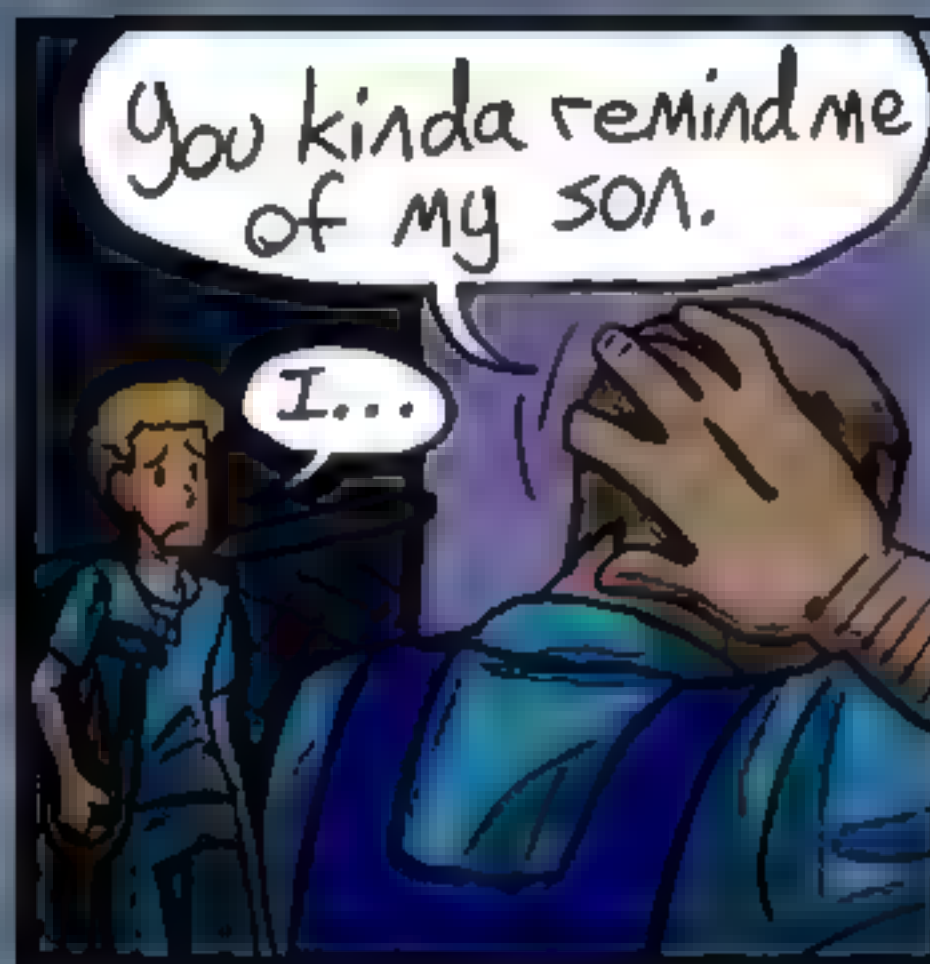
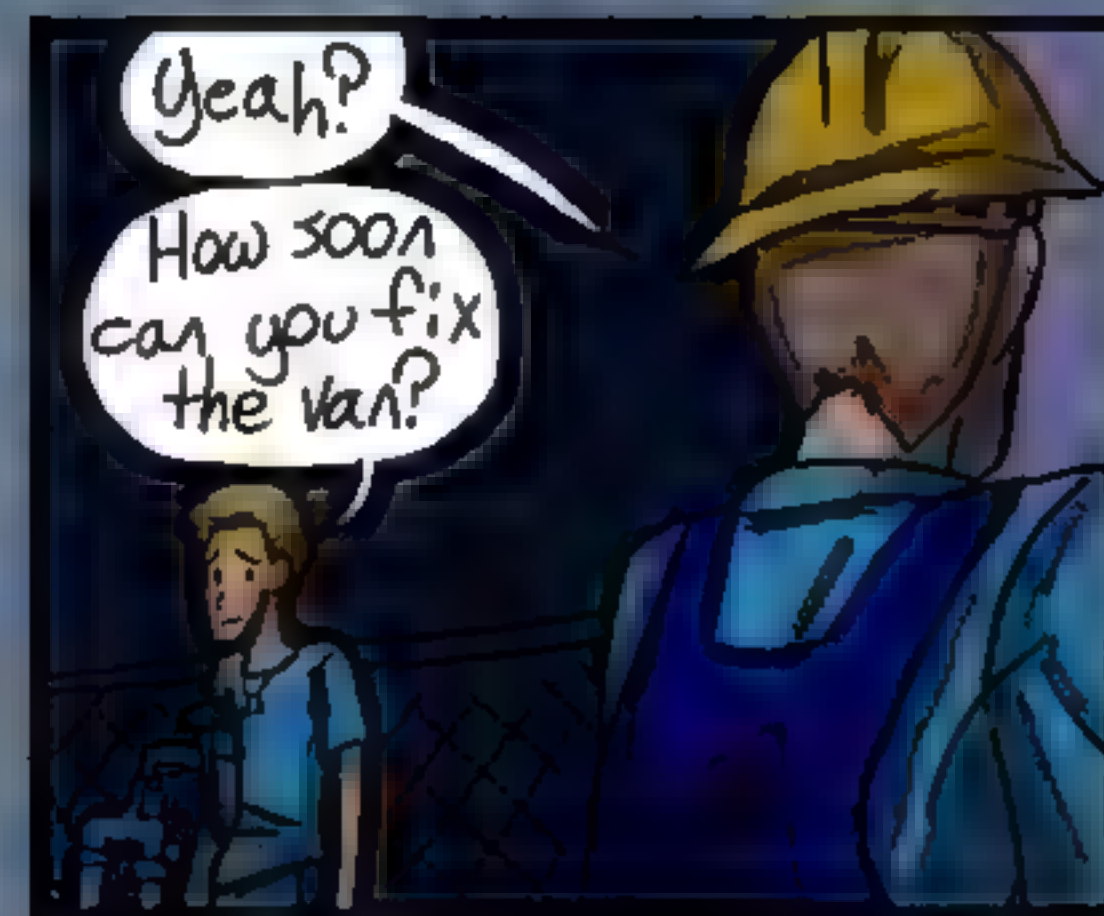
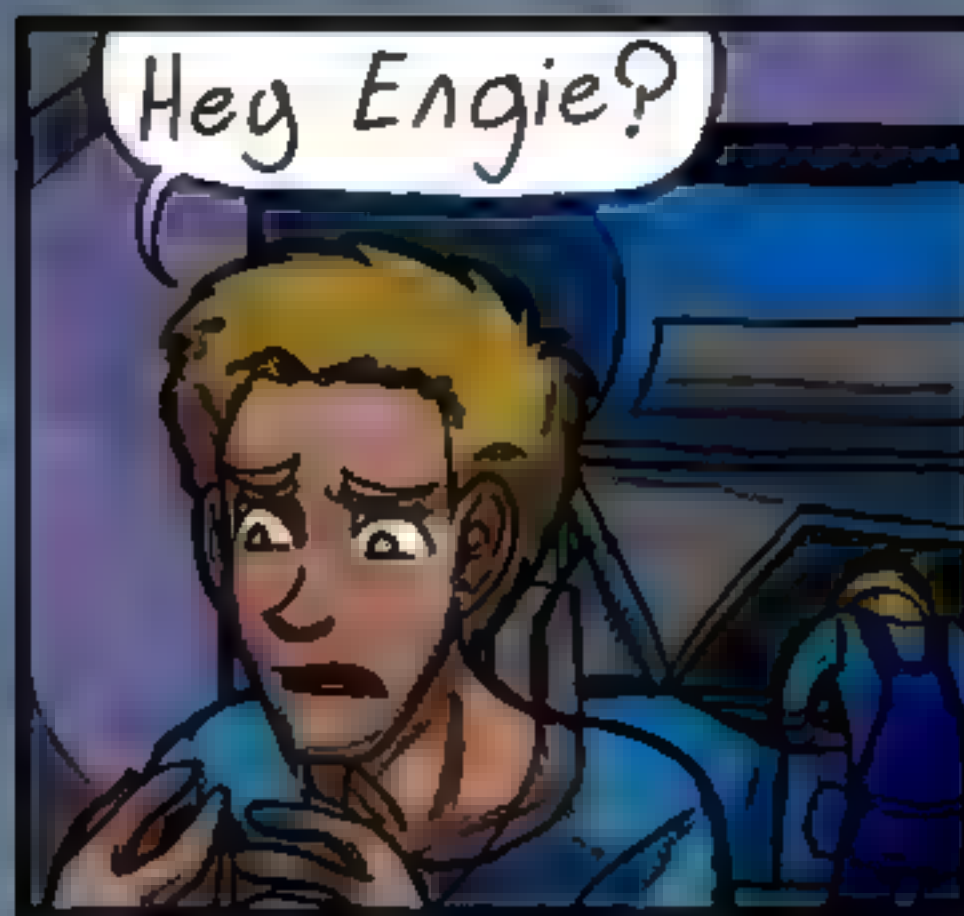
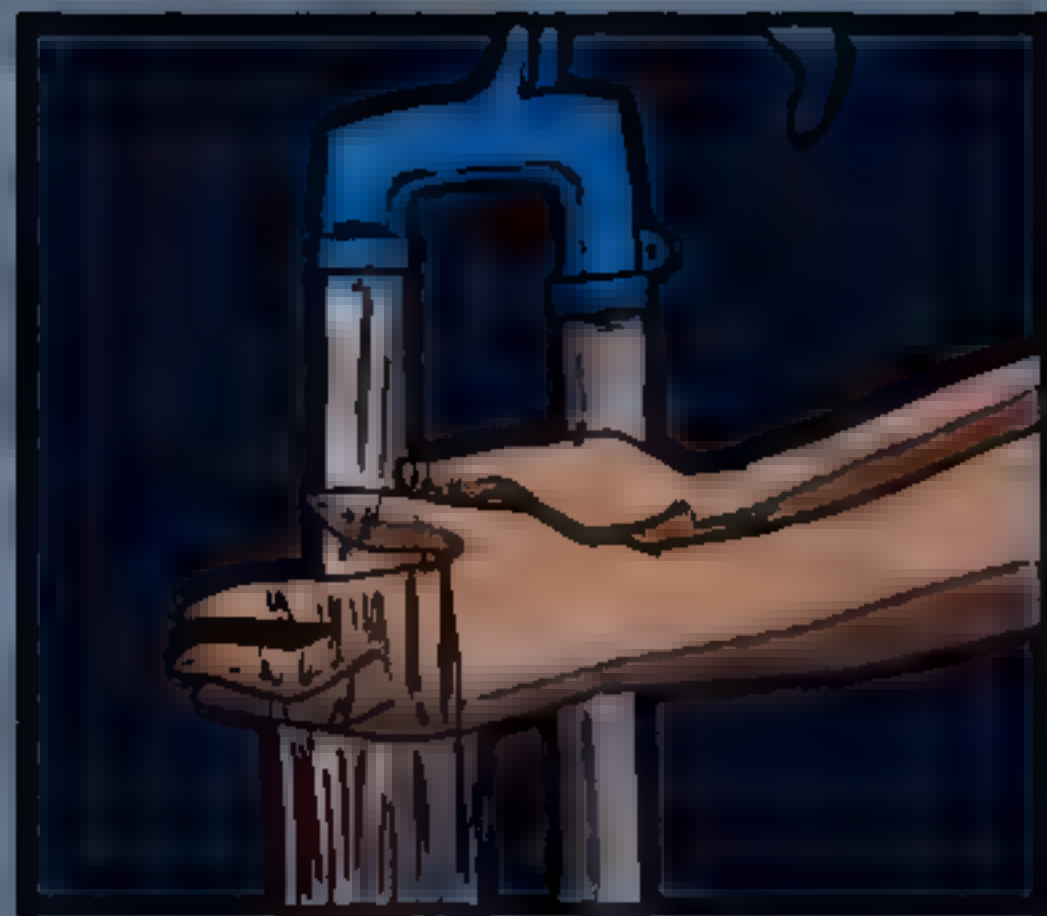


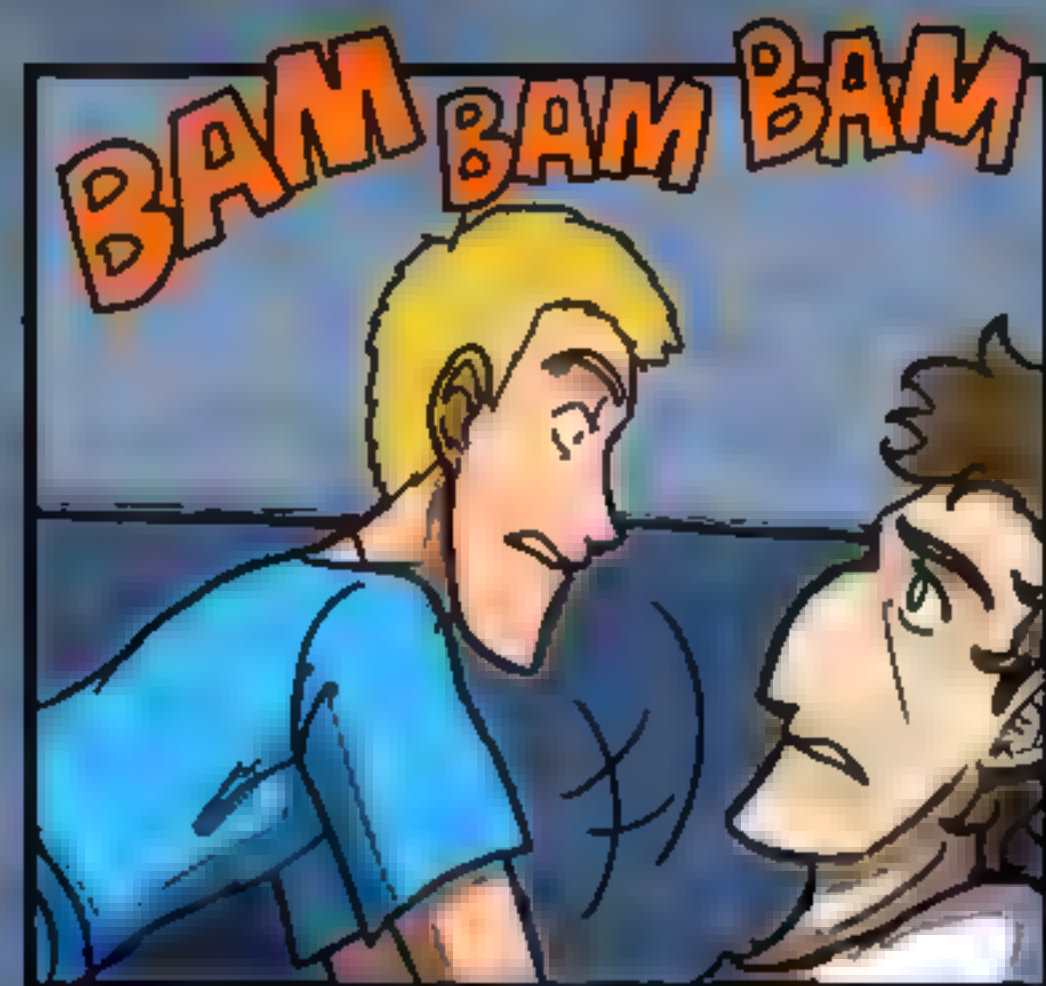
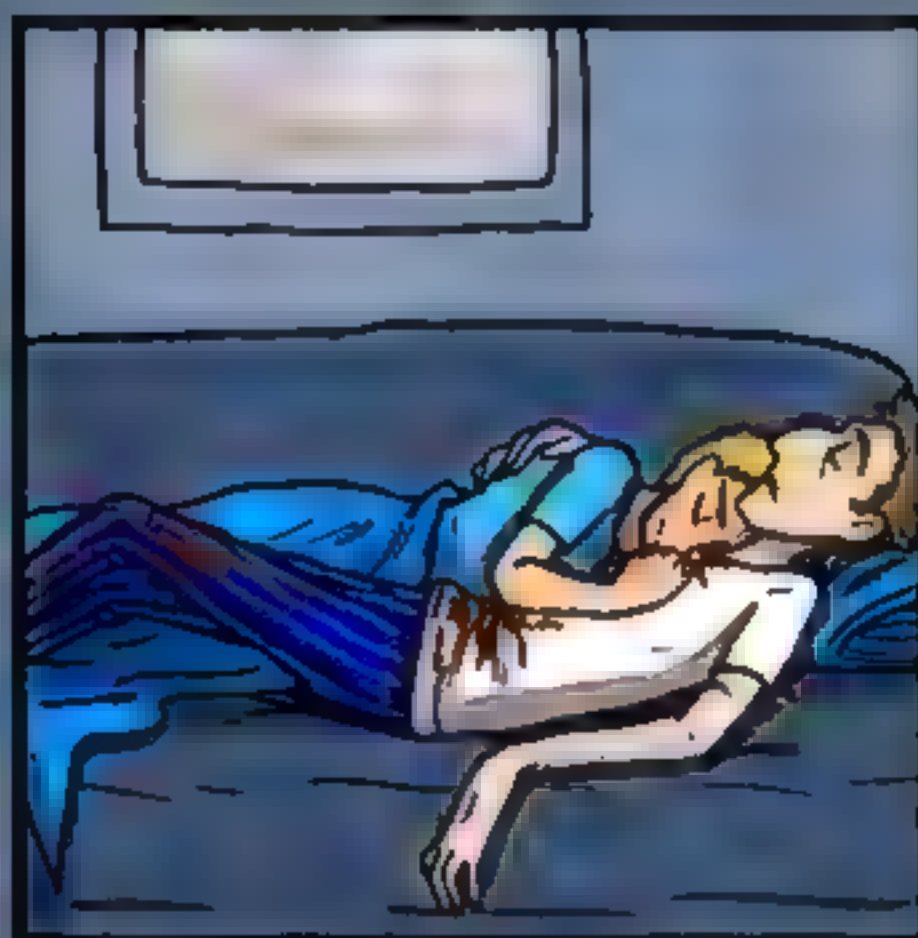
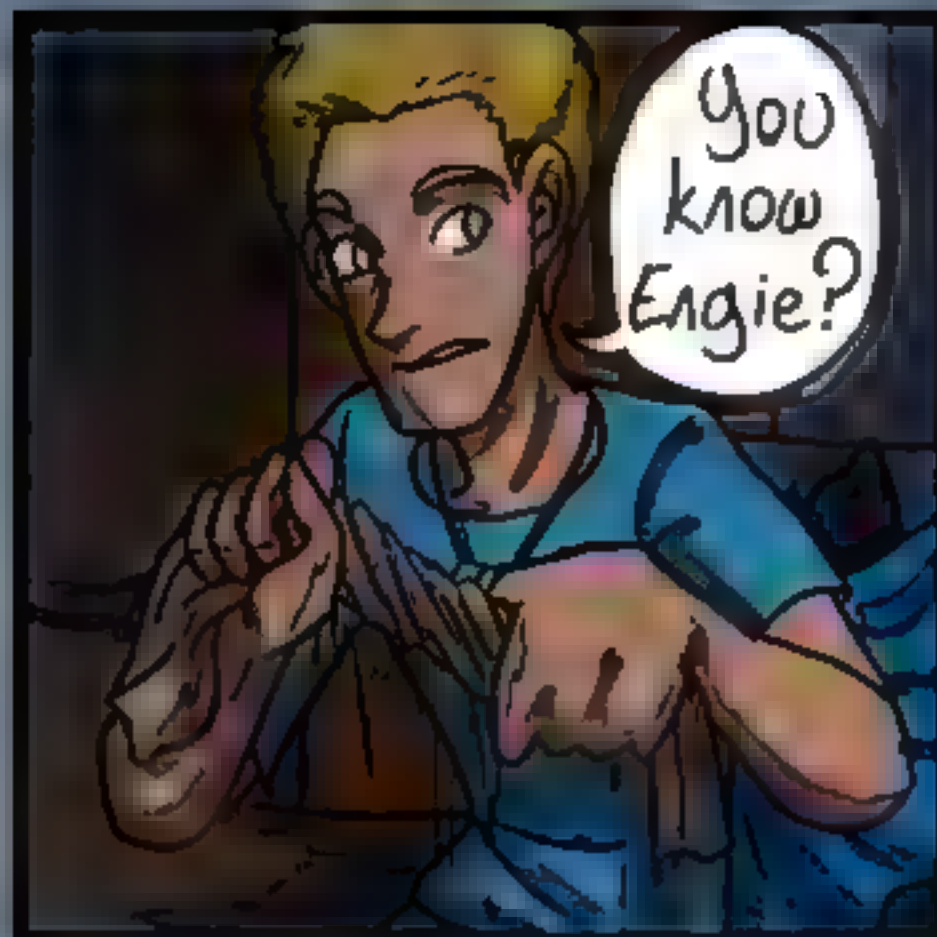
Hnn...

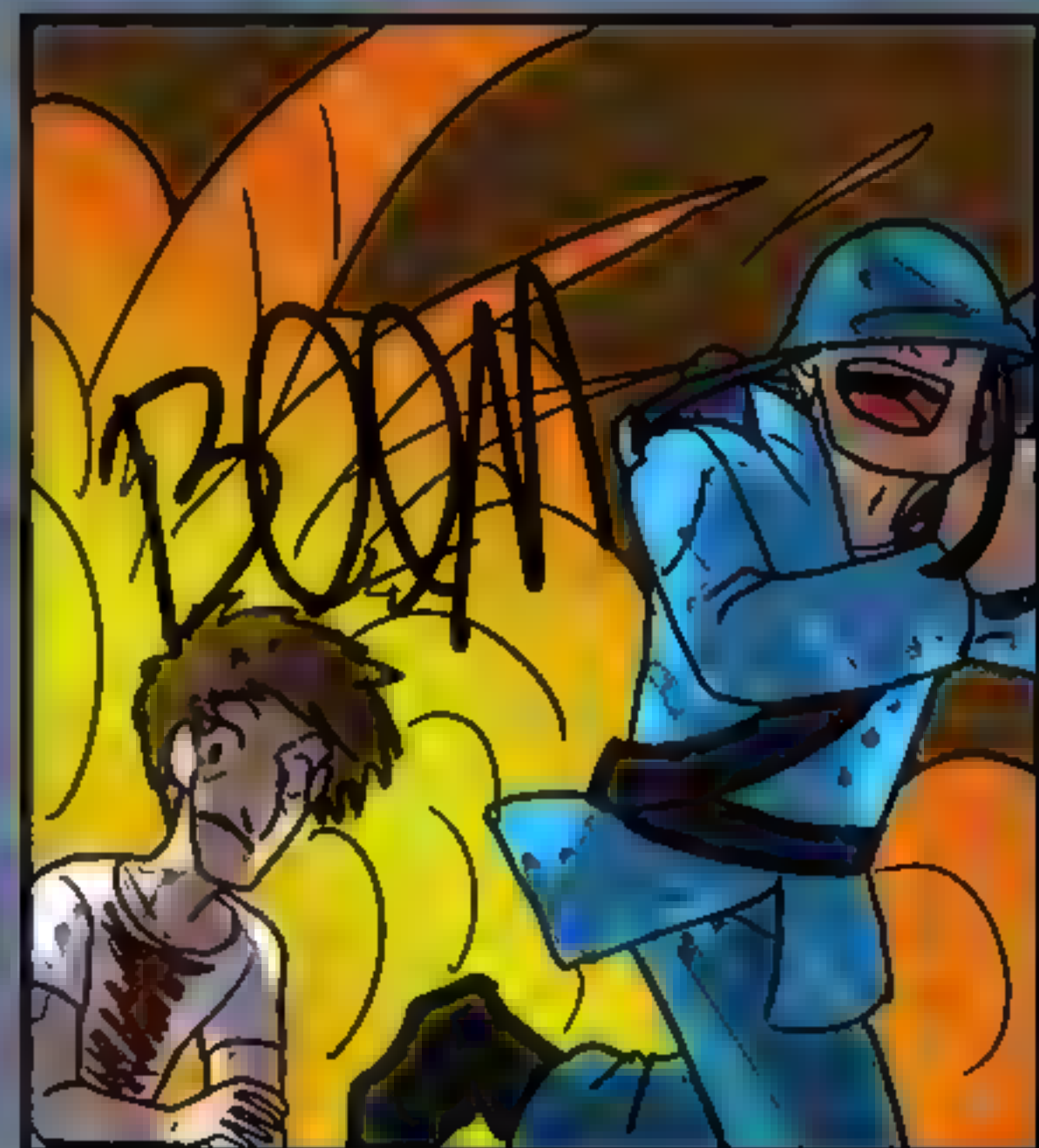
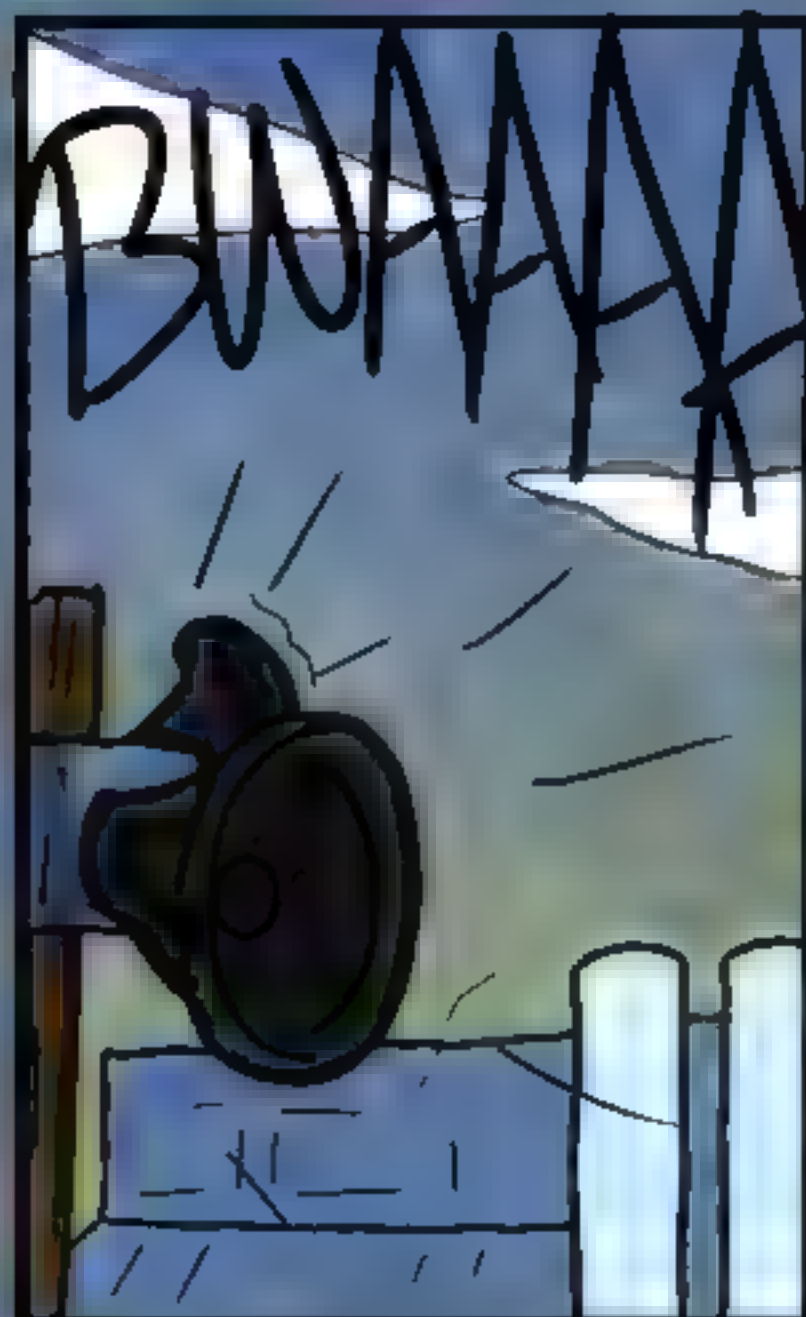
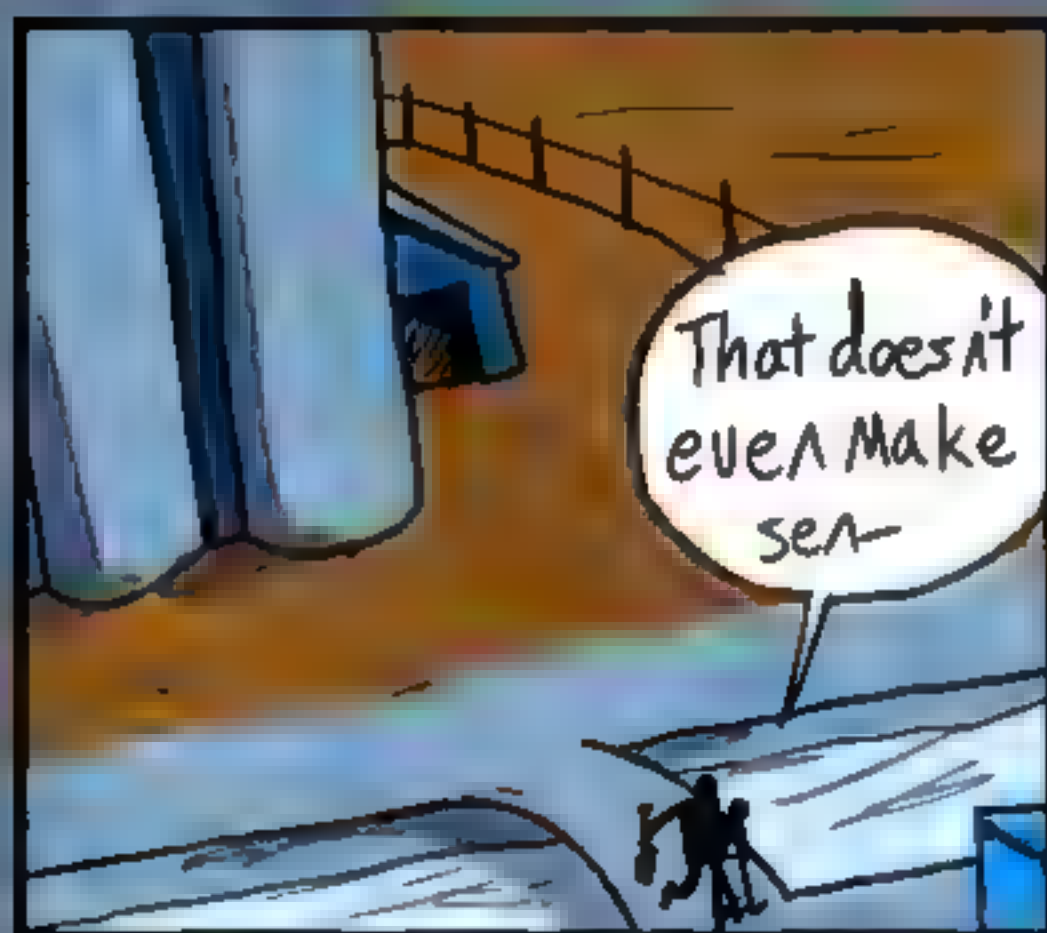
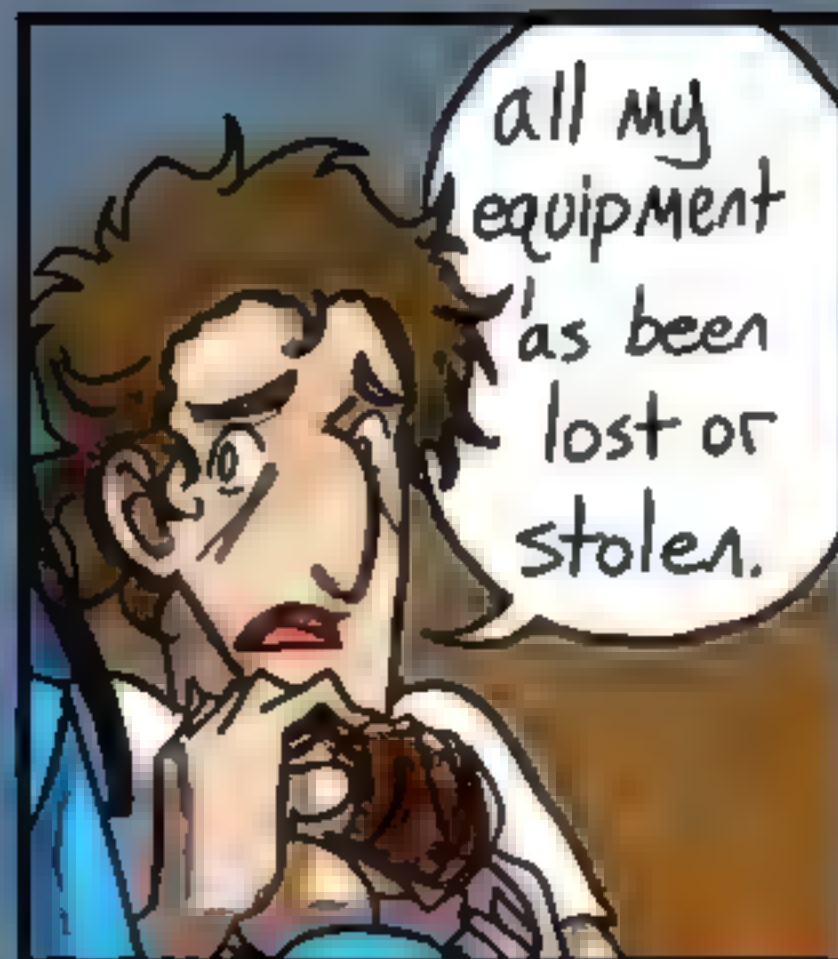


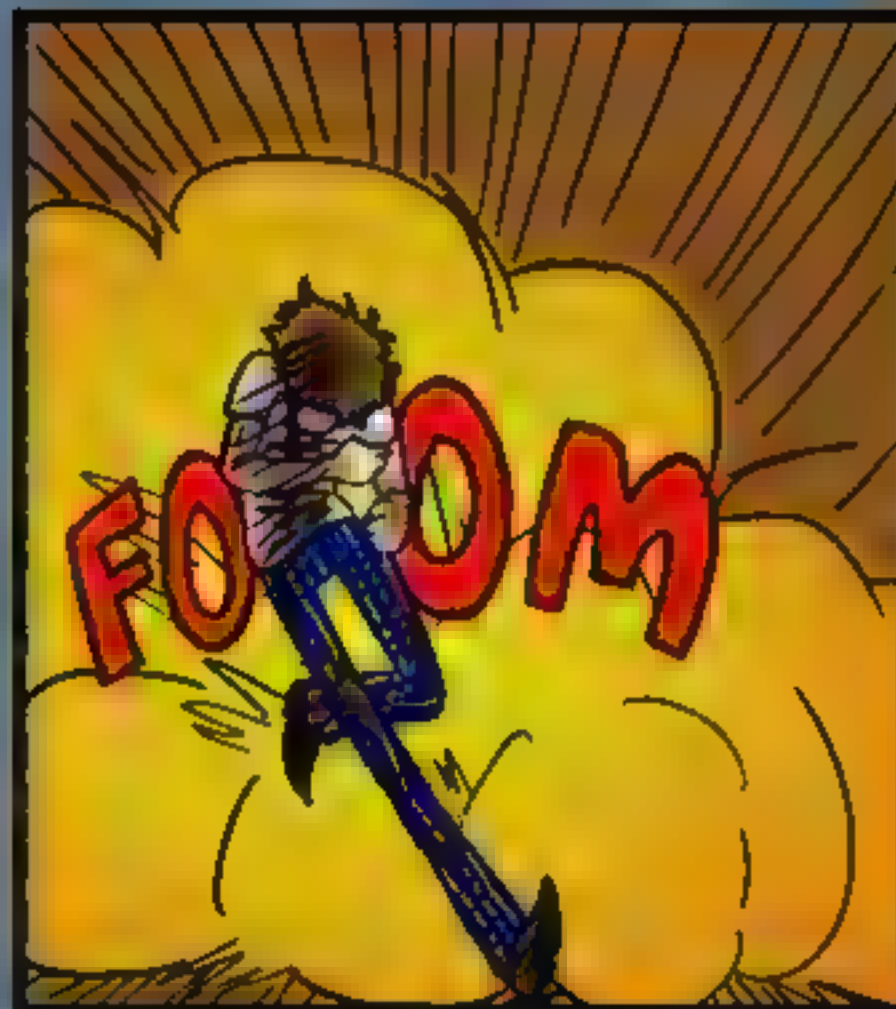
You're awake!

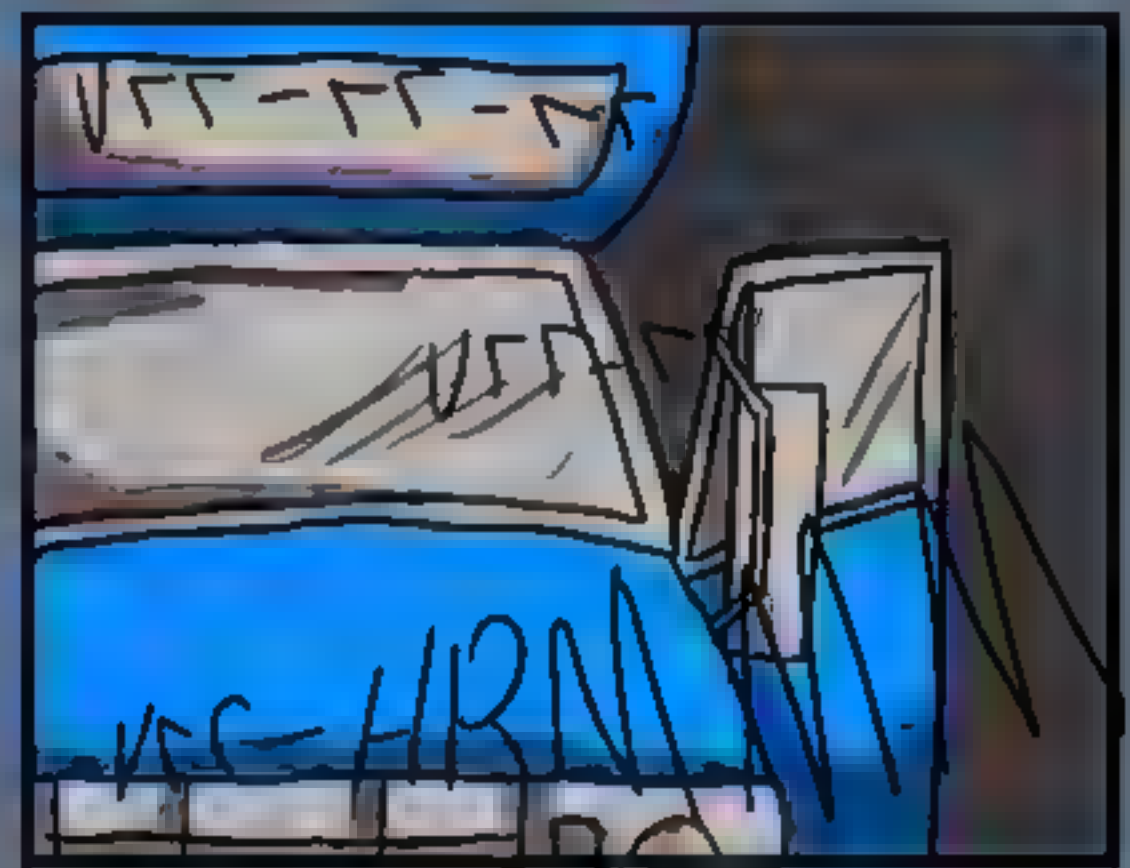
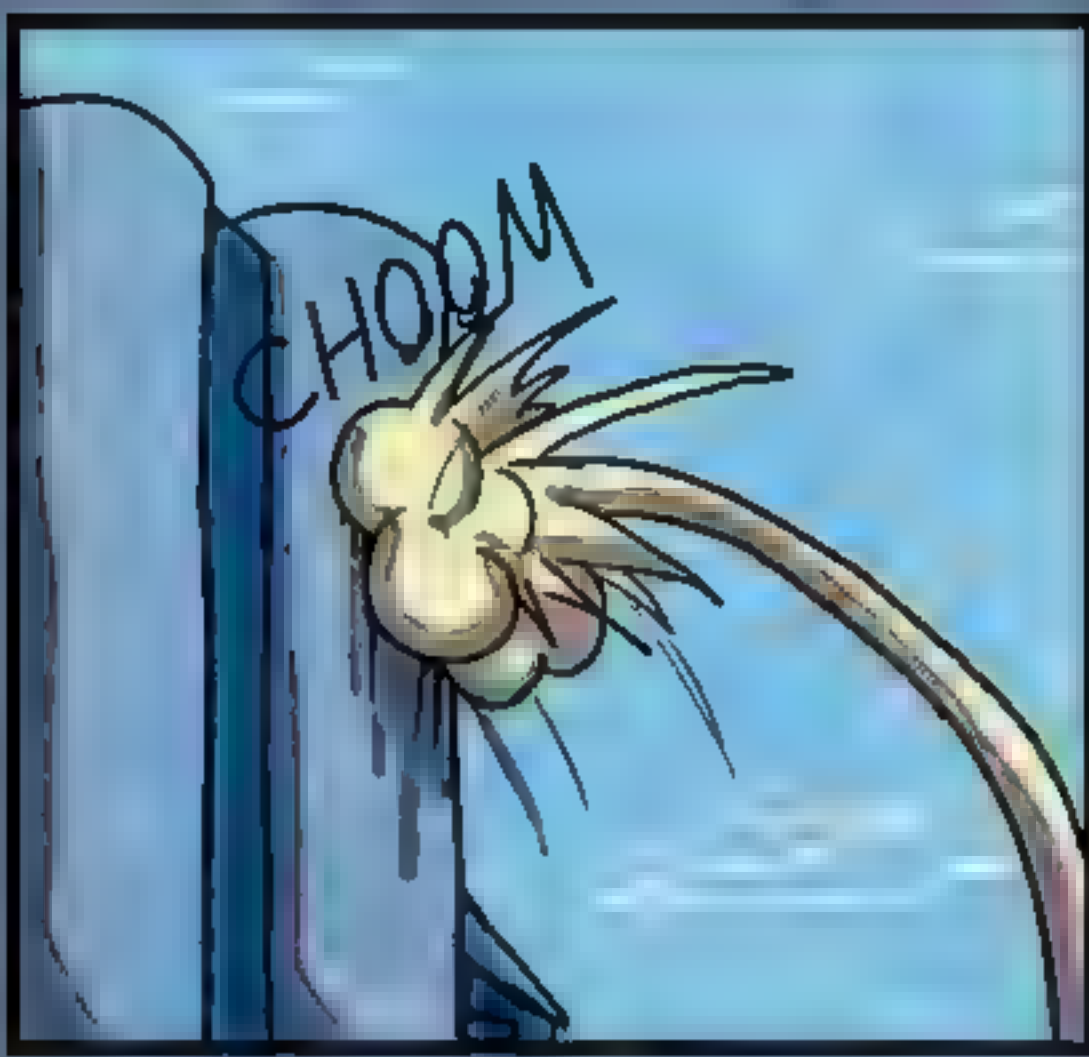


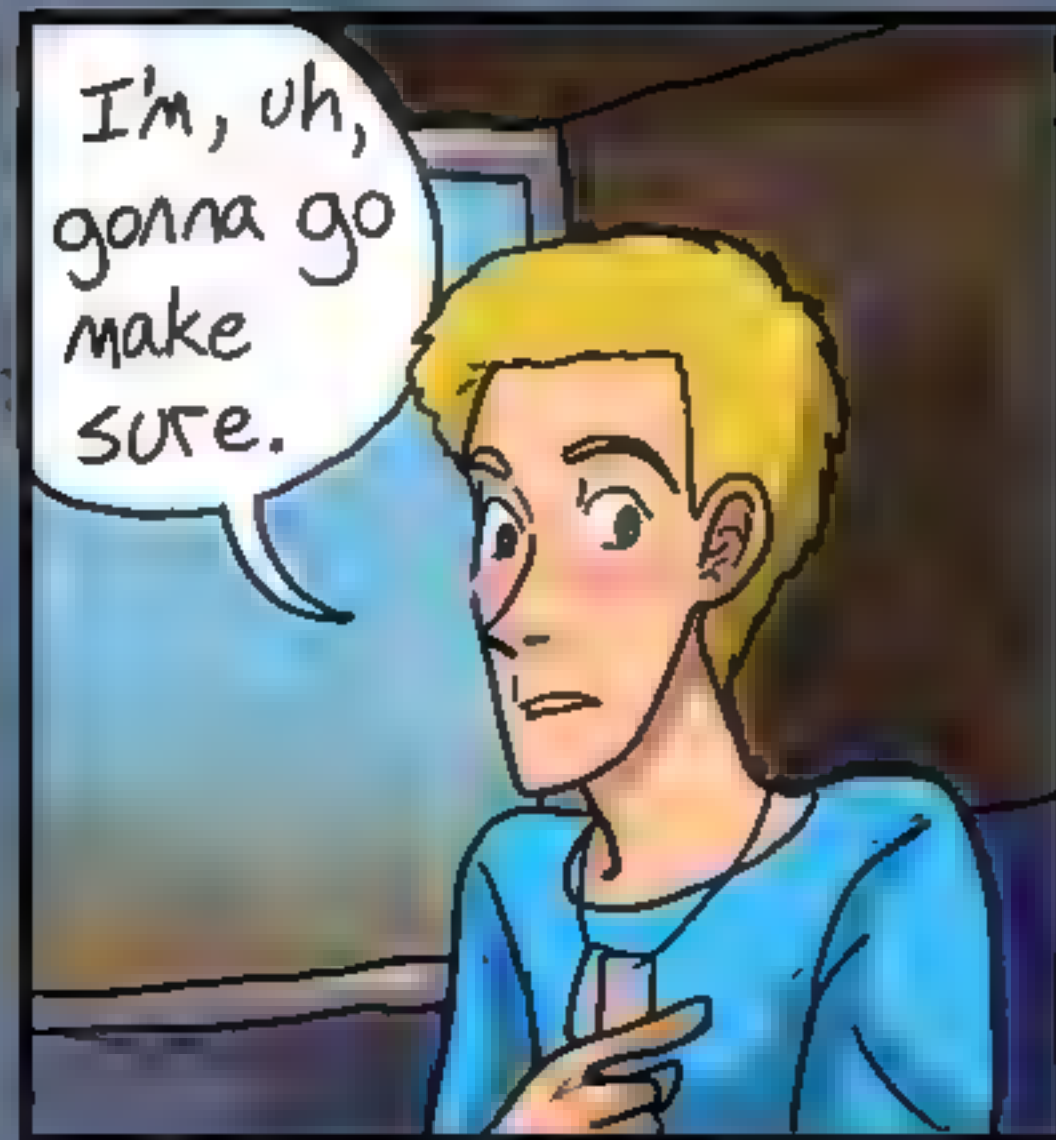
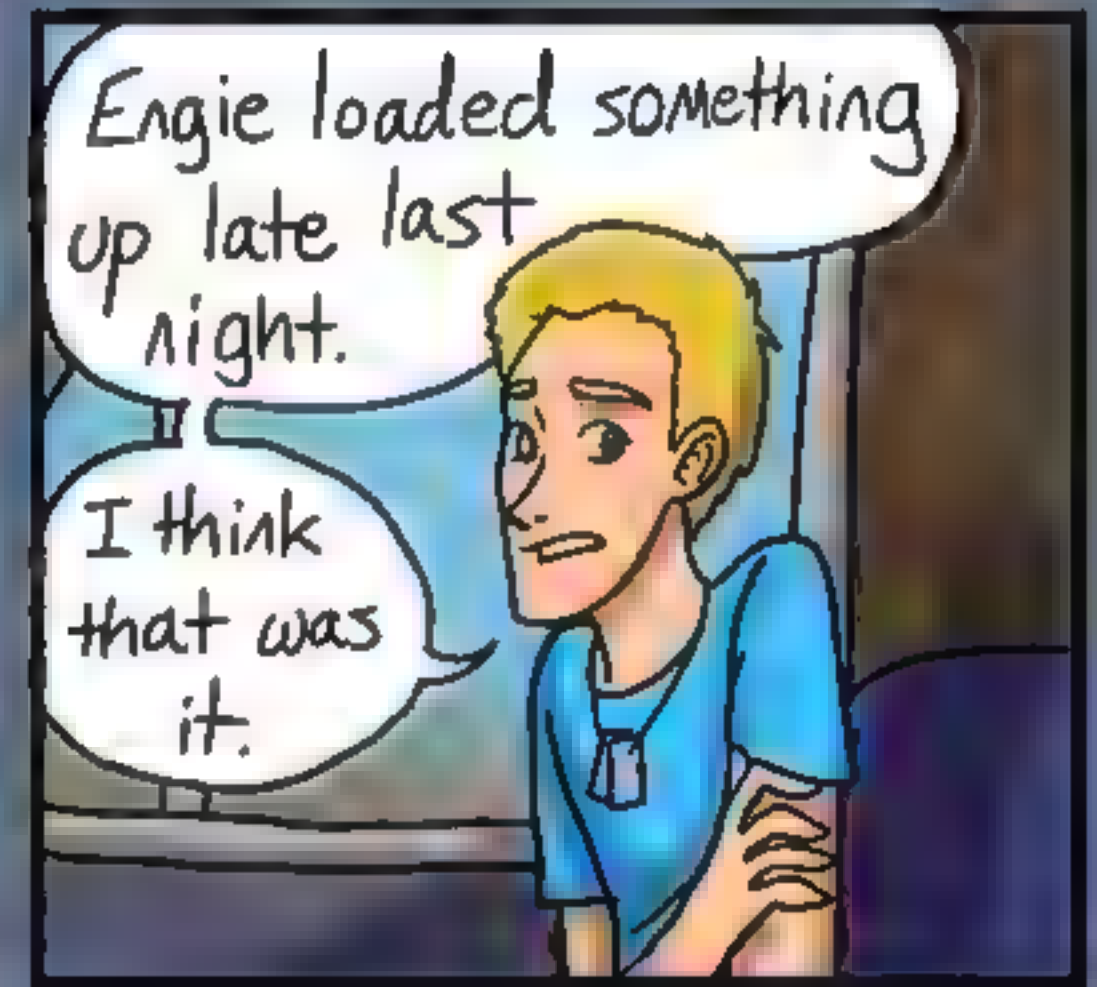
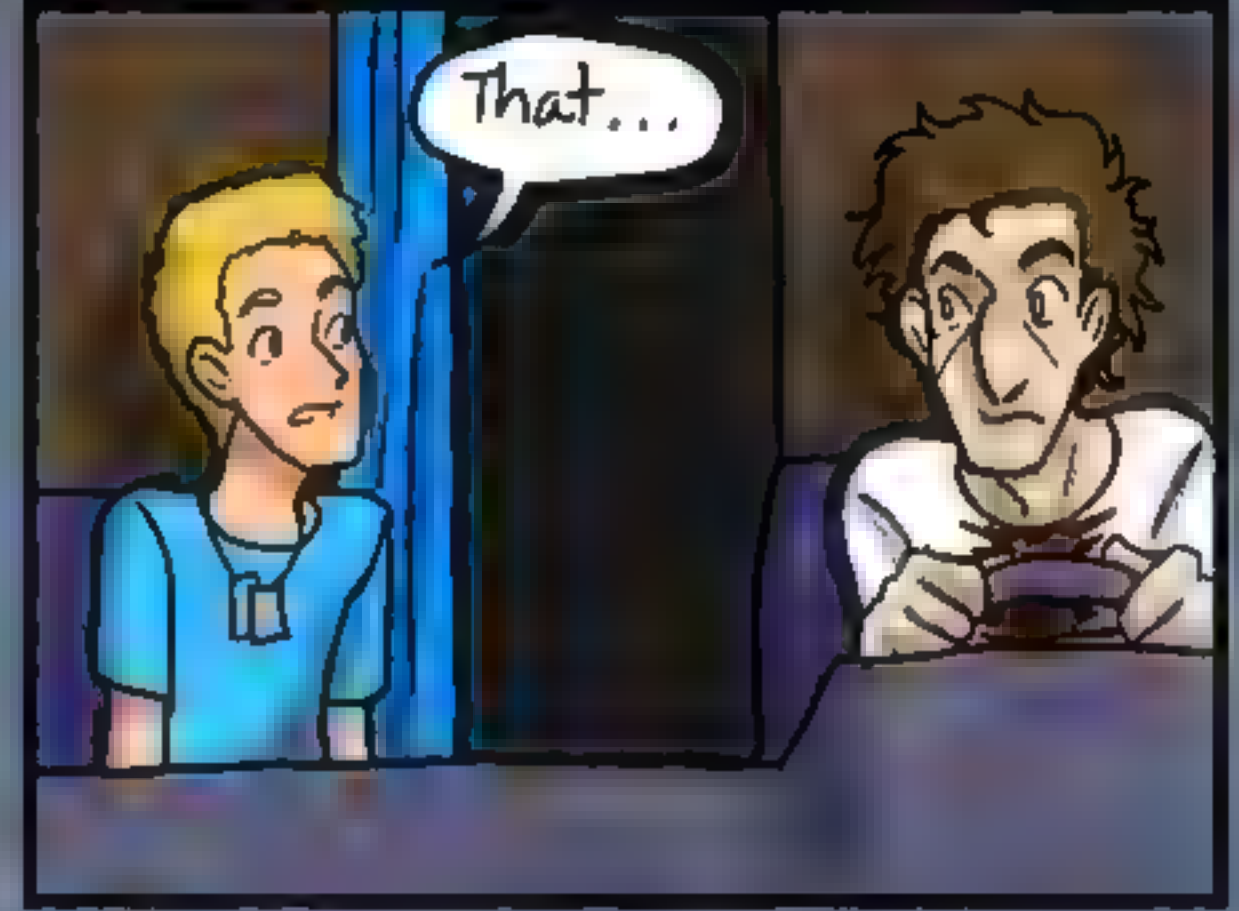
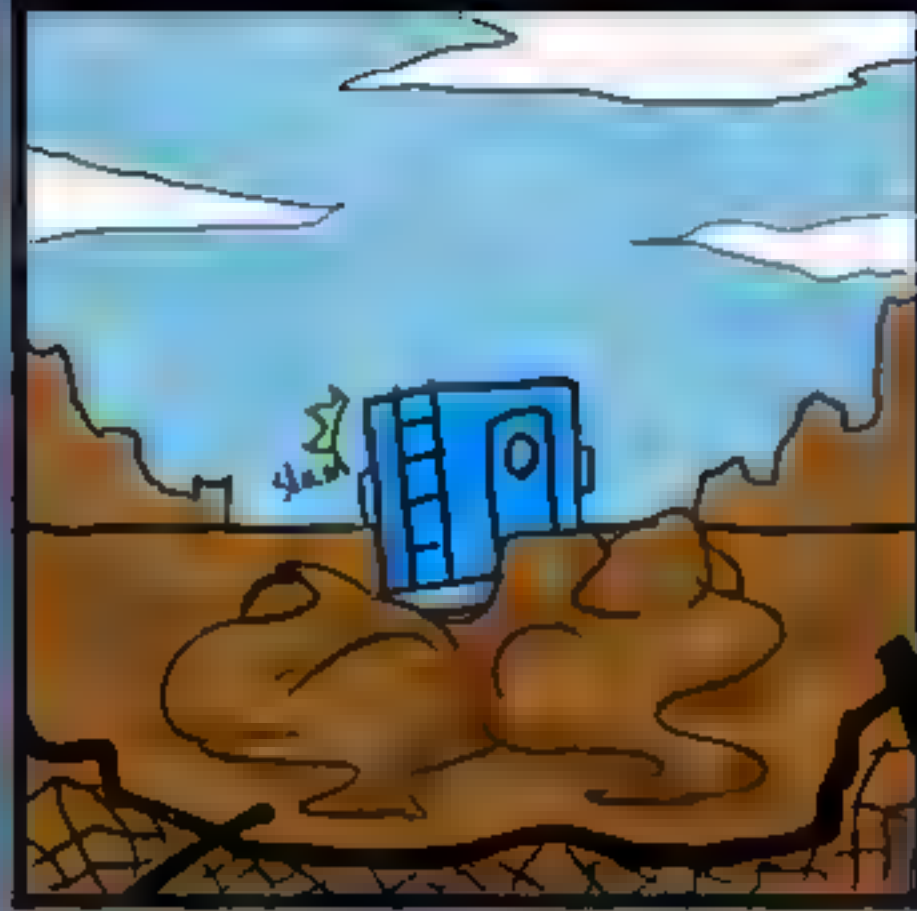
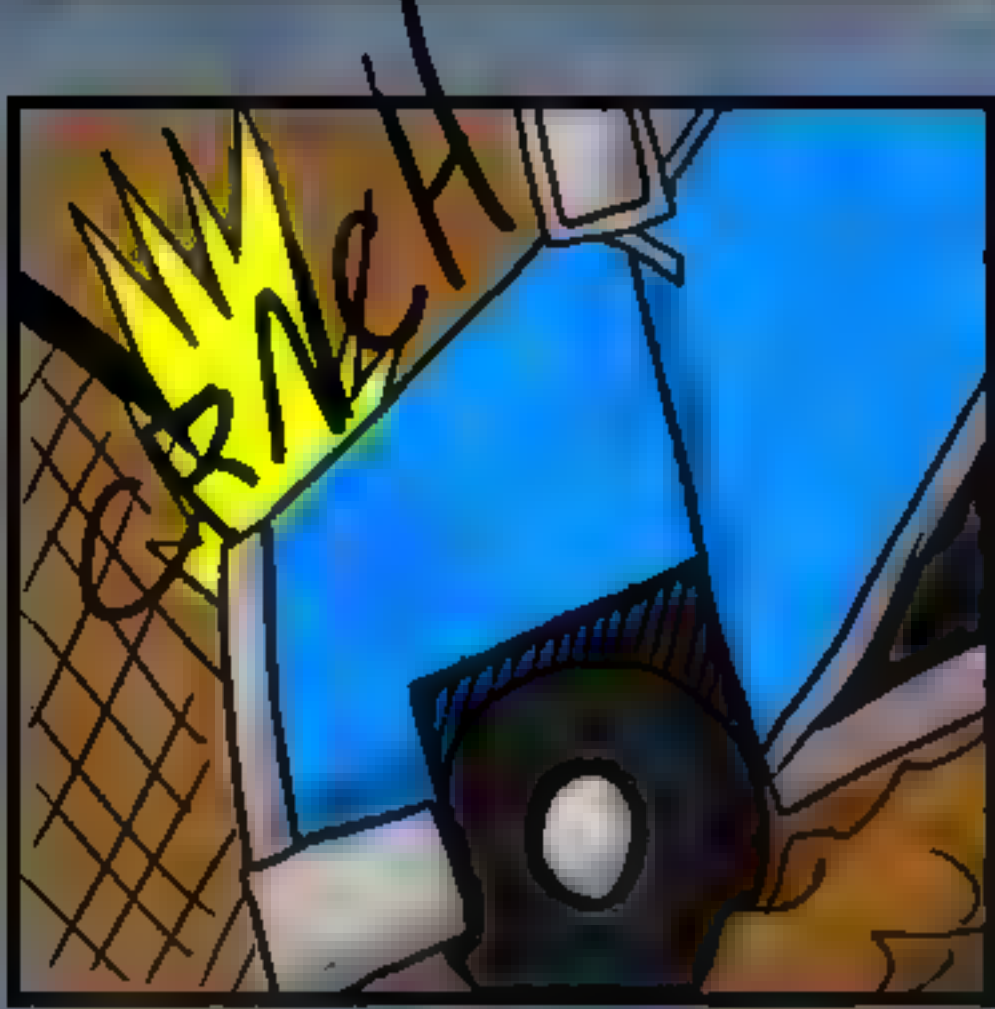
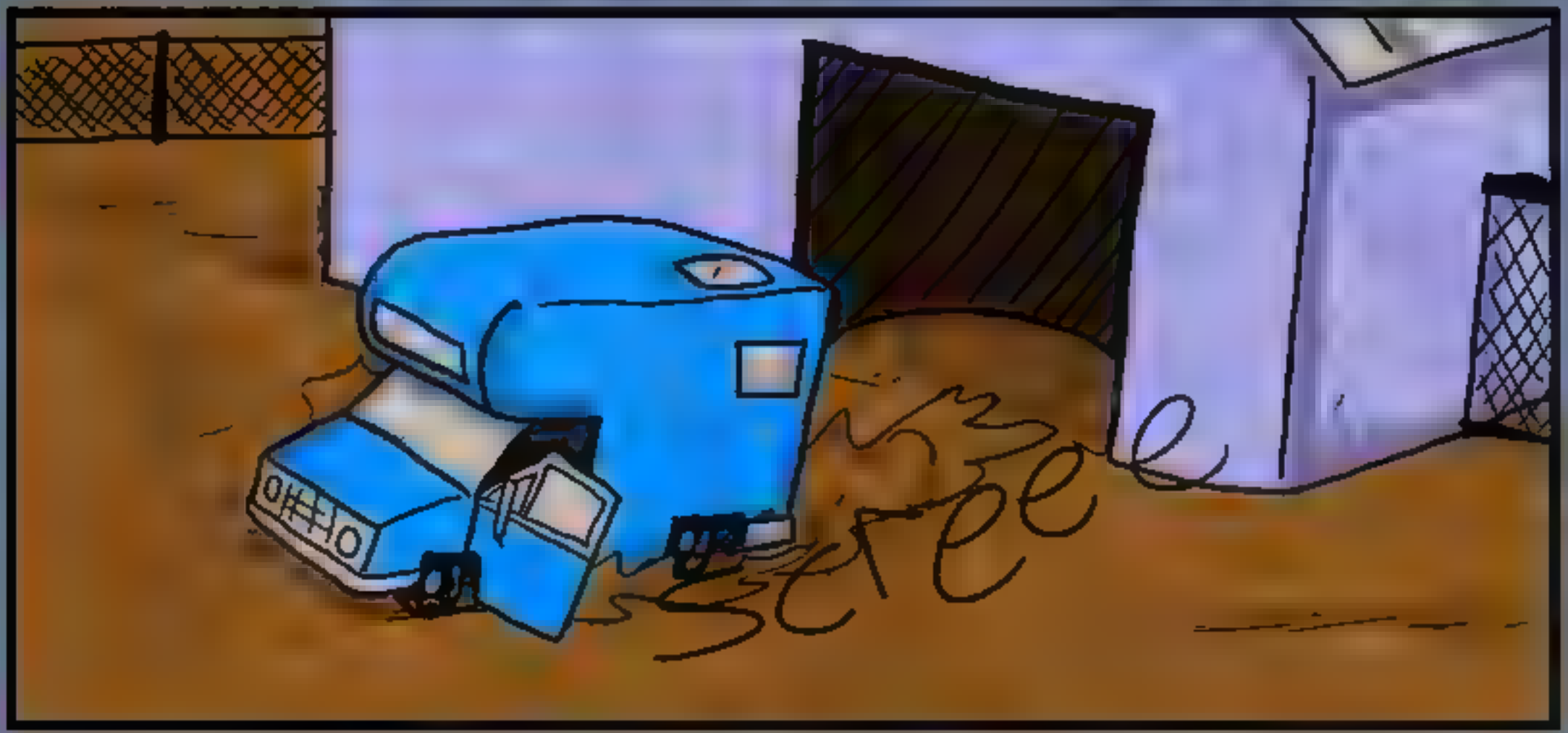


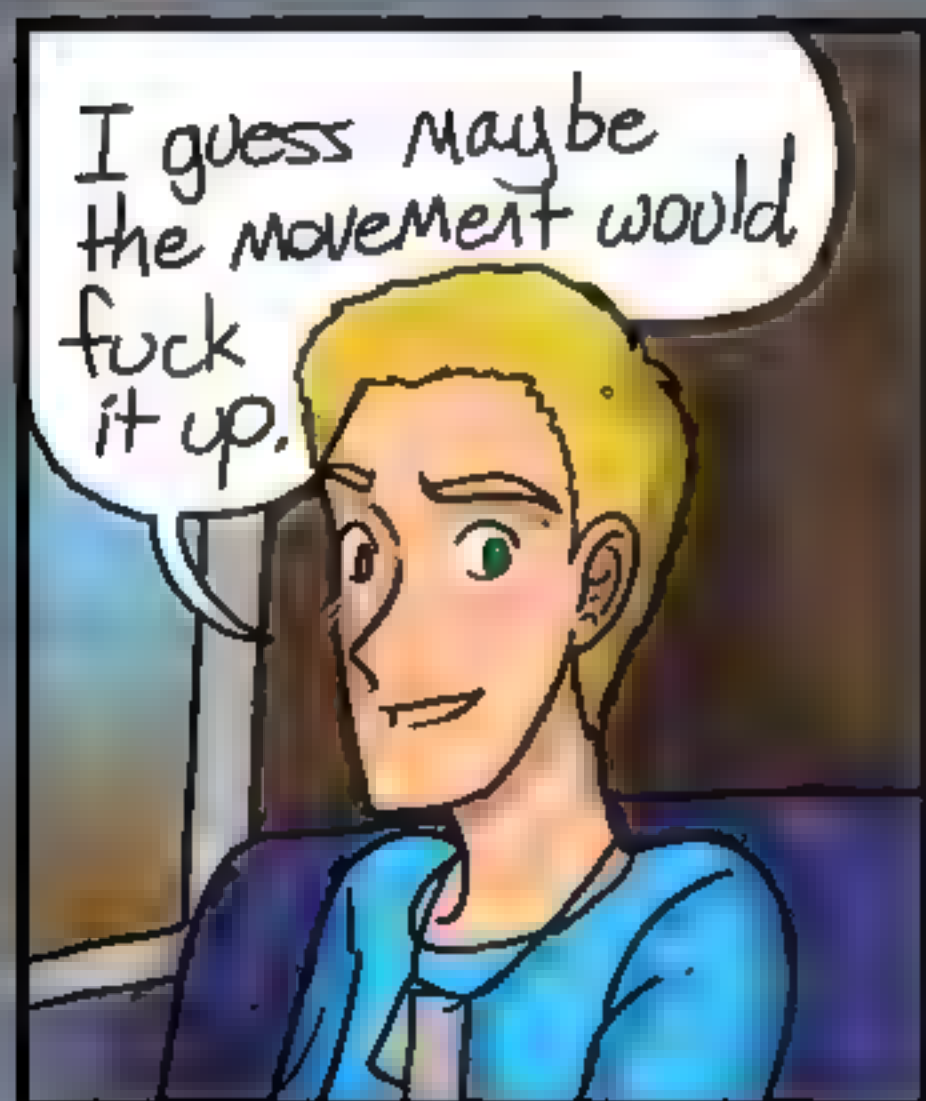
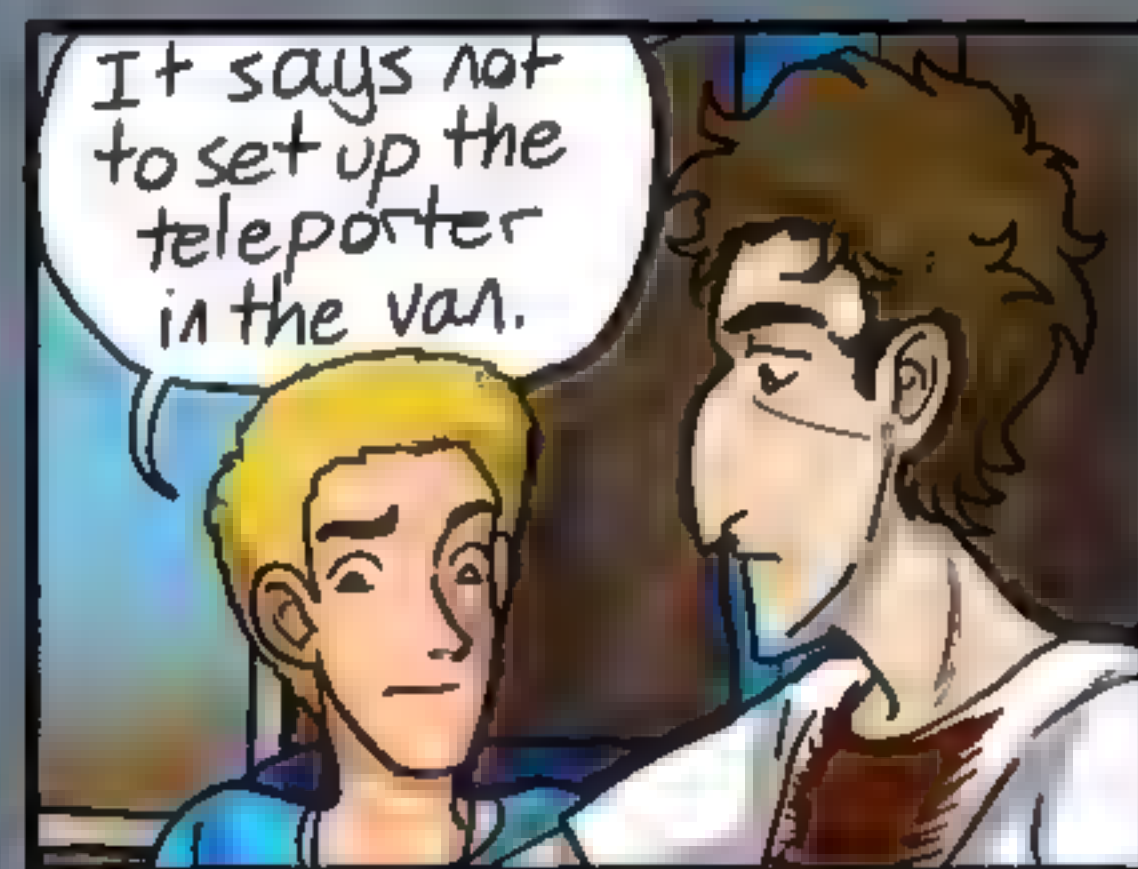
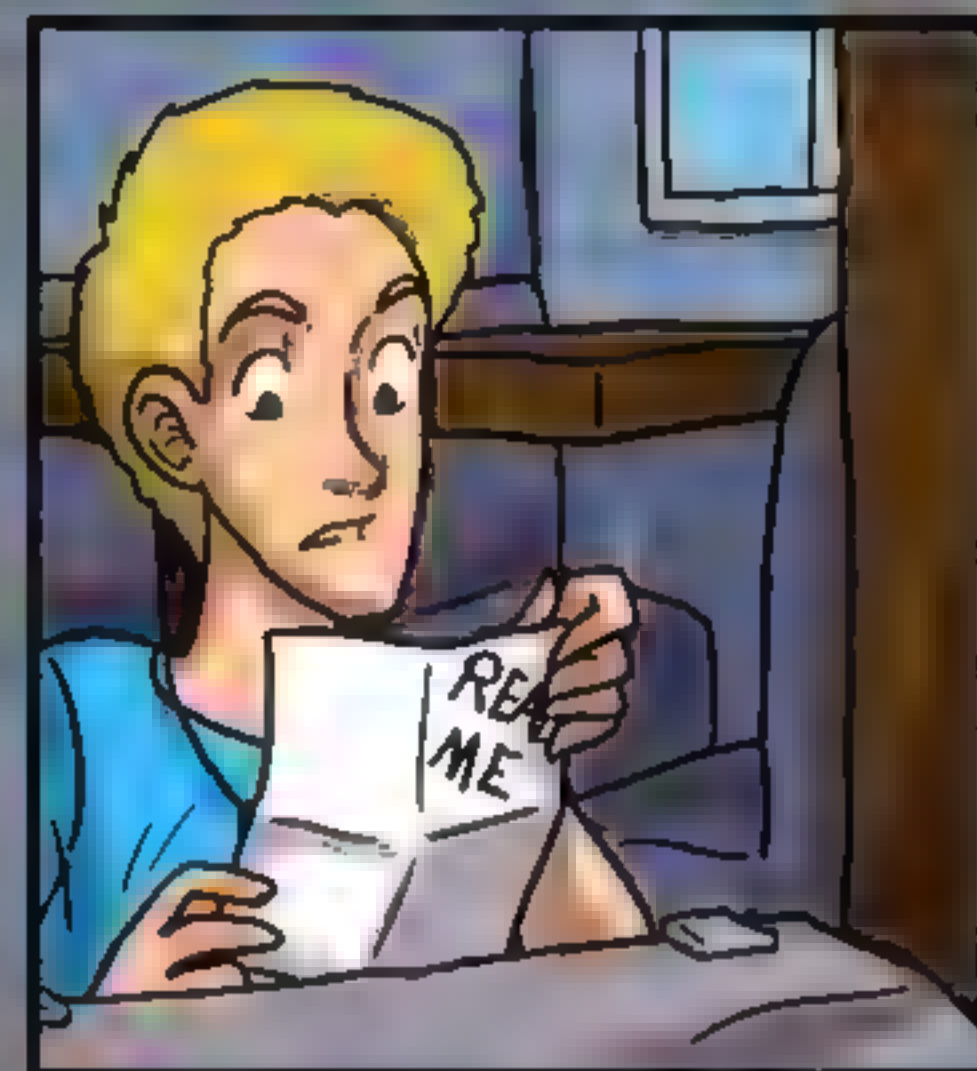
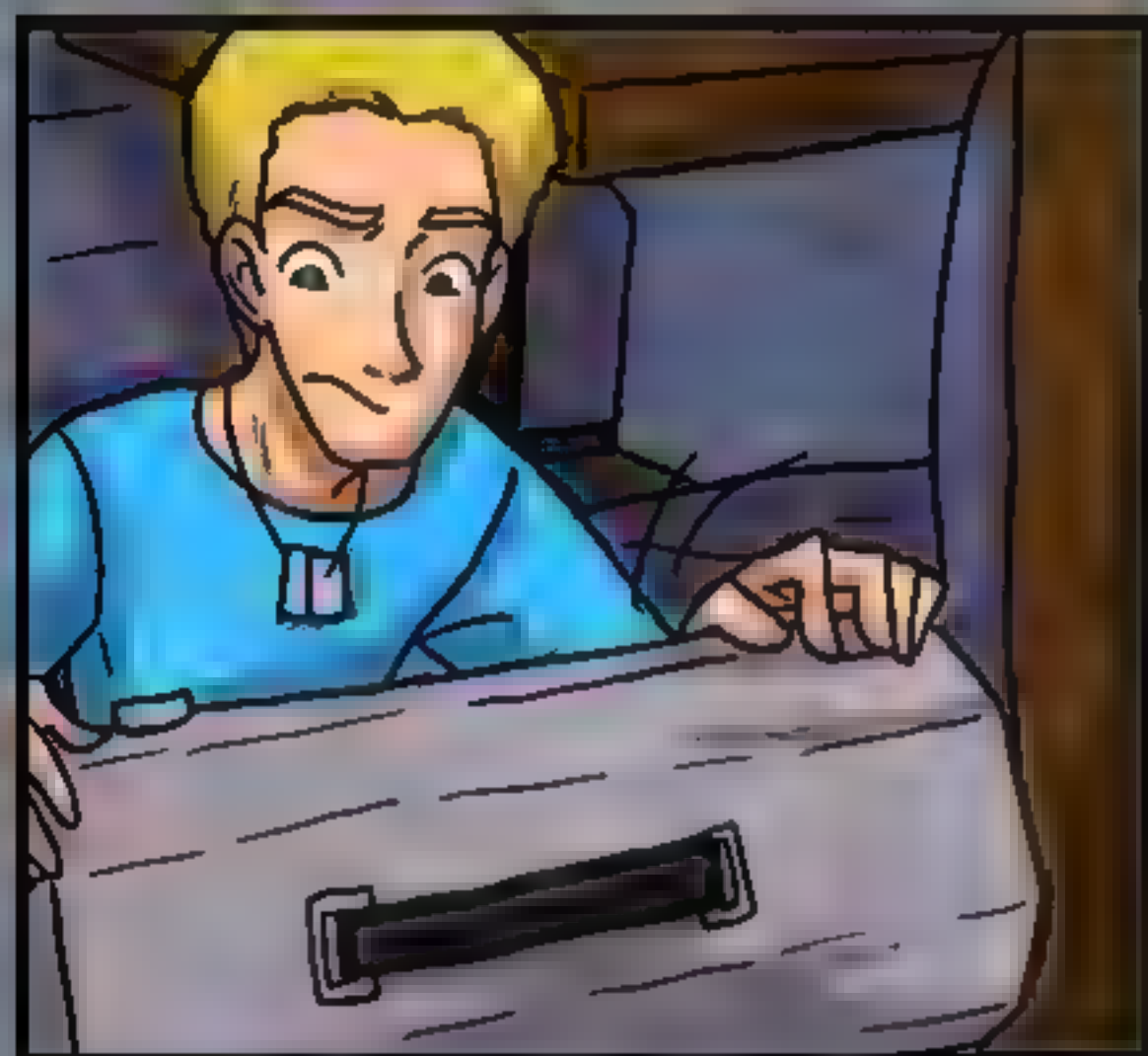
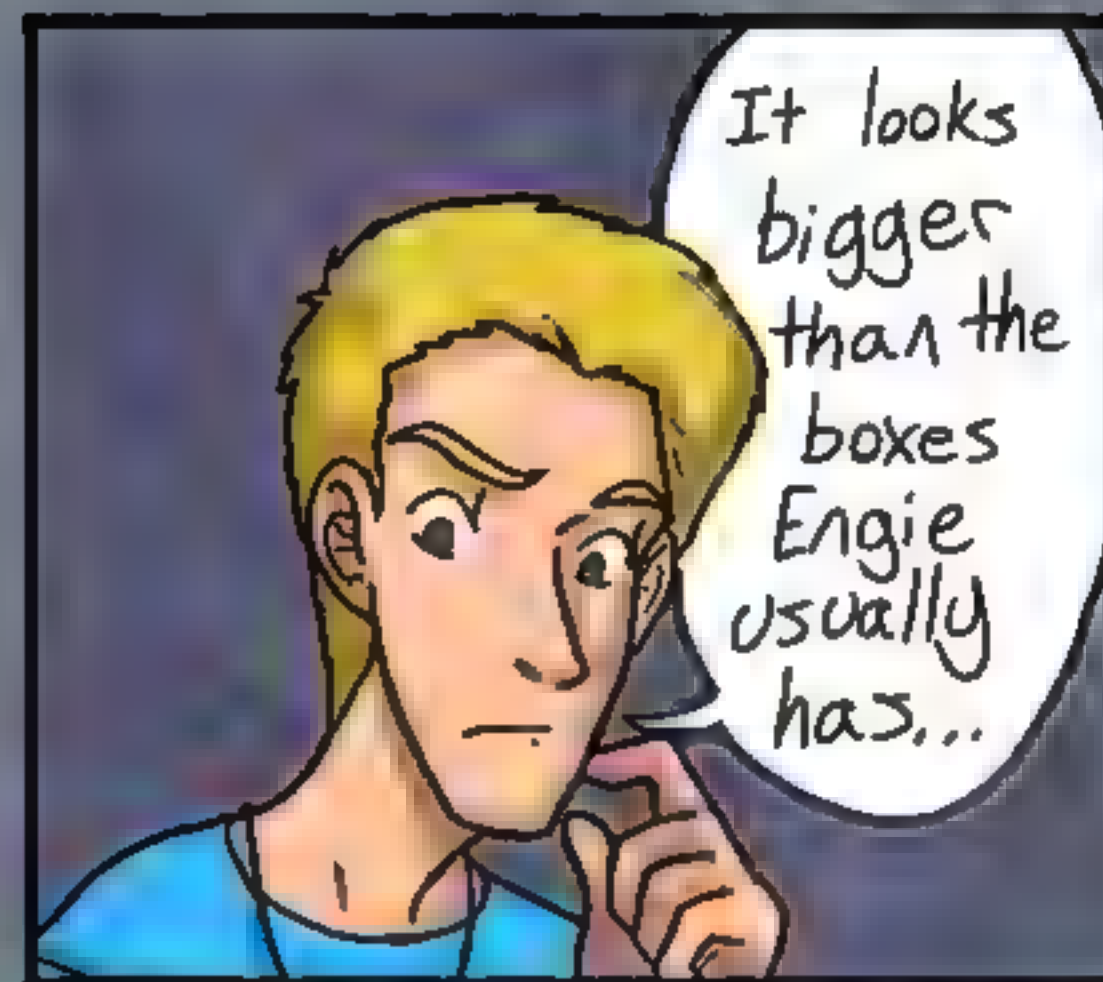
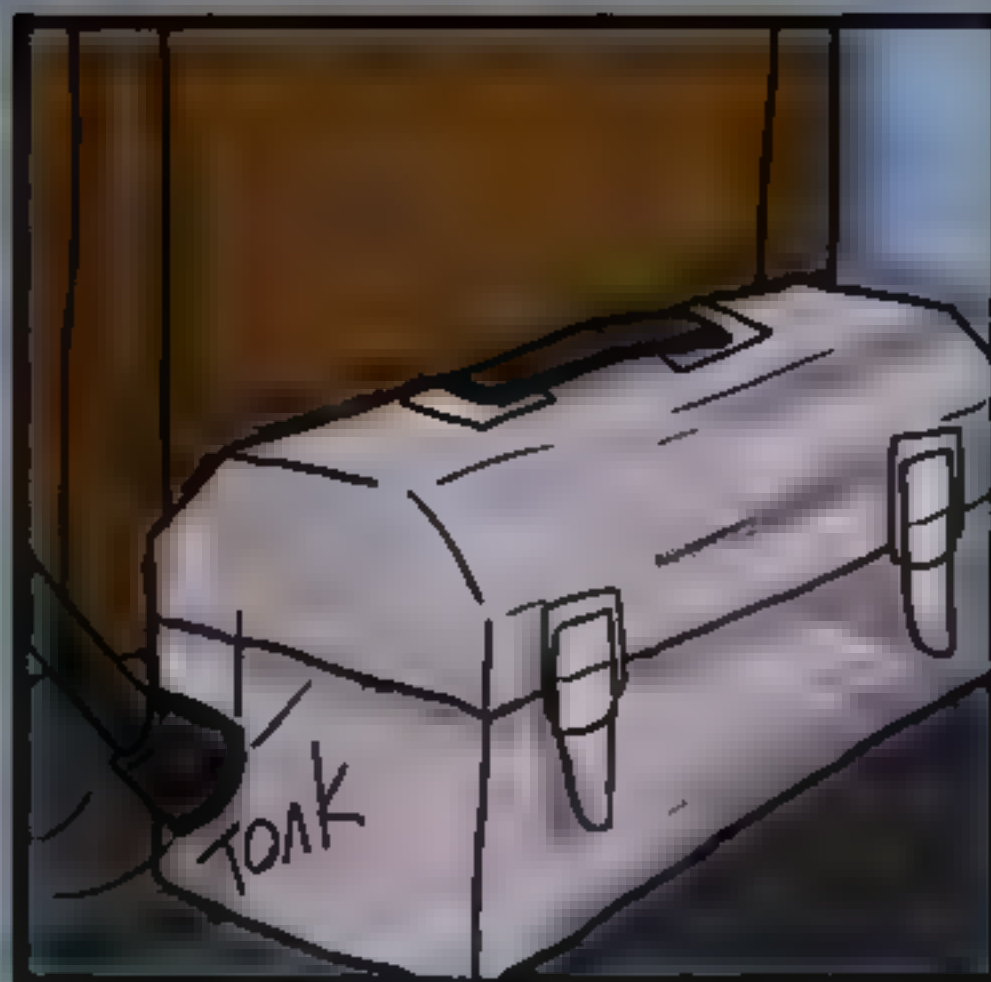
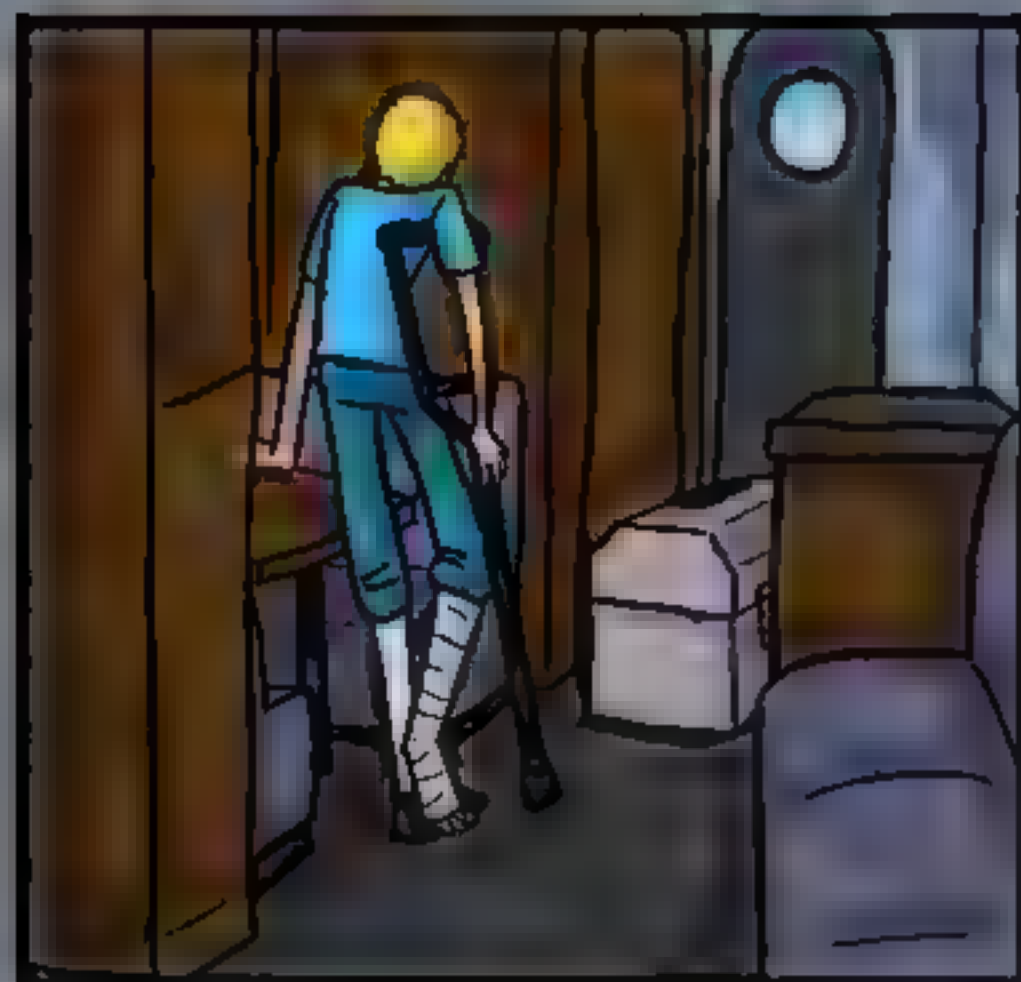


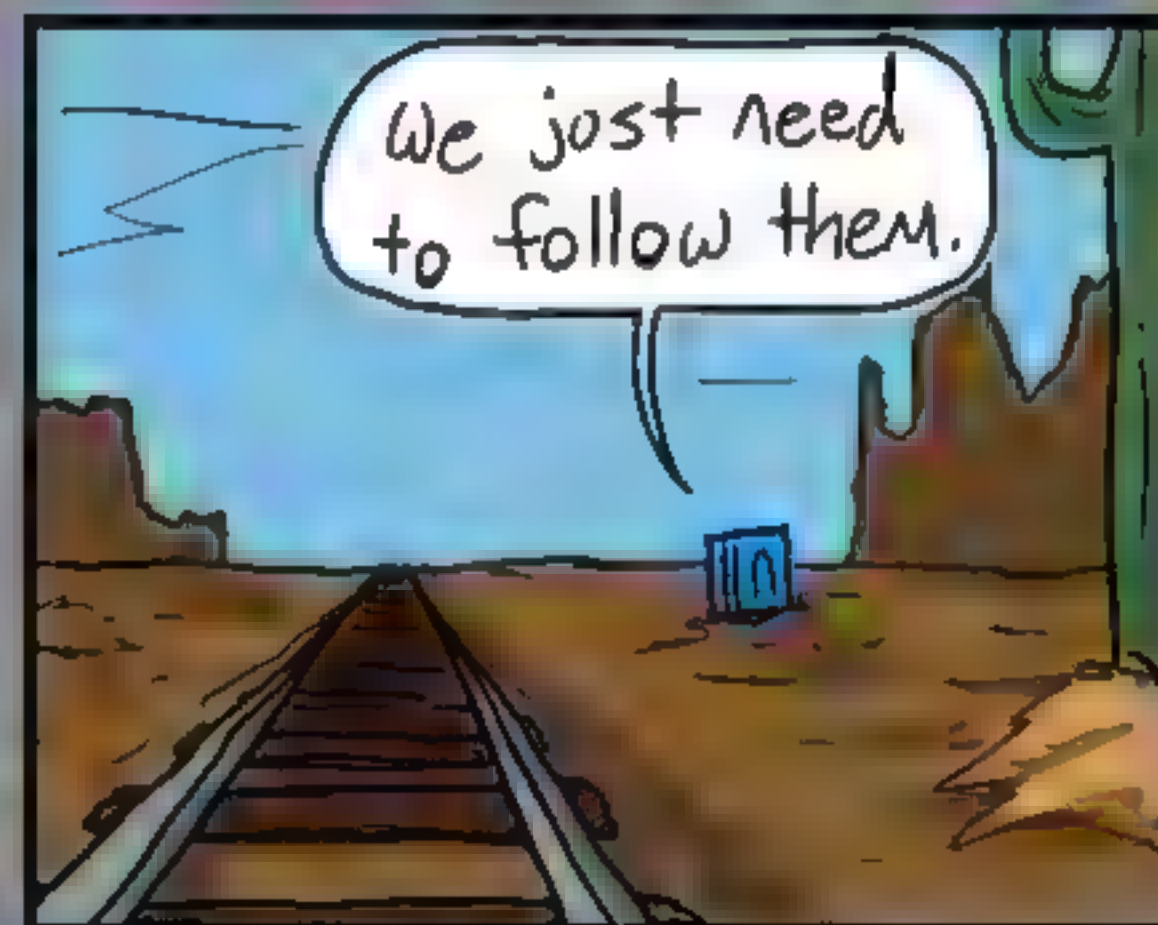
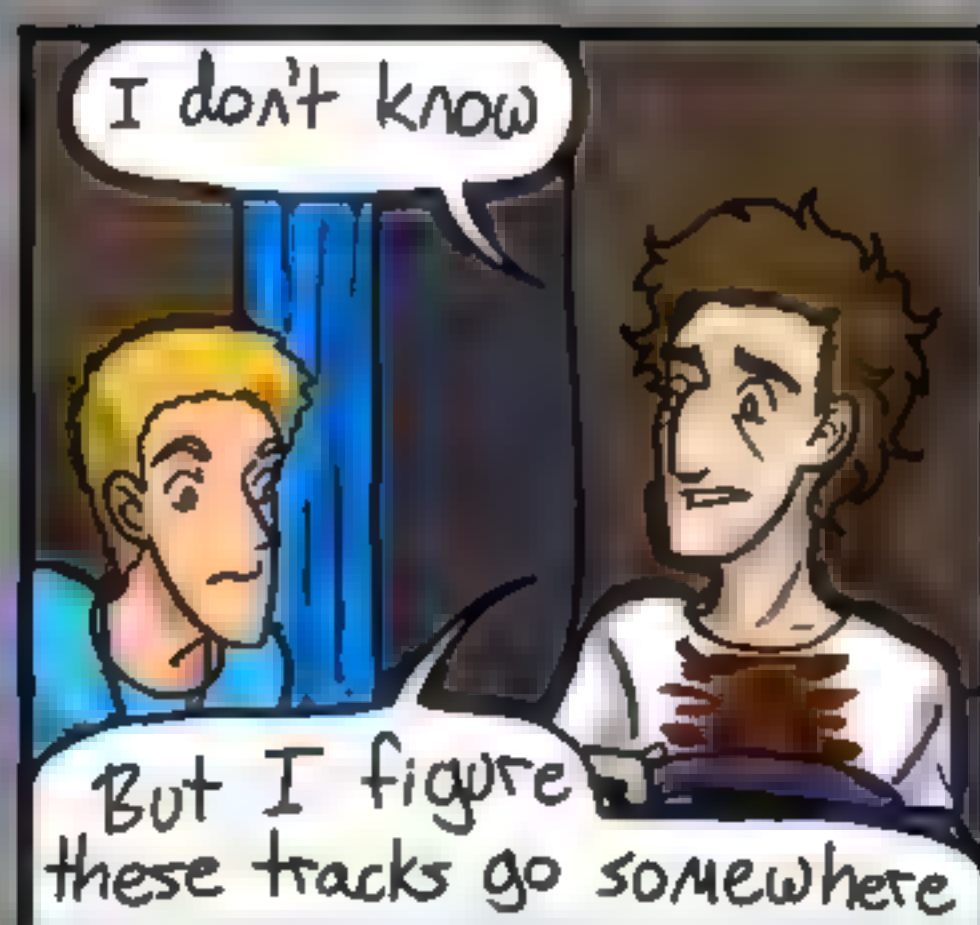
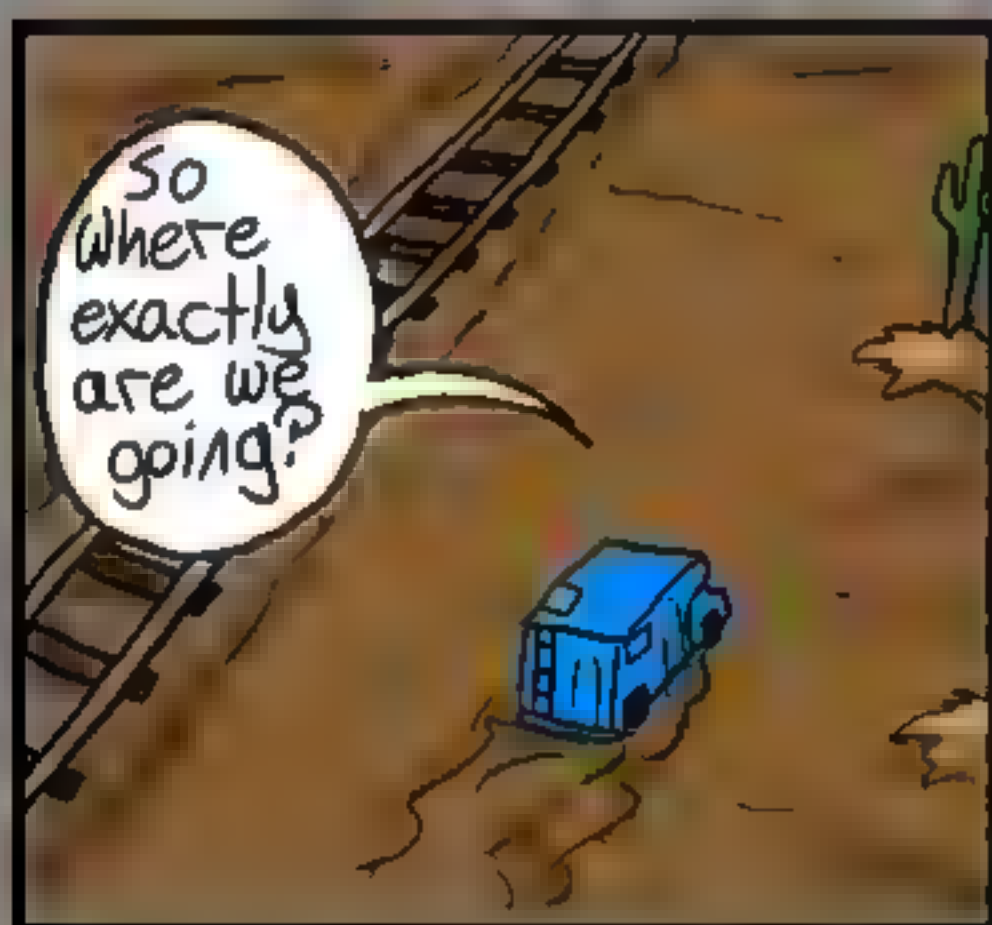
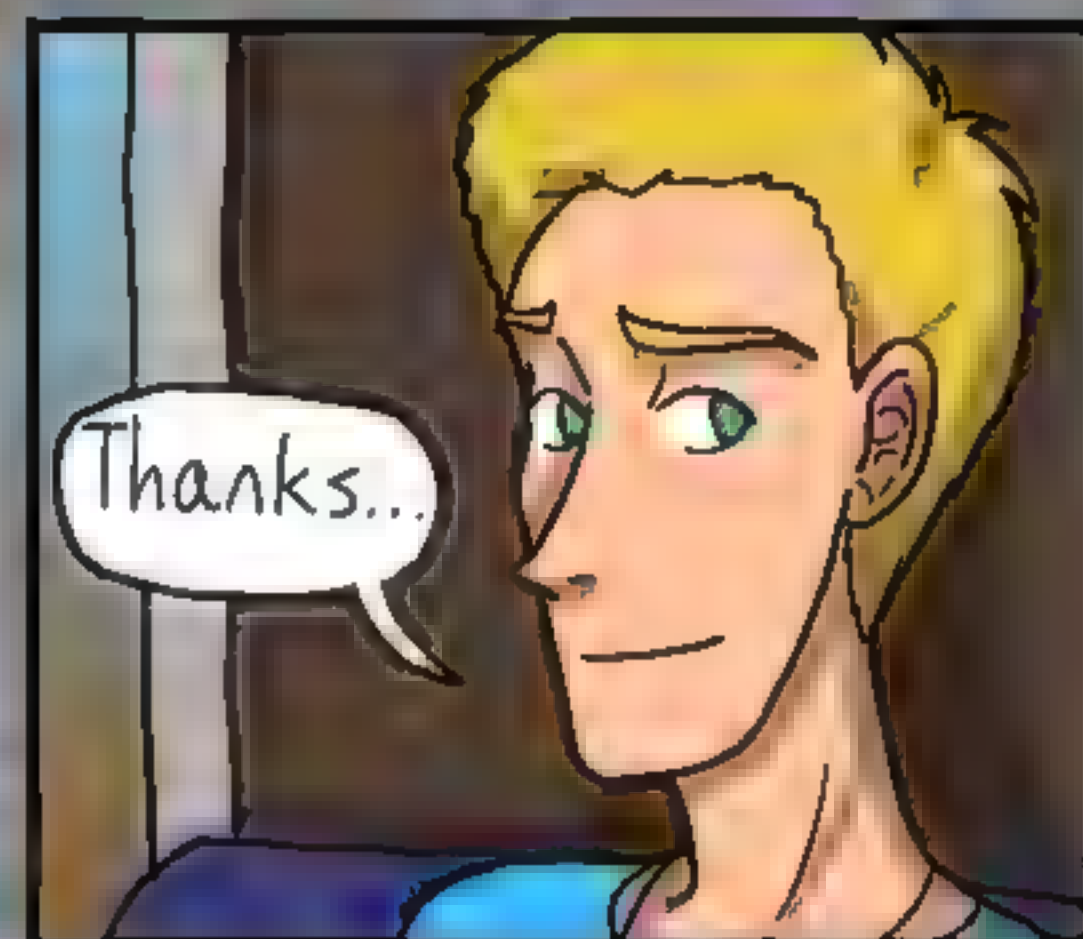
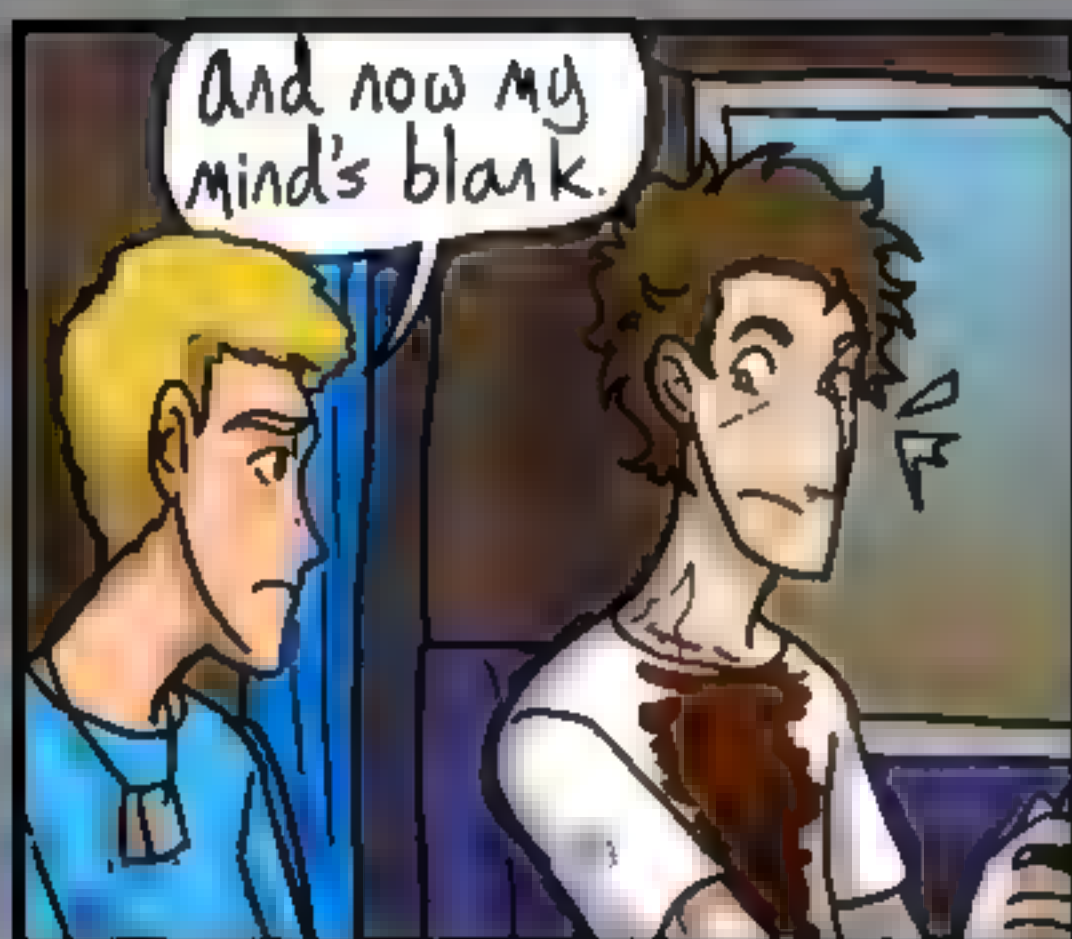


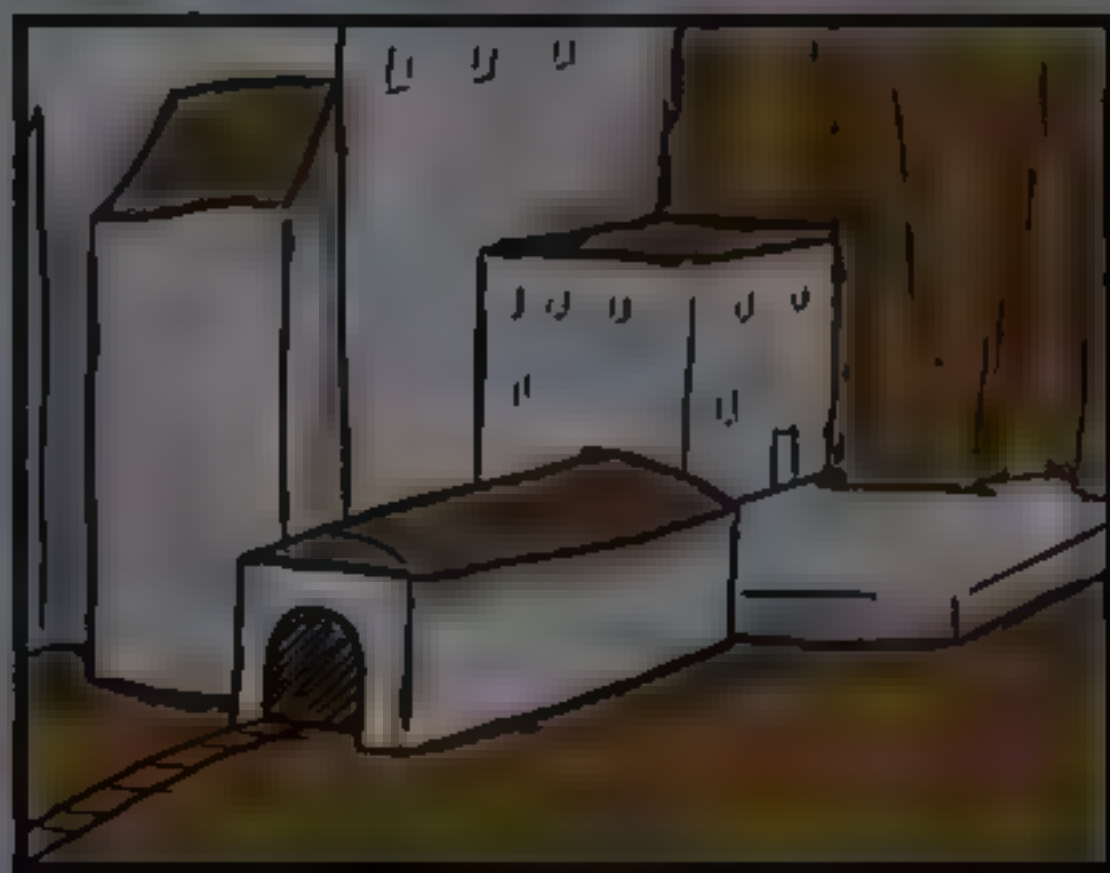
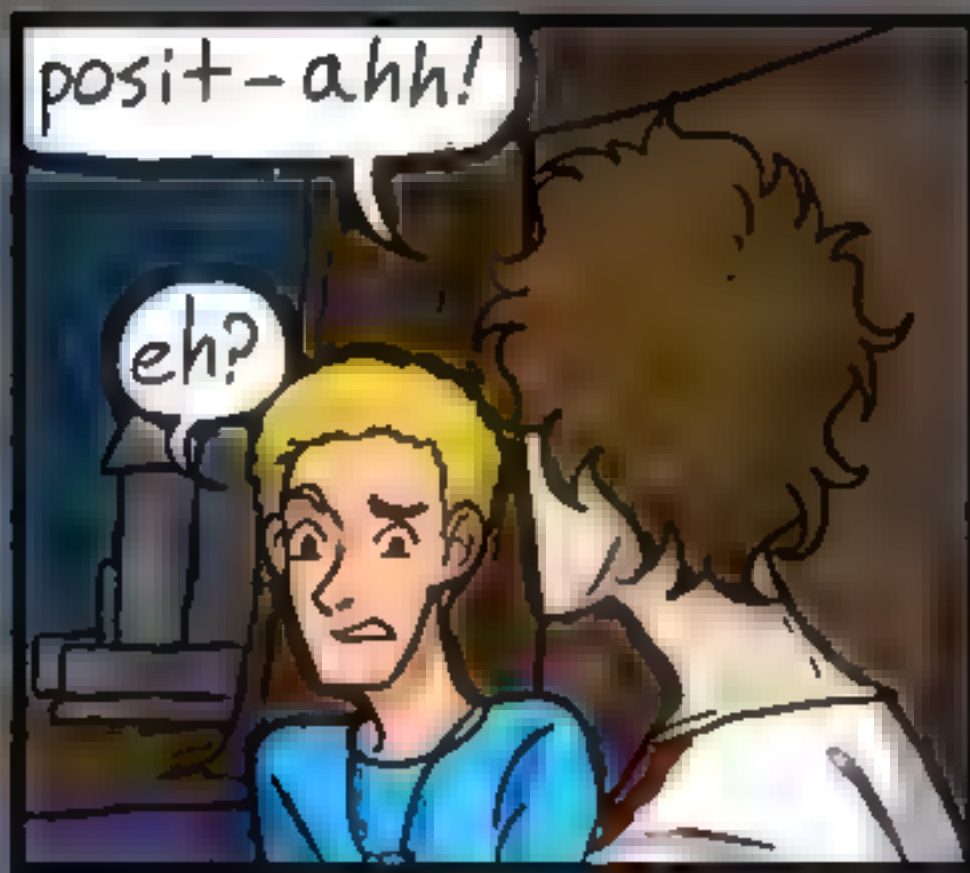
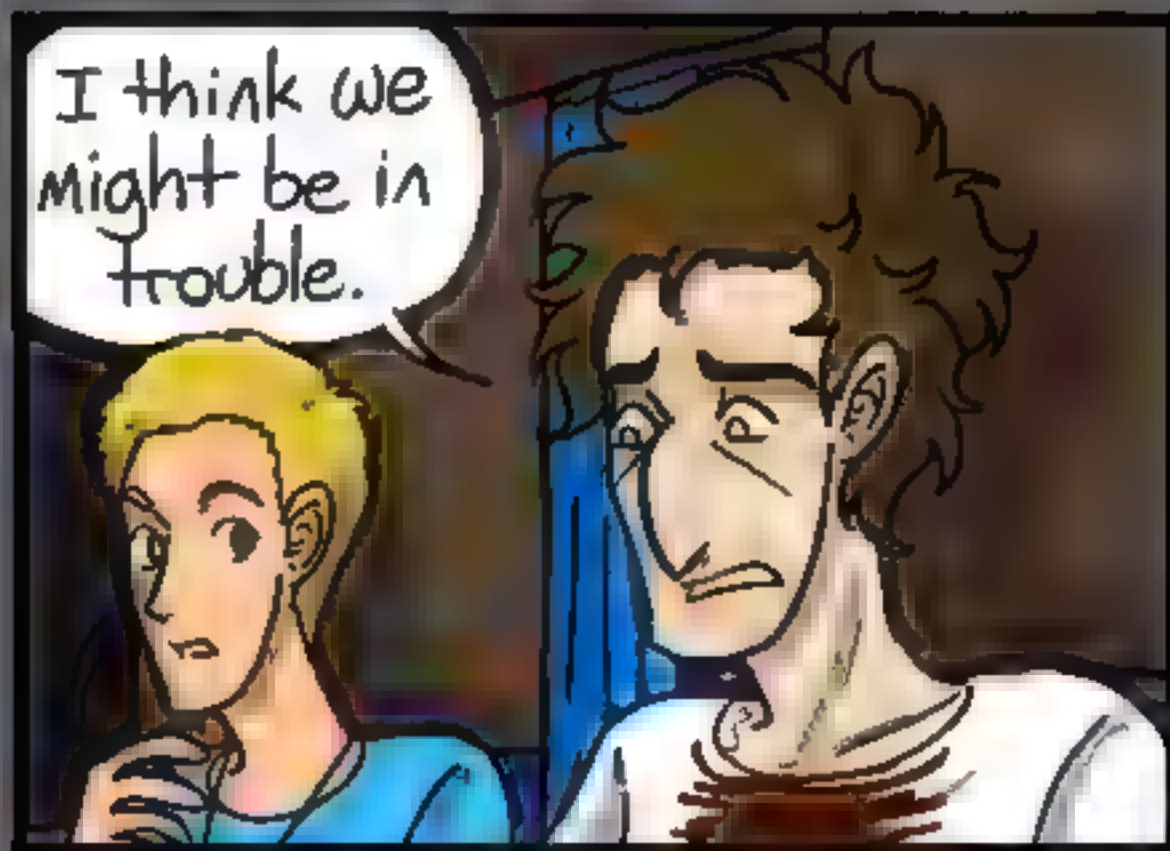


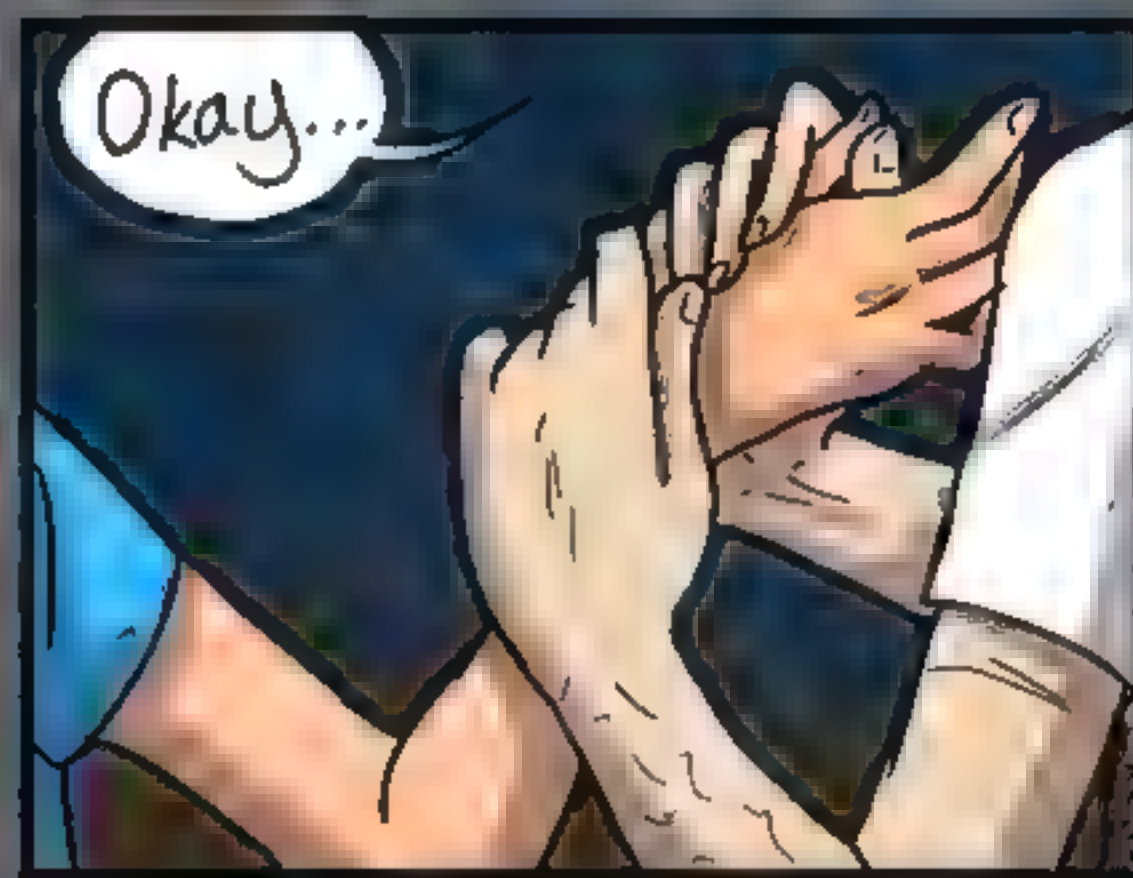
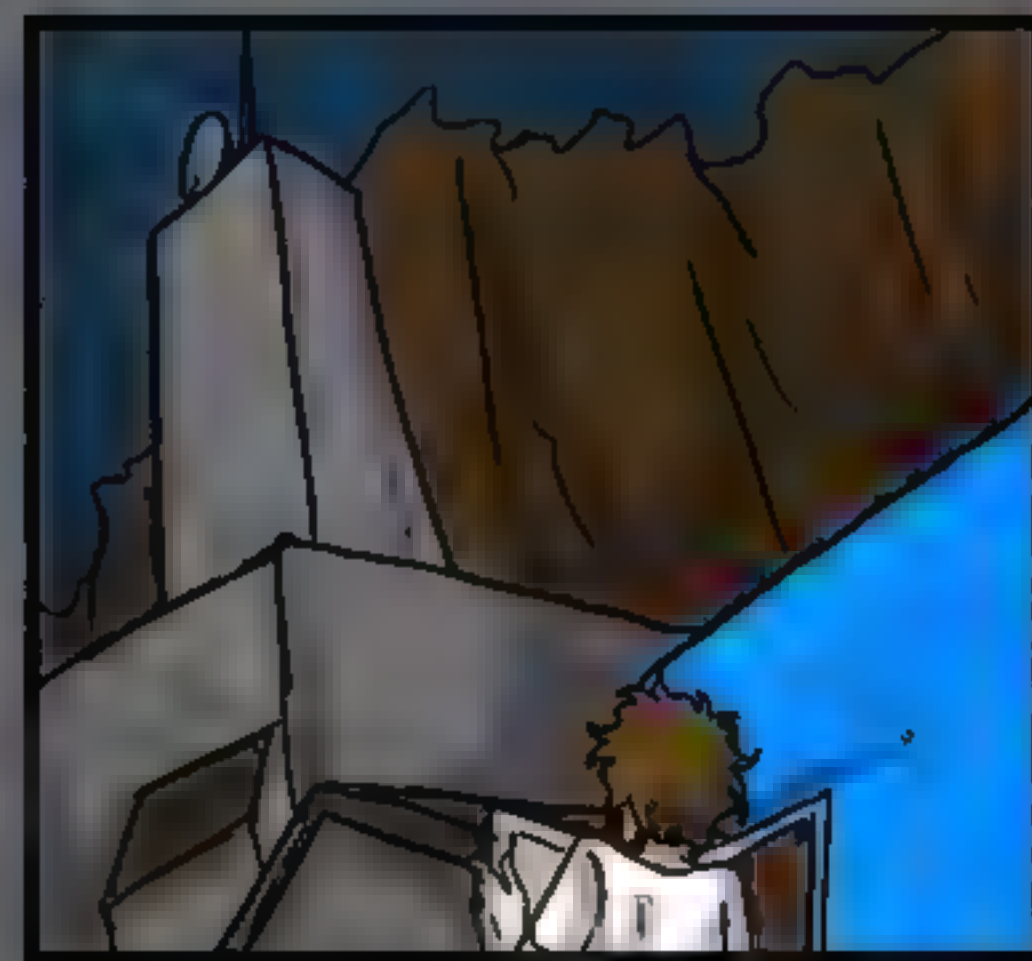


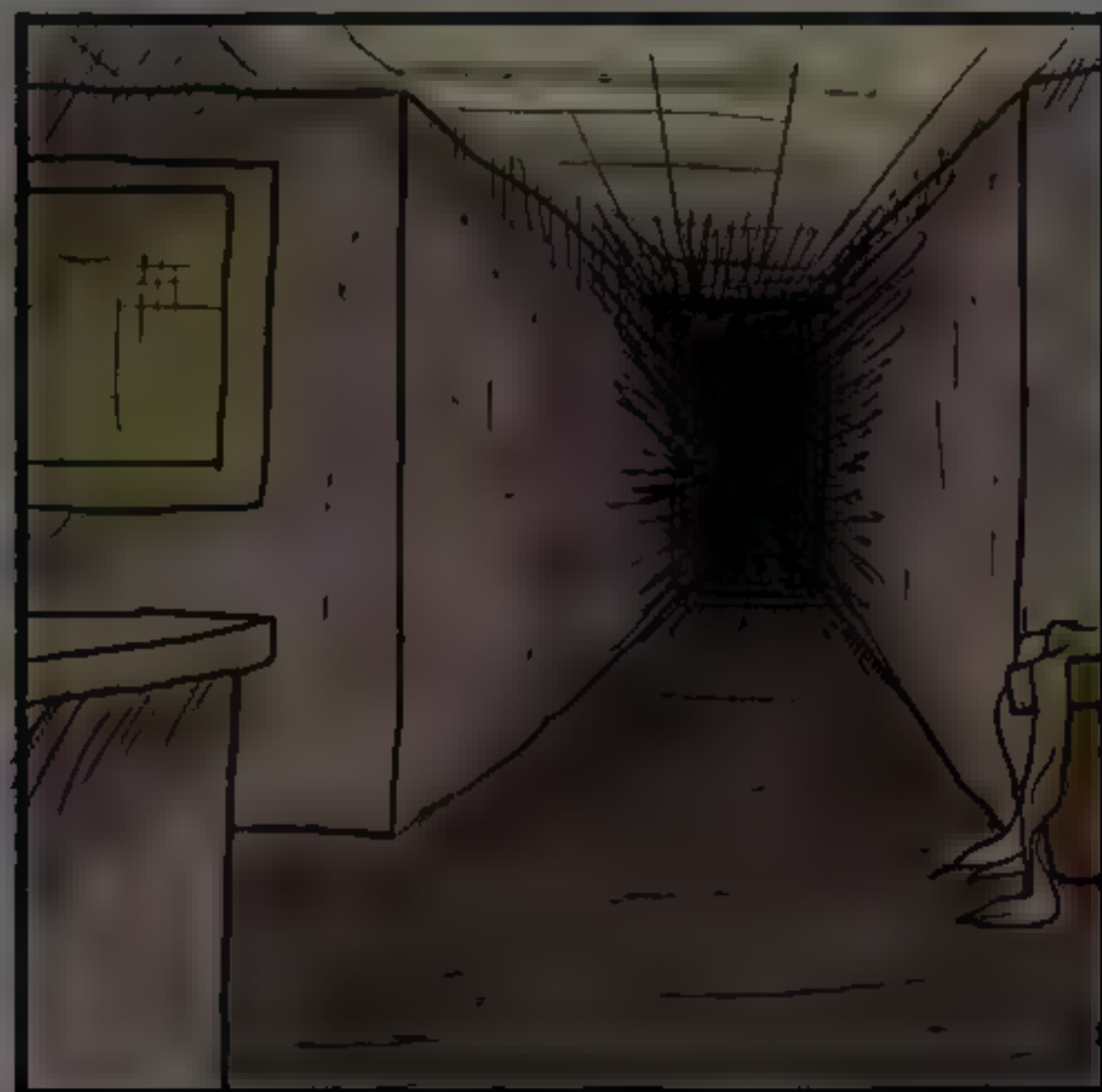
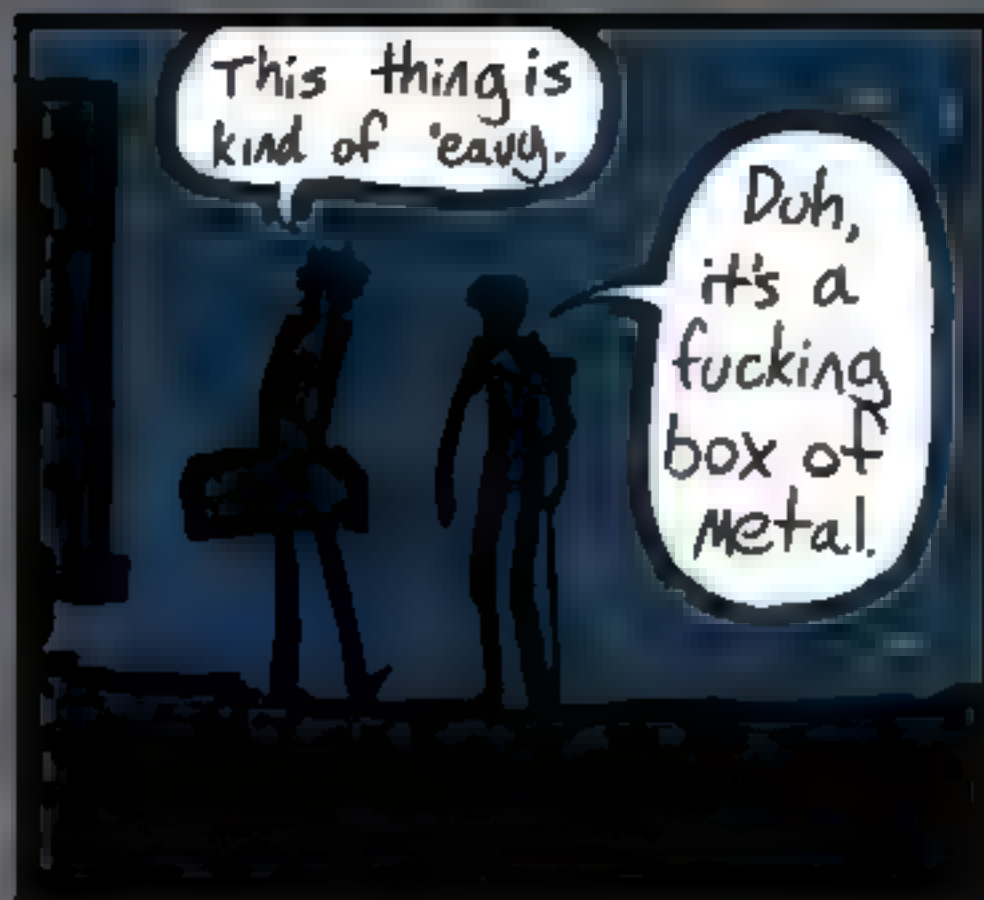
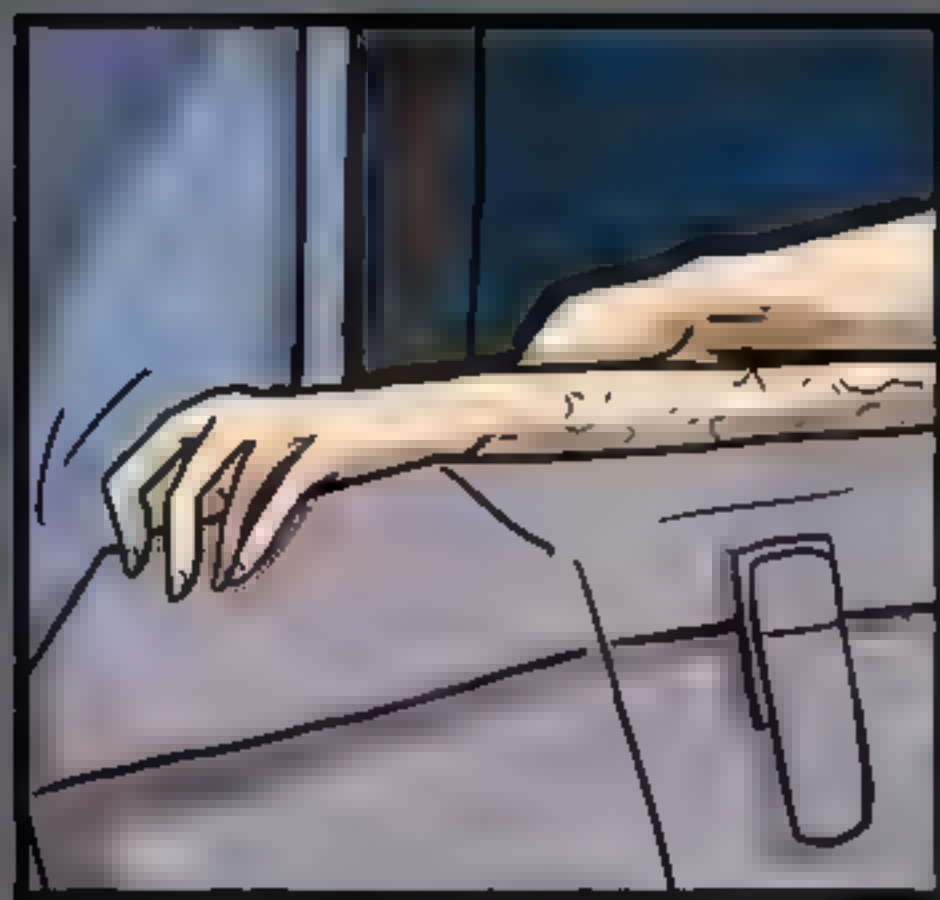


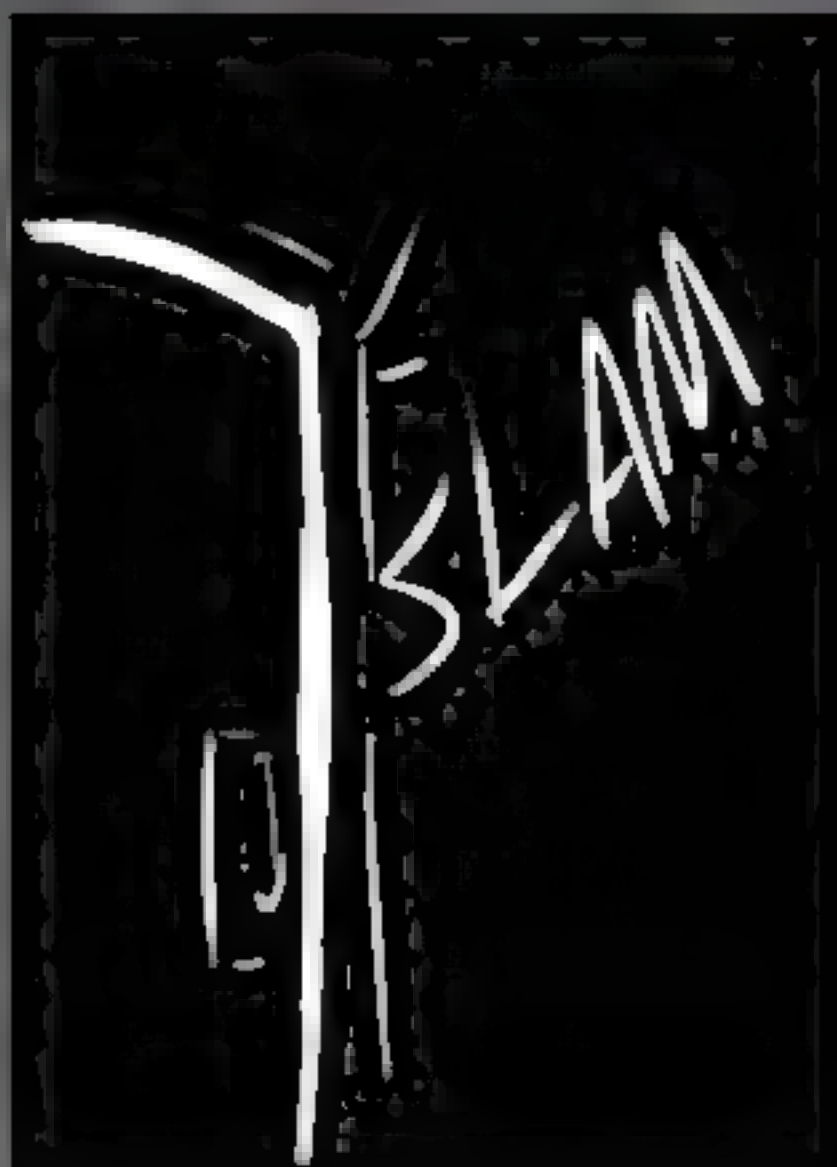
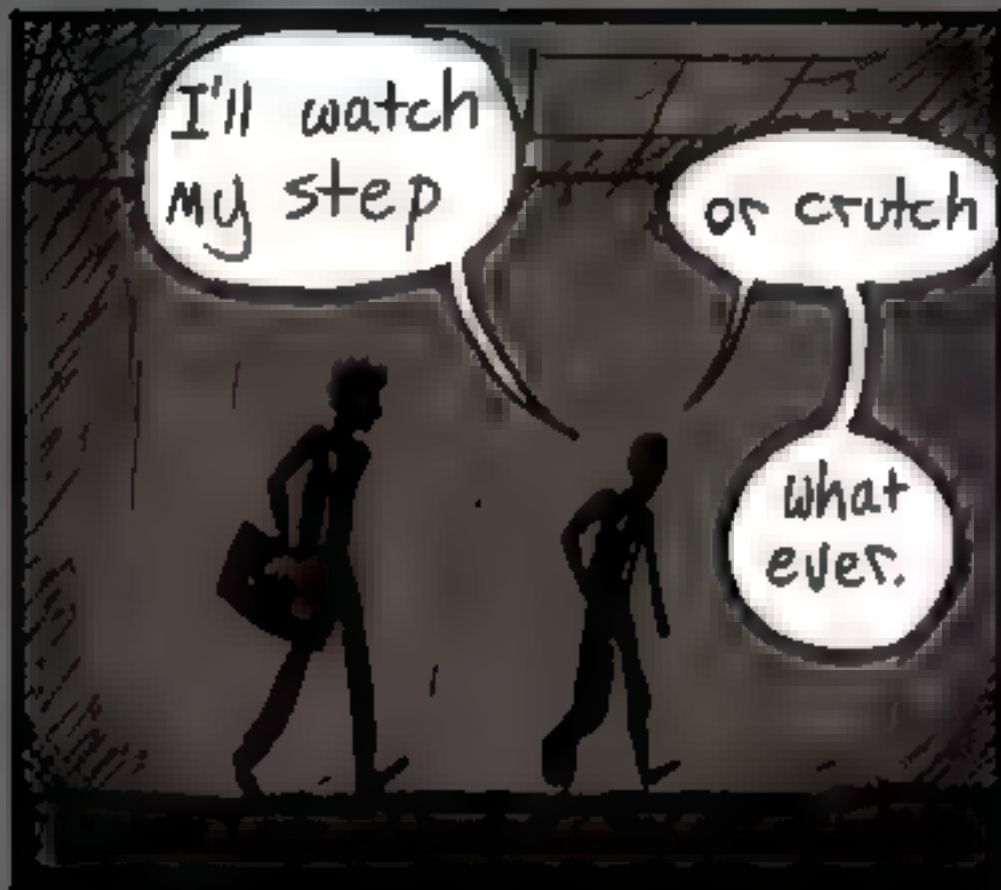


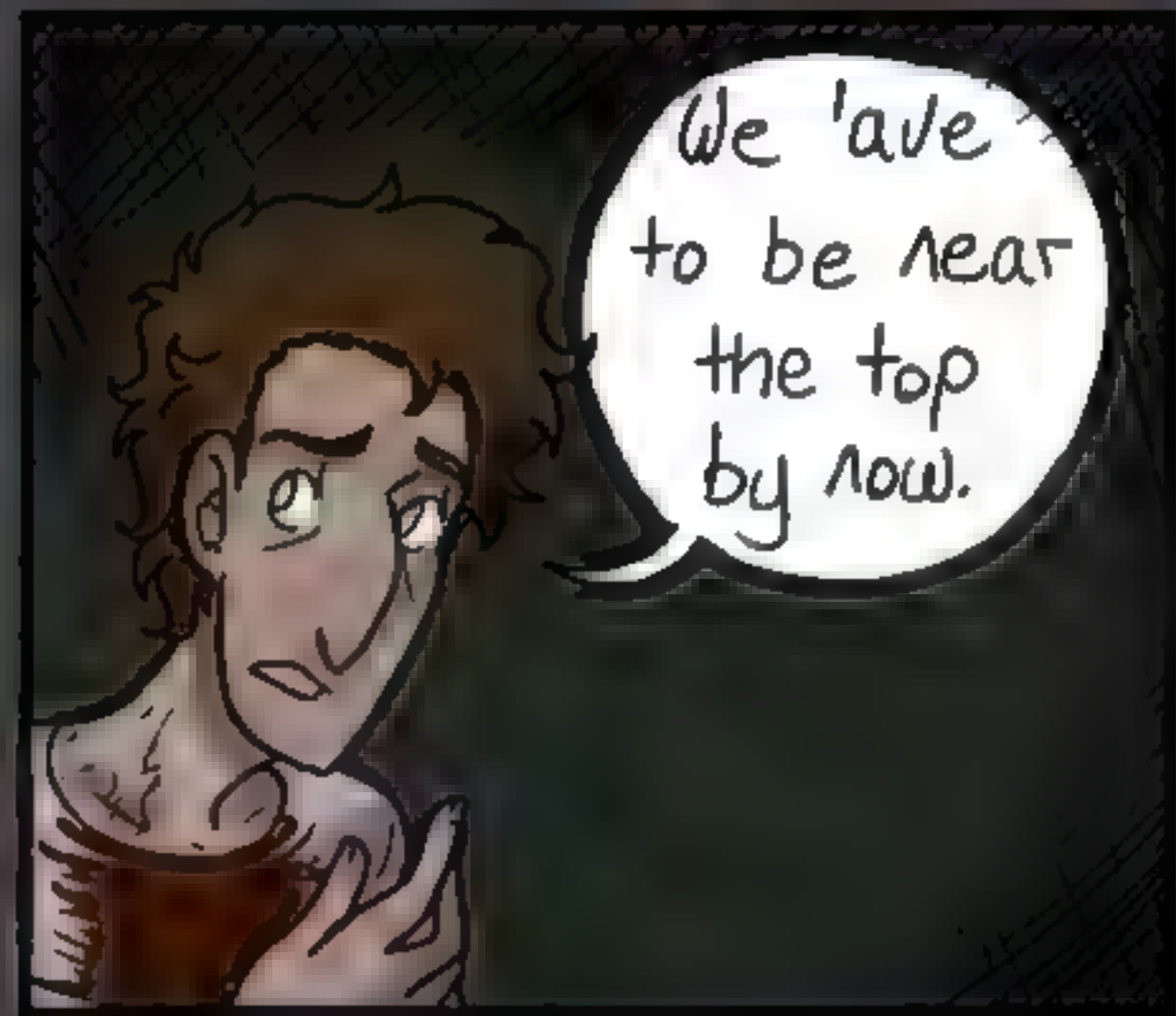
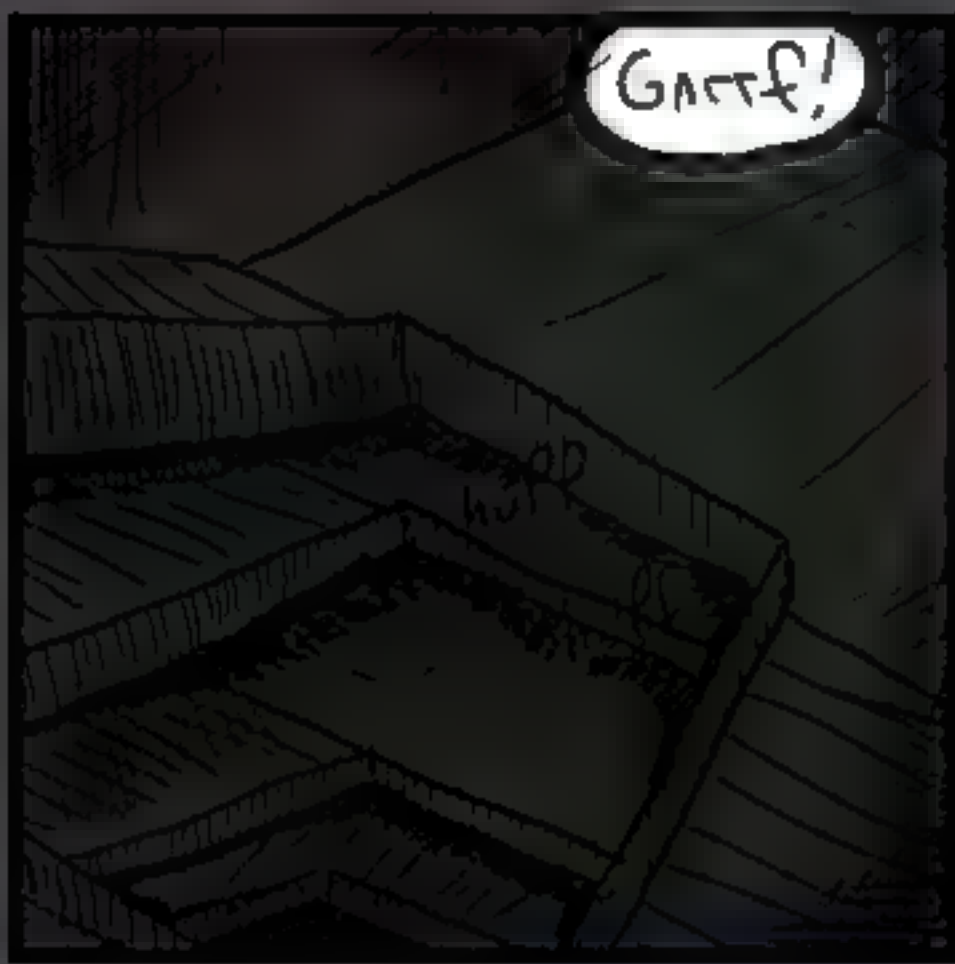


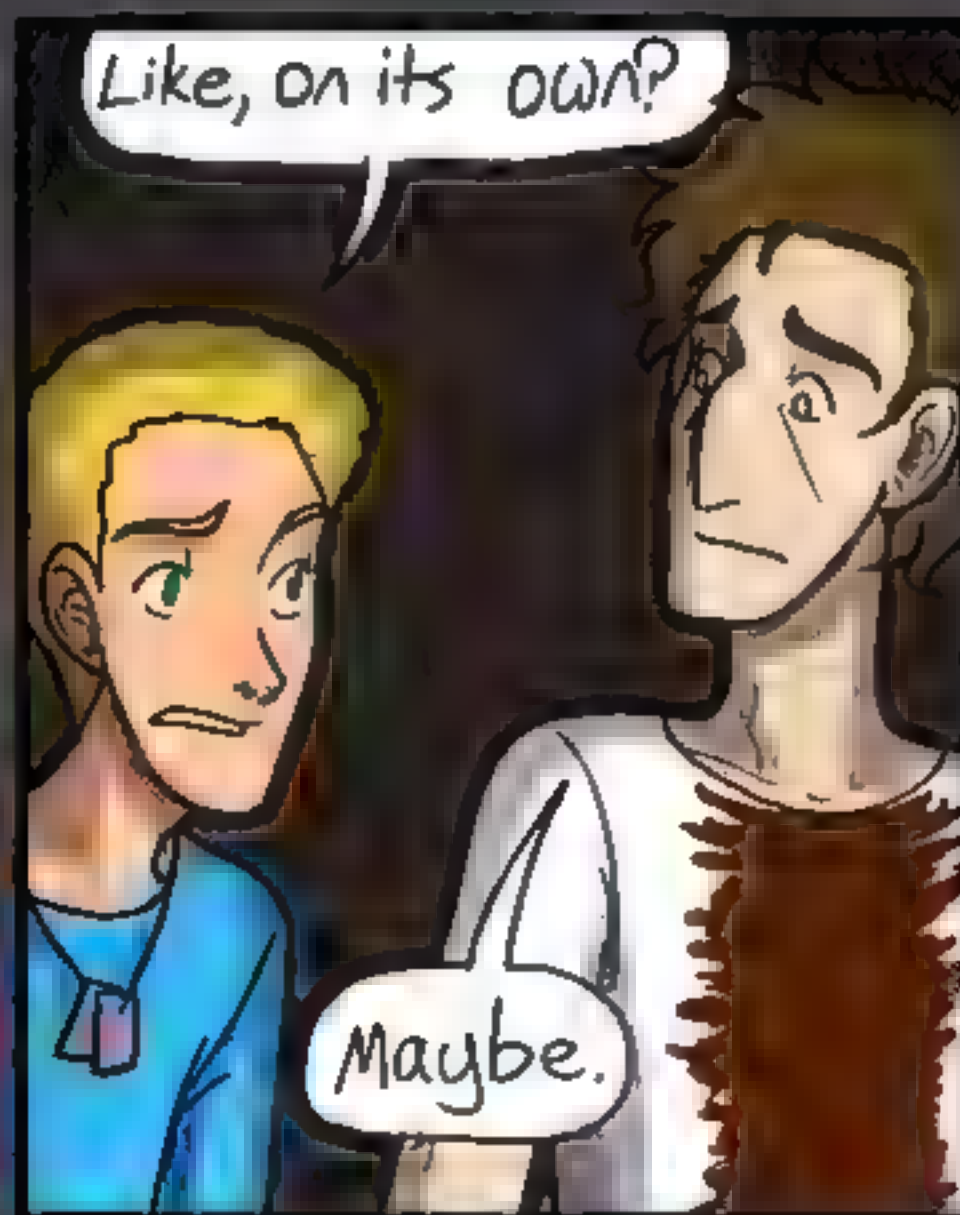
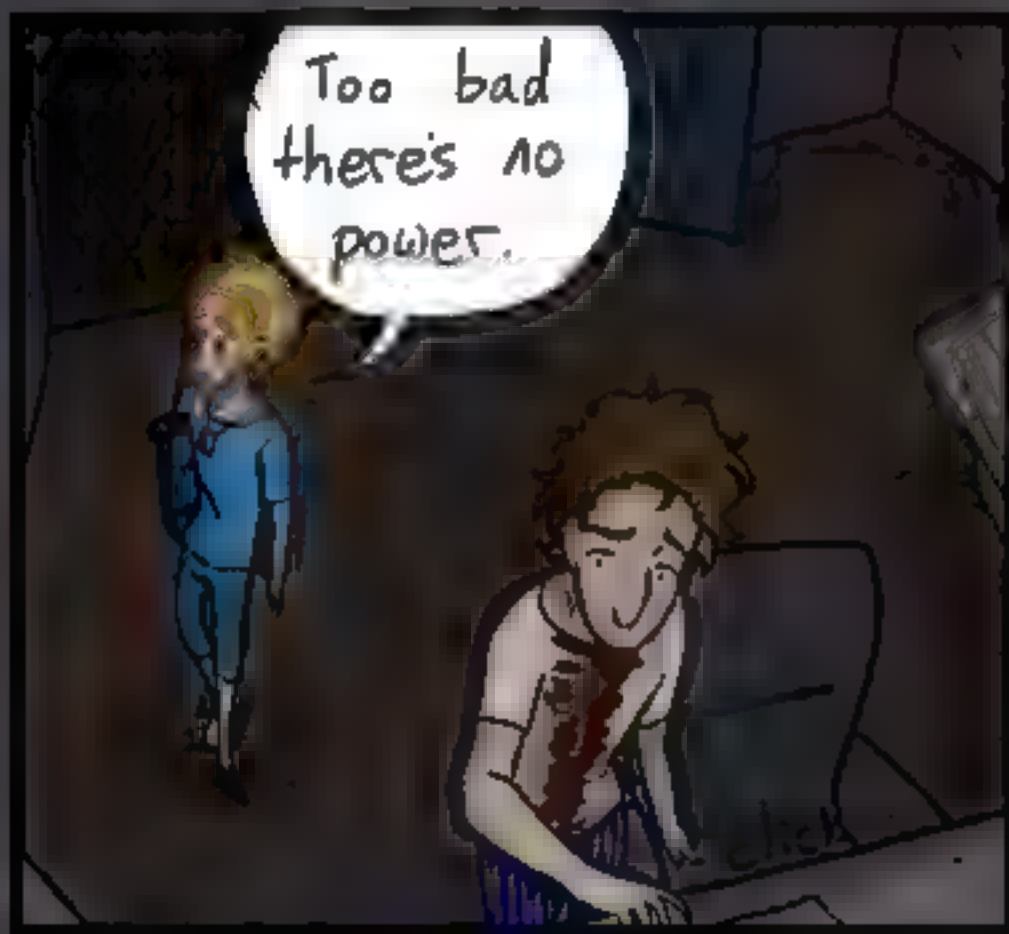
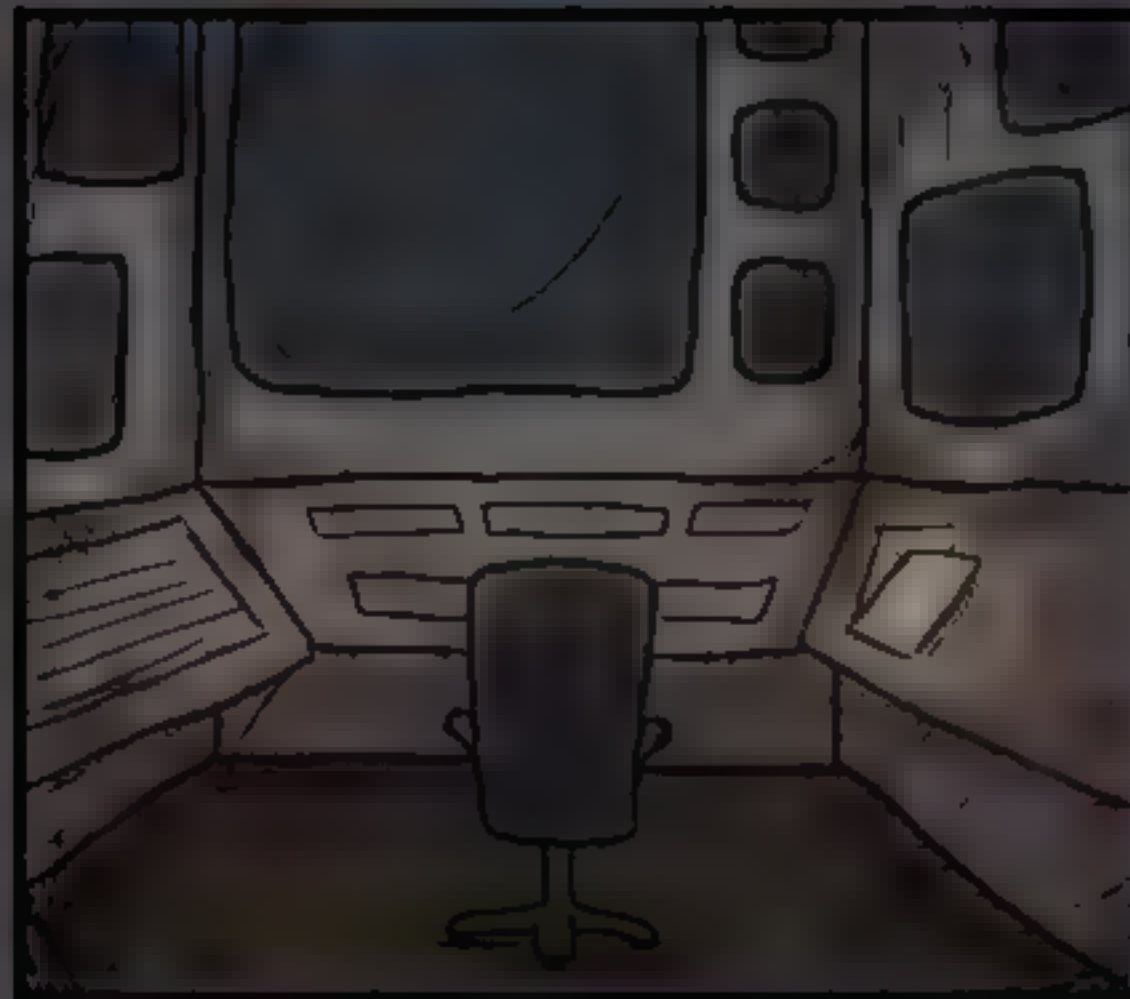
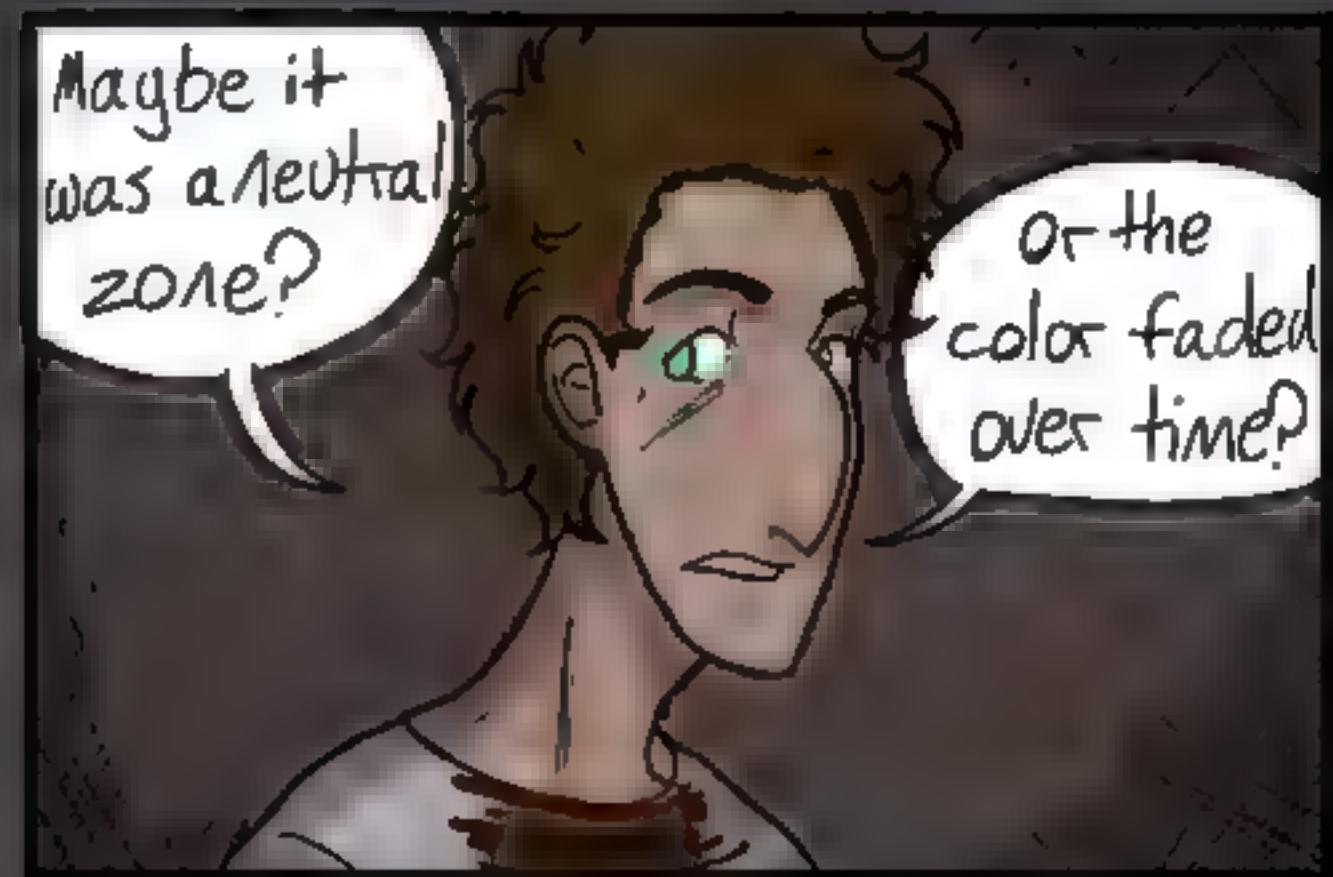
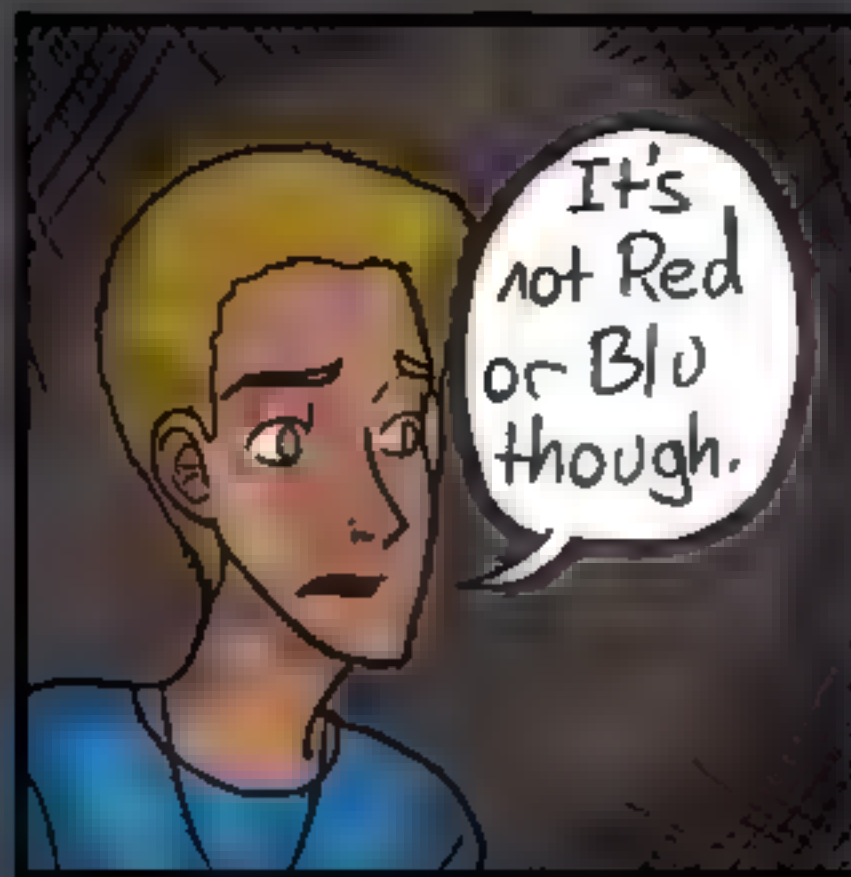
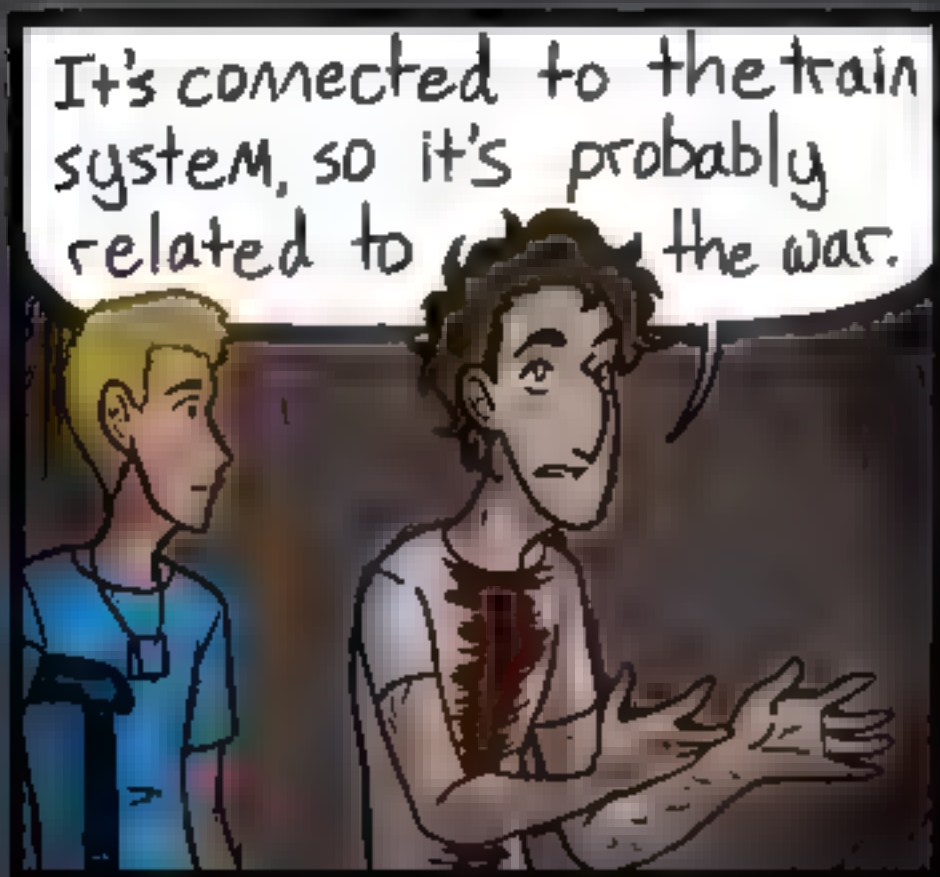


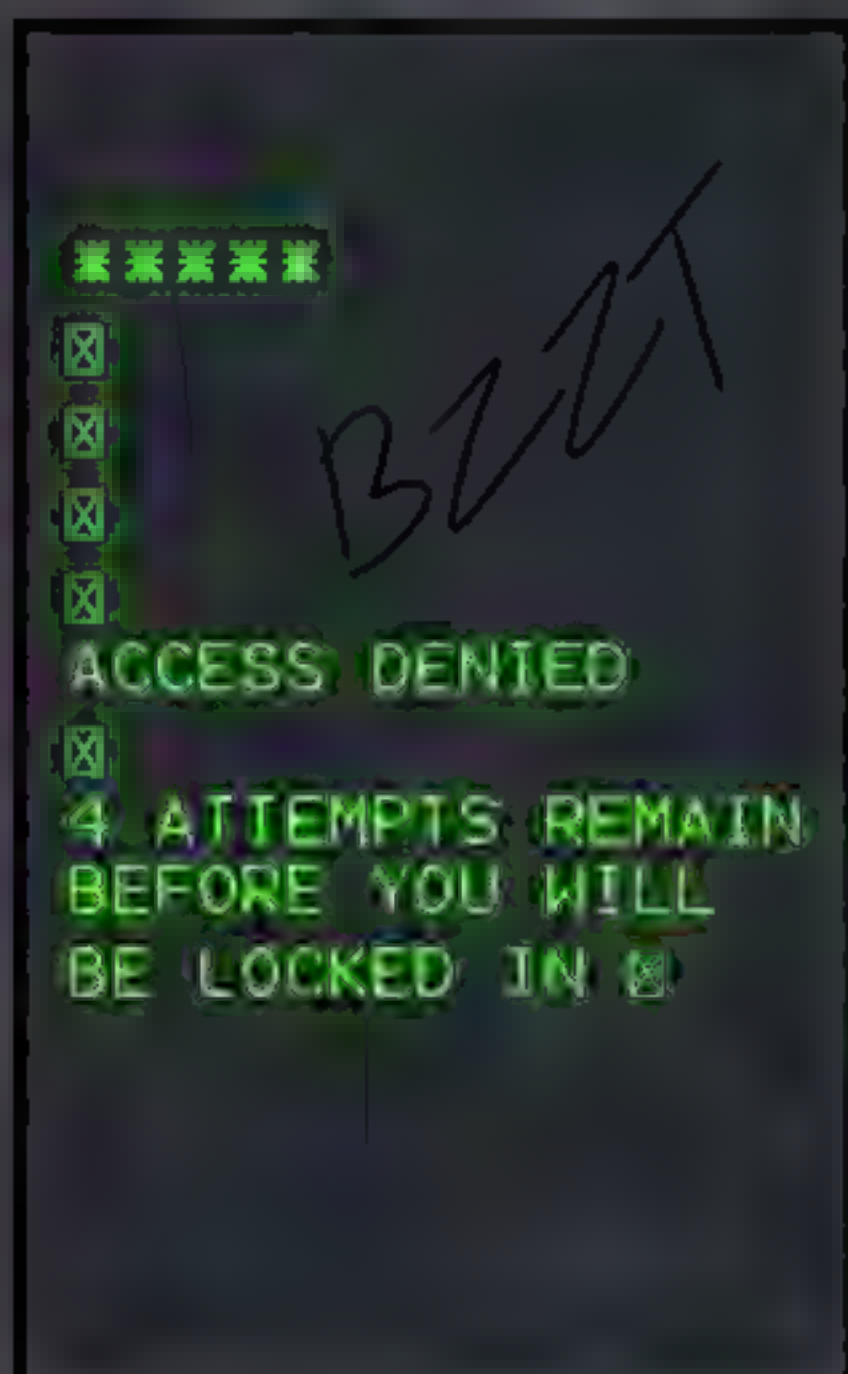
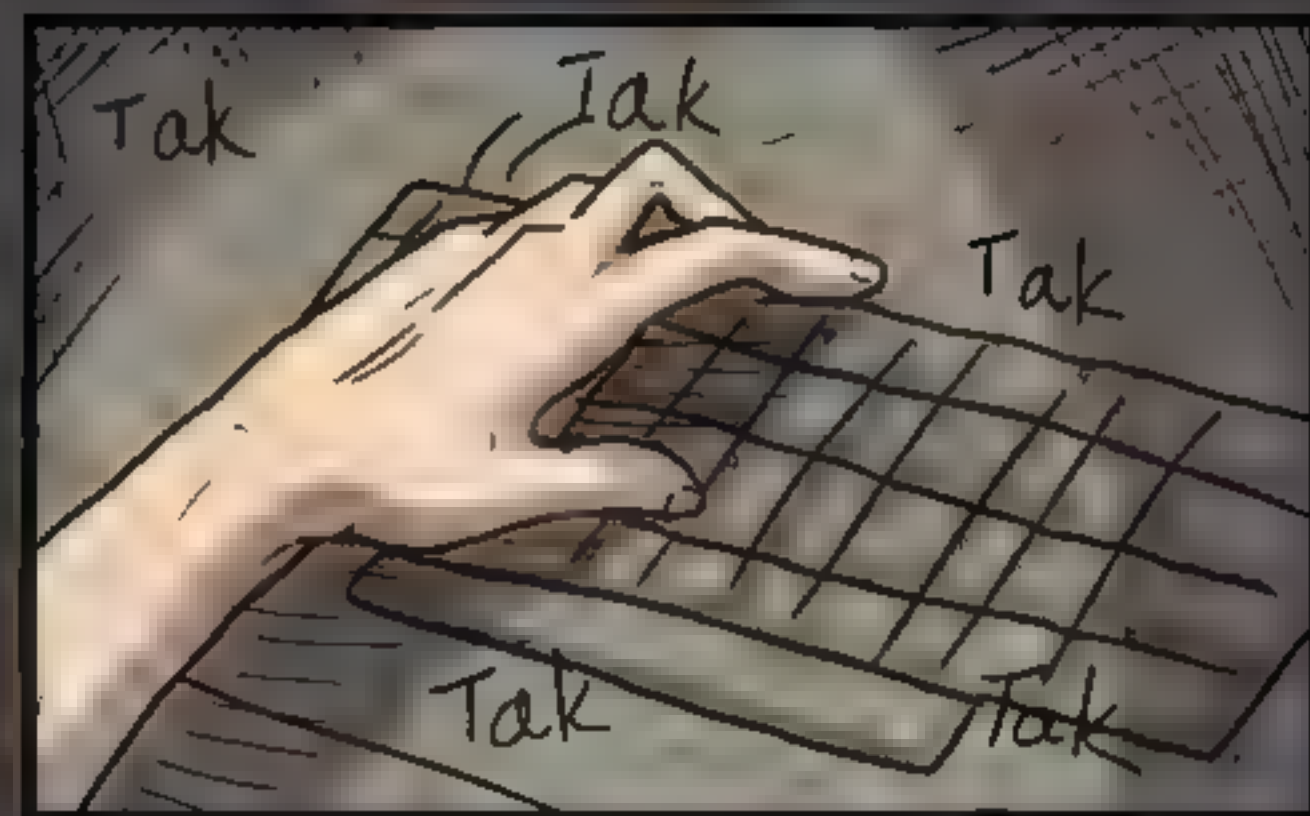
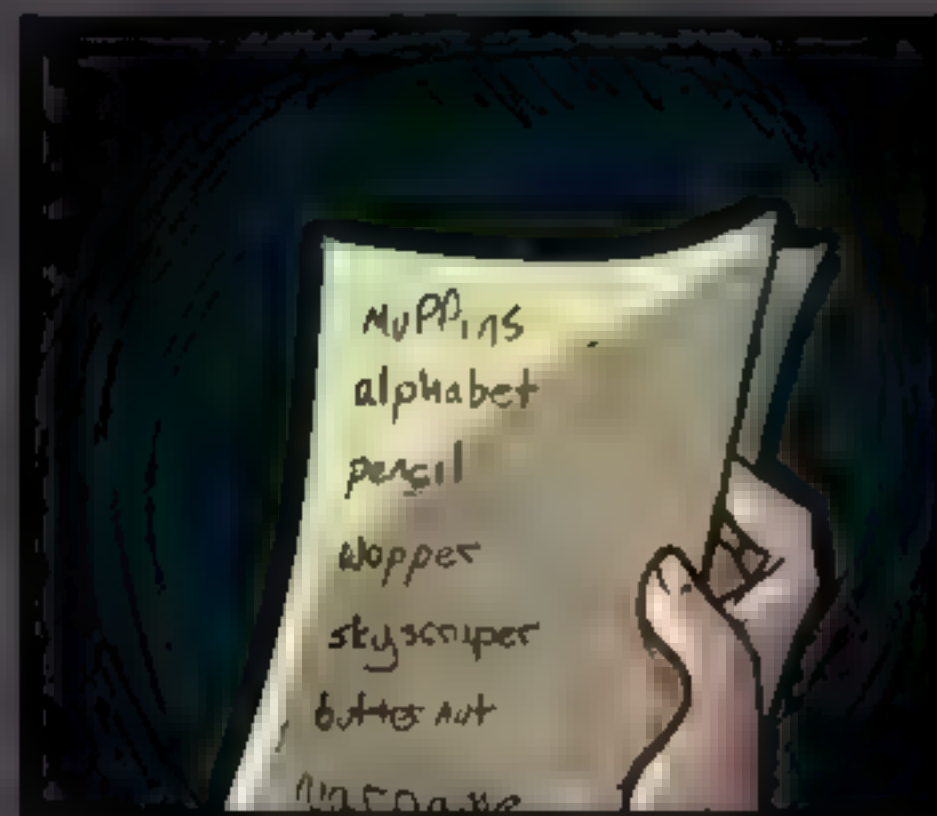
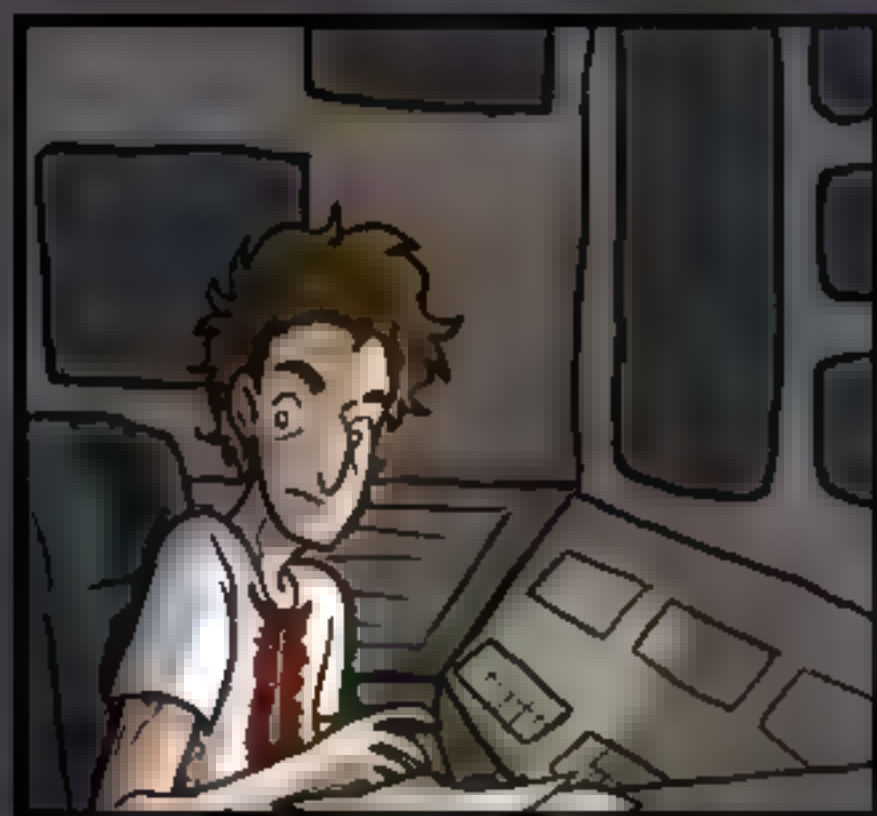
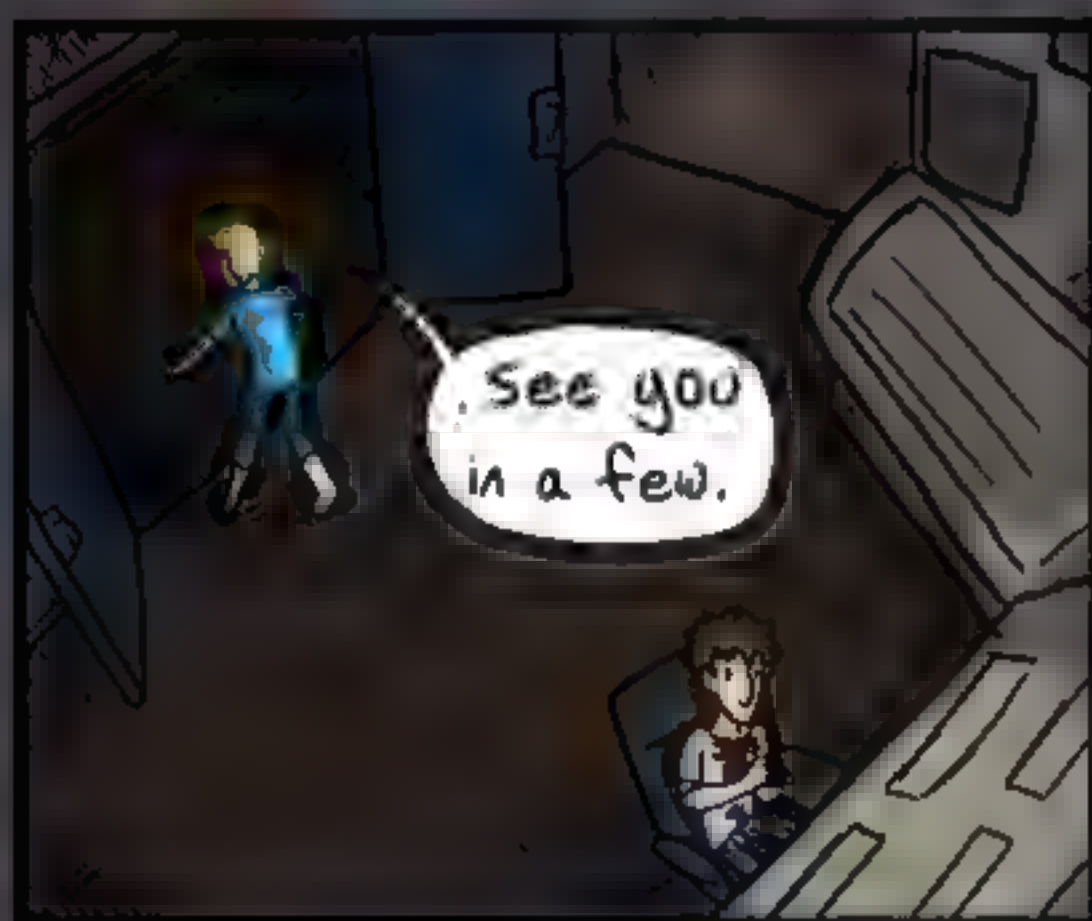


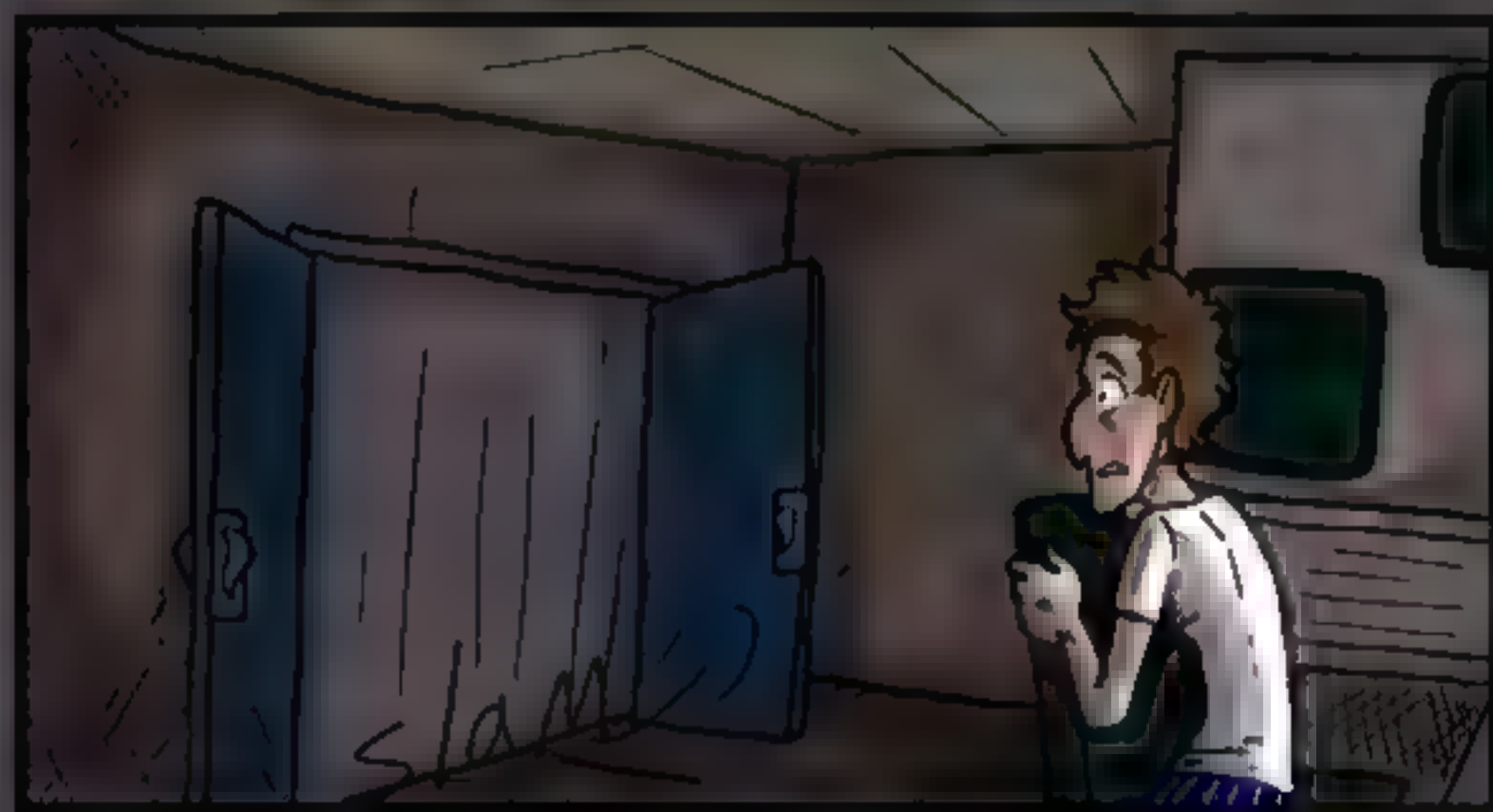
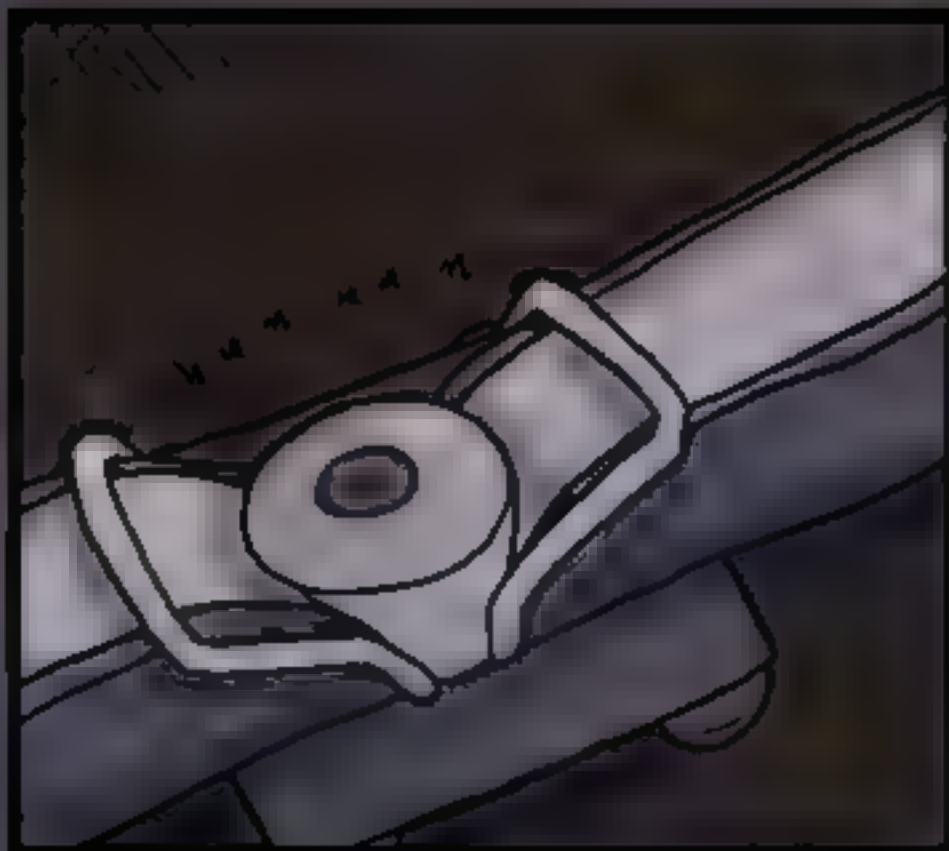


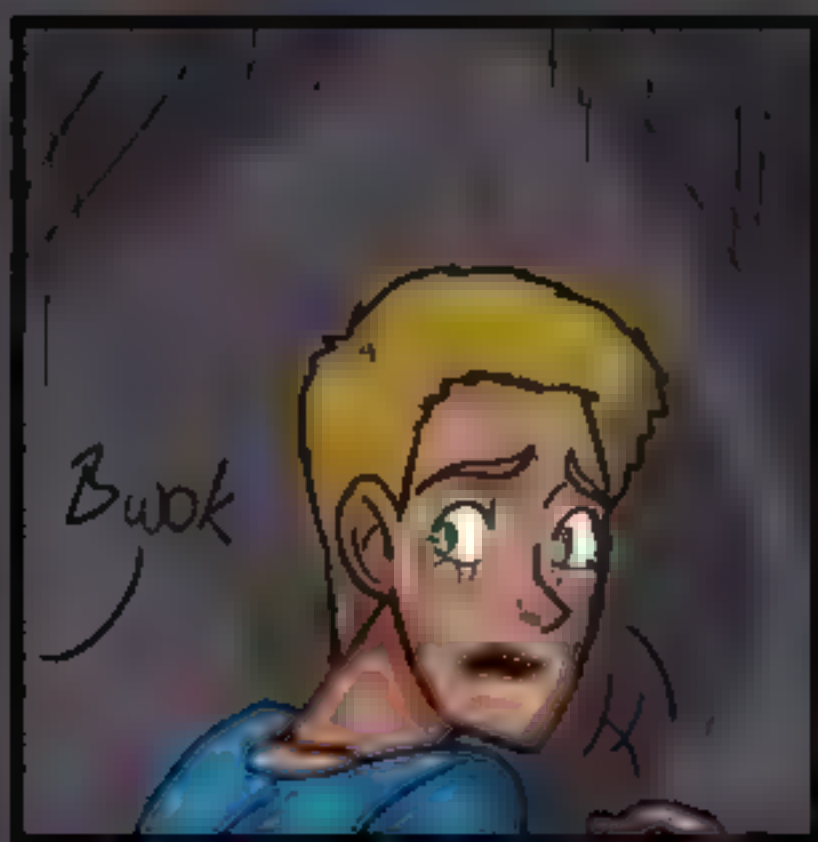
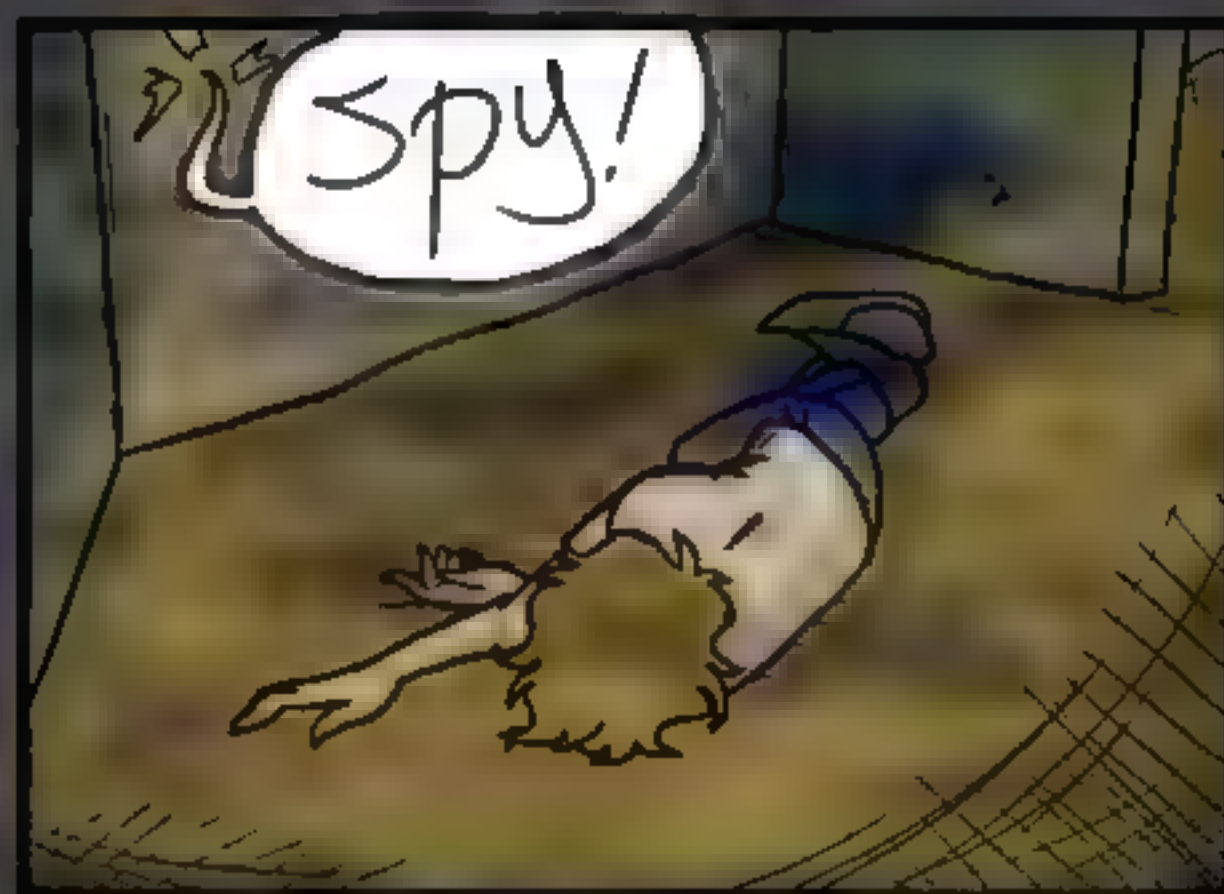


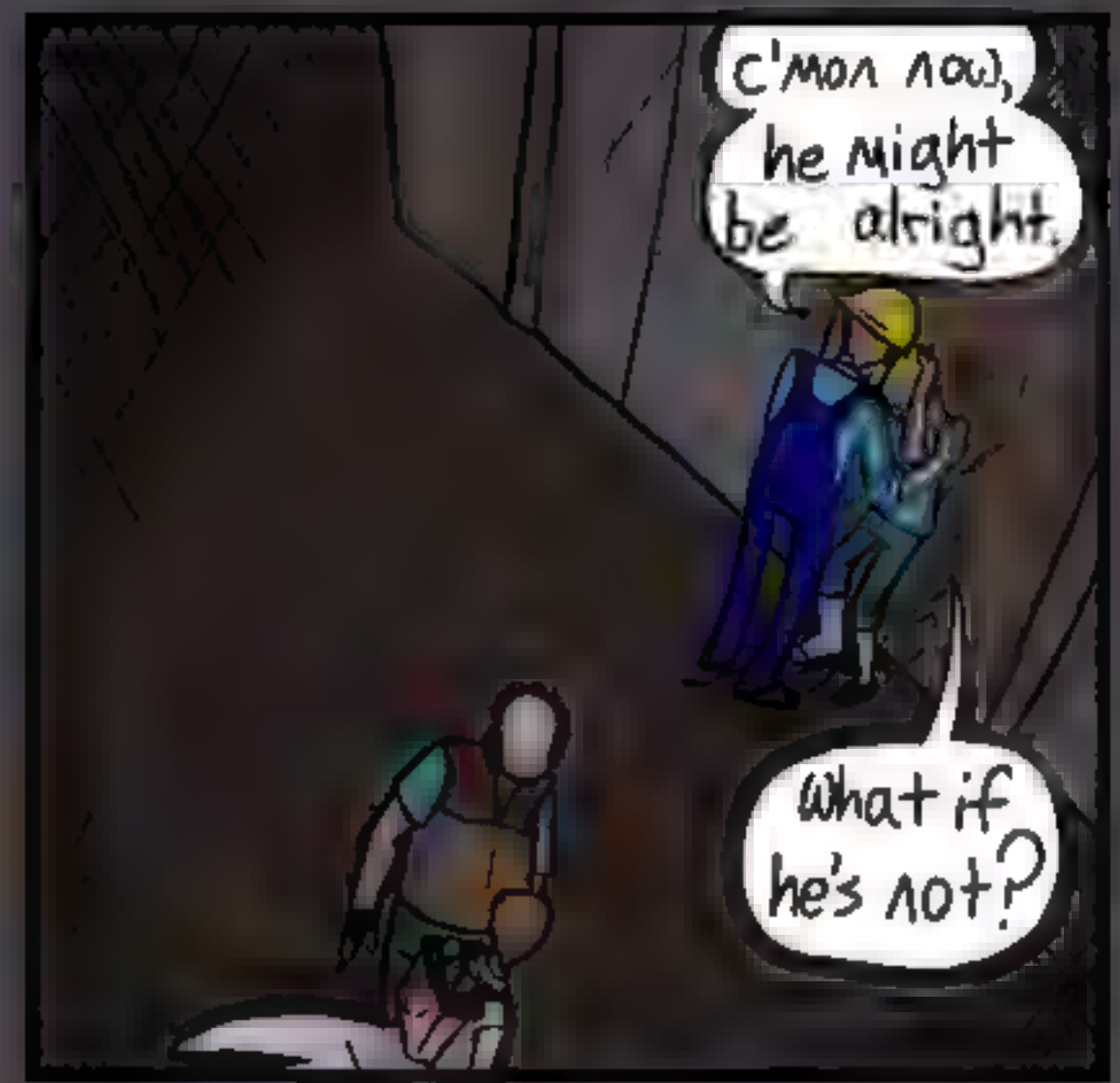














Did I get into the computer system?

Oh ... NO.



I 'ave to try again.

I do not think this is good idea.



No way! It already tried to kill you once.



What's so special about this machine?

Spy thinks it controls the train.



I guess something must regulate them.

I bet he's right.



Hey!

Don't encourage him to do dumb shit!



But I could 'jack a train.



We need to get out of 'ere some way don't we?

Now!



We found a parkin' garage.

It's got a few buses and stuff.



See? We don't need the train.



I just thought we might be able to learn more about the war.



Maybe it's better not to know.

Better than dying in any case.

